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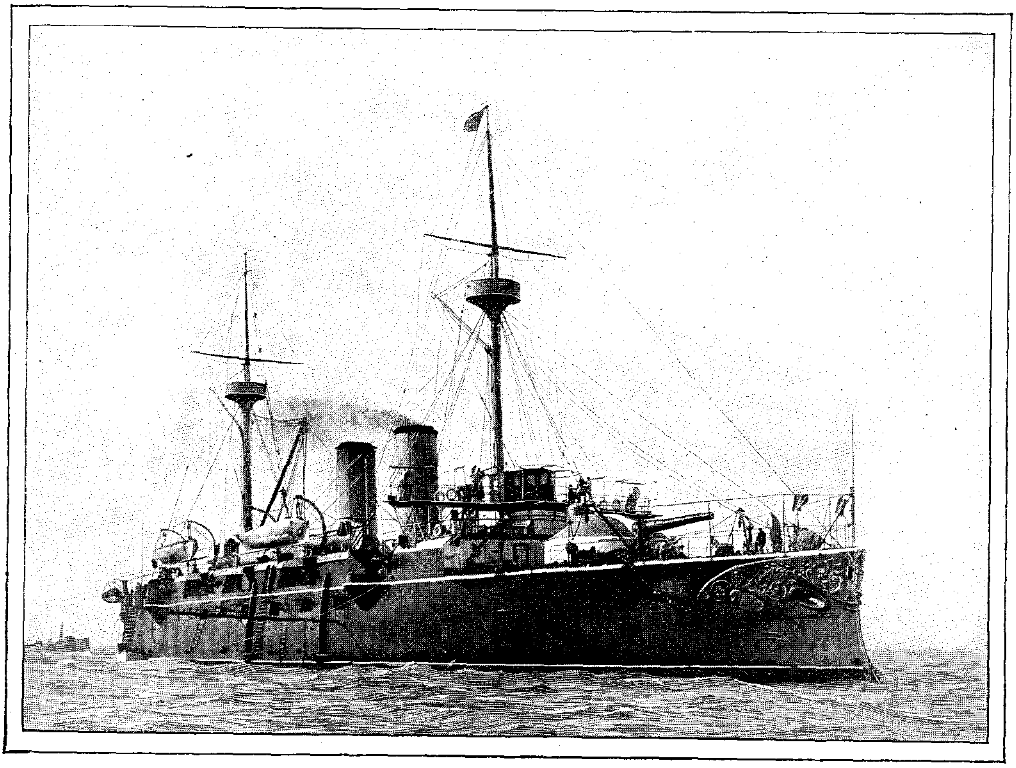

THE ARMORED SPANISH CRUISER "VIZCAYA."

Sister ship to the "Almirante Oquendo" and the "Maria Teresa." From a photograph by West & Sons, Southsea, England. Displacement, 7,000 tons; length, 364 feet; speed, 18.5 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,050 tons; complement, 500 men. Armor: belt, 12 inches; deck, 2 to 3 inches; barbettes, 5 inches; turrets, 12 inches. Guns—main battery: two 11-inch Hontoria, ten 5.5-inch Hontoria rapid-fire guns. Secondary battery: eight 6-pounders, ten 1-pounders rapid-fire. Several machine guns. Torpedo tubes, six. All three ships were built in Spain.

THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET.

WITH A COMPLETE PICTORIAL RECORD, COMPRISING PORTRAITS OF ALL THE COMMANDERS, PICTURES OF ALL THE SHIPS, SCENES FROM THE BATTLE, AND VIEWS OF ALL THE WRECKS.

I.—AS SEEN BY AN EYE-WITNESS ON THE "BROOKLYN," COMMODORE SCHLEY'S FLAGSHIP.

By George E. Graham

EDITOR'S NOTE.—At the time of the great naval battle that resulted in the destruction of the entire Spanish fleet commanded by Admiral Cervera, there chanced to be aboard the ships engaged only two war correspondents. These favored two were Mr. George E. Graham and Mr. W. A. M. Goode, both representing the Associated Press. Mr. Graham was with Commodore Schley on his flagship the "Brooklyn," and thence saw the entire engagement,

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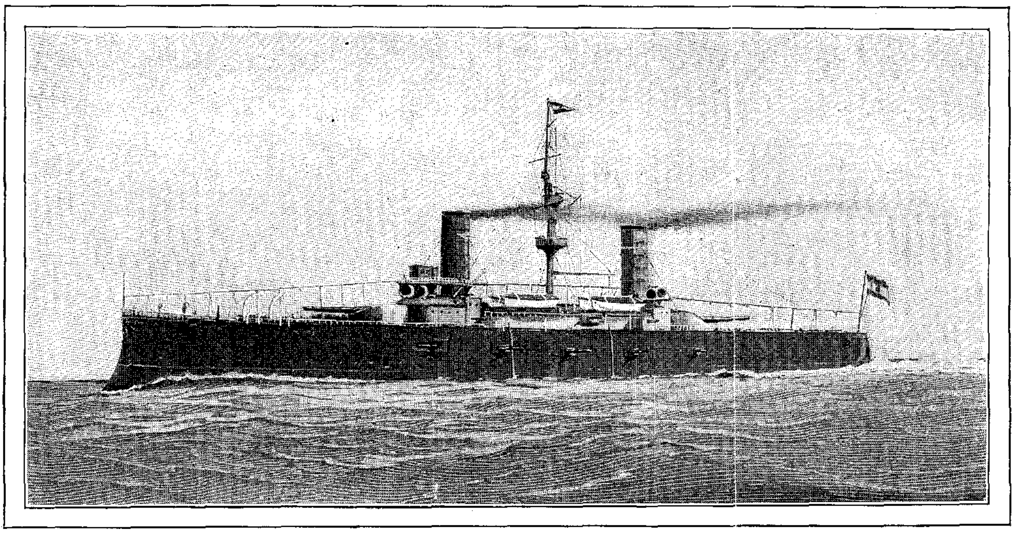


THE ARMORED SPANISH CRUISER "CRISTOBAL COLON."

The "Cristobal Colon" was the fastest and most powerful of the Spanish ships destroyed off Santiago. Displacement, 6,800 tons; length, 328 feet; speed, 20 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,200 tons; complement, 500 men. Armor: belt, 6 inches; deck, 2 to 14 inches; barbettes, 5 inches. Guns—main battery: two 9.84-inch, ten 5.9-inch rapid-fire. Secondary battery: six 4.7-inch rifles, ten 6 and ten 1 pounders rapid-fire, two Maxim guns. Torpedo tubes, four. Built in Italy.

from the lifting of the first suspicious cloud of smoke from the Spanish ships, while they were yet hidden in Santiago harbor, to the final overhauling and capture of the last of them, the "Cristobal Colon," after a thrilling chase of forty-eight miles. Mr. Goode, the meanwhile, was at the side of Admiral Sampson, on his flagship the "New York," and shared in all the anxieties and excitements of that historic pursuit, when the "New York," seven miles east of the entrance of the harbor and headed for Siboney, turned sharply about at the first signal, and, by steaming at her utmost speed, secured for herself a fair share in the fight, and, traversing the whole line, came up in time to see the "Cristobal Colon" surrender to the "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon." In this and the following article Mr. Graham and Mr. Goode tell, expressly for the readers of McCLURE'S, the story of what they saw and what they experienced under these most favorable and, at the same time, most extraordinary conditions. In this connection the following letter will be read with interest:

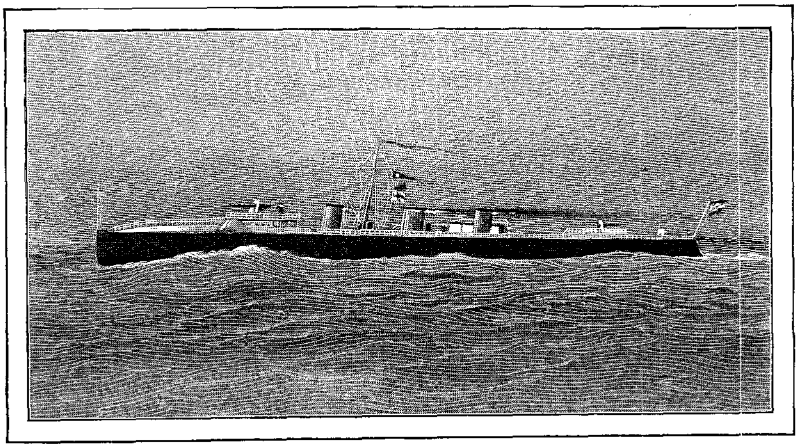
U. S. F. S. "BROOKLYN," 1st Rate,
GUANTANAMO, CUBA, *July* 5, 1898.

My dear Graham:

As you may soon leave us, I desire to congratulate you upon your courageous performance of duty during the action with the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera, off Santiago de Cuba, on the 3d inst. You were either under my personal observation or of the officers on deck, all of whom testify to your pluck and good work. You remained in the open during the entire action, at the best points of vantage to observe the enemy and our fleet, coolly taking notes, and thus contributing most valuable and reliable information to history and for instruction of future generations. Yours was a devotion to duty, under heavy fire, with no other incentive than to serve the best interests of the trust imposed upon you. With best wishes for your future, and most pleasant impressions from an association on board,

I am cordially yours,

F. A. COOK,
Captain, U.S.Navy,
Commanding.



THE SPANISH TORPEDO DESTROYER "FUROR."

The "Furor," which was sunk within twenty minutes after the time she emerged from the harbor, was a sister ship to the "Pluton." Displacement, 380 tons; length, 220 feet; speed, 27 knots; maximum coal supply, 100 tons; complement, 67 men. Guns: two 14-pounders rapid-fire, two 6-pounders, two 1.45-inch automatic guns, two 14-inch Schwartzkopff torpedo tubes. Built in Spain.

CAPTAIN EULATE

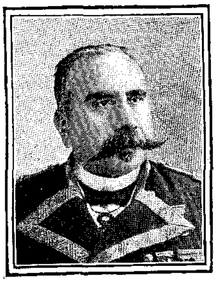
of the "Vizcaya."

CAPT. DON JUAN LAZAGO

of the "Almirante Oquendo."

CAPTAIN DIAZ MOREU

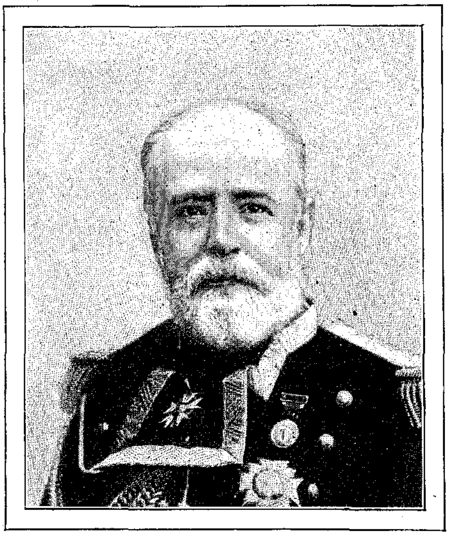
cf the "Cristobal Colon."



CAPTAIN CONCAS

of the "Maria Teresa."

SUNDAY morning, July 3d, off Santiago, Cuba, was as monotonous in its birth as had been the preceding days and Sundays to the American blockading fleet. Five weeks and six Sundays before this third of July, Commodore Schley had run the Spanish quarry to hole, and those first few days before quaint old Morro's guarding fortress had not seemed so monotonous. Perhaps it was because, in the sunsets and sunrises, in the cool of the night and the warmth of the noonday, we thought we found evidences of the picturesque as described in our primers and geographies, a picturesqueness that exists but in a small degree off southern Cuba. The starlit night had, like other starlit nights, been extinguished by a sudden rush of gray light, a moving away quickly of a curtain of nasty moist mist and the appearance of the hot sun, without a single particolored herald, like that which the North produces and calls sunrise. The sun does not rise in Cuba, it jumps above the horizon with a mystical hand upon an electric lever that extinguishes the myriad of stars. It paled the brilliant gems of color on the masts of the warships, and compelled the signal men to resort to flags as a medium for communication.



ADMIRAL CERVERA.

It was just such a morning, this day preceding the Union's national birthday, as was the morning five weeks before when, sitting on the after-bridge of the "Brooklyn," Commodore Schley saw the fleet of Cervera in the harbor and made to me the caustic remark: "They will never get home." The sun crept up to where it compelled you for safety, if not for comfort, to avoid its rays; the big awning was spread on the quarter-deck of the "Brooklyn," and on all the ships preparations were made to add one more day to the monotonous count that figured up five long weeks.

All of the American ships had drifted out to a distance of three miles from Morro, and the heavy war vessels lay bunched to the east near the flagship of Admiral Sampson, the "New York." The "Massachusetts," first-class battleship, the "New Orleans," protected cruiser, and the "Newark," cruiser and flagship of Commodore Watson, had left the line and were forty miles to the eastward for coal, provisions, and ammunition. The flagship at 8.55 o'clock had signaled "Disregard the motions of the Commander-in-Chief," and had moved away towards Altares, seven miles to the east of Morro and out of signal distance. At 9.20 the "New York" was out of signal distance of the fleet, and the command thereupon devolved upon Commodore Schley. The Commodore had come upon deck about nine o'clock, and was sitting well aft on the quarter-deck talking with the writer. There had been several fires noticed on shore to the westward of Santiago the night previous, and Commodore Schley had requested Flag-Lieutenant Sears to ask the "Texas,"

CAPTAIN VASQUEZ

of the Spanish Torpedo Destroyer "Pluton."

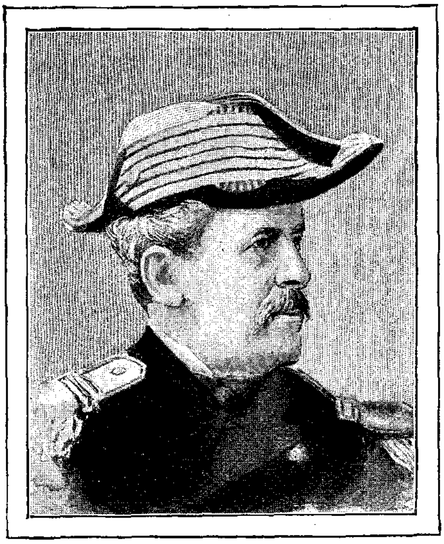
CAPTAIN CARLIER

of the Spanish Torpedo Destroyer "Furor."

"What is your theory about the burning of the block-houses on the hill last night?" with a view to determining whether the destruction was by Pando's Spanish reënforcements moving east to the aid of Santiago, or whether the Cubans under General Rabi had obtained control. This signal was made at 9.15 o'clock, and we were remarking on the smoke we then saw arising in the harbor when the masthead man cried, "Smoke in the harbor, is moving to the entrance." Anxiety was somewhat removed, however, by the statement that the tug which daily supplied the forts at the entrance with necessaries was moving over toward Estrella battery on the east.

POSITIONS OF THE SHIPS.

At this time the big warships had all massed to the east, quite a common occurrence for early morning. The western half of the blockading half circle consisted of the second-class battleship "Texas," the flagship "Brooklyn," and the small converted yacht "Vixen." The "Texas" was exactly south of the entrance, which points southwest, while the "Brooklyn" and the "Vixen," 5,500 yards to the west, rolled lazily in the swell of the Trade Wind sea. With the "Texas" as the central ship, the east was beautifully and effectively guarded by the "Iowa," "Indiana," and "Oregon," battleships, and the converted yacht "Gloucester," the "Gloucester" nearest shore. The "Iowa" lay at least a half mile beyond the curve of the circle, and, glasses in hand, I remember calling Commodore Schley's attention to it. He answered: "I understand her forward twelve-inch turret is broken, and they are probably trying to fix it." I remember also noticing that the "Gloucester" was very close in to shore, and that, while the eastern end of the line was so formidable that no tactician with common sense would have attempted to pass it, there were openings to the west on both sides of the "Brooklyn" that must have offered tempting invitation to a foe desirous of, and eagerly looking for, a chance to escape. It must also be remembered that the plan of blockade was one of immobility, the ships pointing their noses towards the entrance but not moving, and therefore allowing a fleeing enemy a chance to gain a great advantage in a flying start.



VICE-ADMIRAL VILLAMIL,

Commander of the Torpedo Boat Destroyers.

Thus, four American battleships, the "Iowa," "Oregon," "Texas," and "Indiana," with the armored cruiser "Brooklyn," formed the guard, with the two converted yachts, "Gloucester" and "Vixen," as pickets. Of the ships of battle the "Indiana" could not exceed a speed of nine knots, and her forward thirteen-inch turret was out of order, the guns incapacitated; the "Iowa" had steam up but for five knots, and was also having trouble with her forward twelve-inch turret, and the "Brooklyn" had had some of her five-inch guns badly strained by the bombardment of the day before. None of the ships had steam for more than ten knots, and the "Brooklyn's" forward engines were uncoupled. That God was with us on "his own day" will be shown by this plain, unvarnished tale, for in the land-locked harbor lay four heavily armored and heavily armed cruisers, with a speed alleged to average eighteen and one-half knots, and two torpedo-boat destroyers, both of them better armed and swifter than either the "Gloucester" or the "Vixen." The conditions, therefore, on this Sunday morning were, that a superior force of the enemy was being held in check by an inferior force outside, and, in addition, the fire of the shore batteries could reach the American ships.

COMMODORE SCHLEY OF THE "BROOKLYN." From a photograph by Jackson.

CAPTAIN COOK OF THE "BROOKLYN."
From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.

THE ENEMY SEEKS TO ESCAPE.

Dressed in a pair of shabby blue serge trousers, a black alpaca coat, and an officer's white summer hat, with no insignia of rank upon him, Commodore Schley braced his white-shod feet against the hatch combing, tilted his chair back, plucked rather nervously at his imperial, and remarked, "This is pretty slow." Over the water from the "Texas" came a sweet bugle call to church, and the bell tolled softly. Three bells clanged out on the "Brooklyn," and Captain Cook and Executive Officer Mason came on the quarter-deck with their swords on. "We're going to have general muster," said Captain Cook, in response to the inquiring look of the Commodore, and the men began gathering in their various divisions. General muster is compulsory every month in the navy, and the solemn act of reading the Articles of War is gone through with, in a perfunctory sort of way. A look through the glasses showed on all the ships similar tableaux, and the typical quietude of Sunday prevailed. On the forward bridge Navigator Hodgson had relieved the officer of the deck, and Quartermaster Anderson was keeping the long glass trained on the suspicious smoke just back of the high hill at the entrance.

"That smoke is

moving, sir,'' he said quietly to Mr. Hodgson.

'' Give me the glass,'' said the Navigator, and, fixing it on the hazy smoke in the entrance, he took a long look. Anderson caught the glass as it fell, or it would have been smashed, while Hodgson, picking up the megaphone, yelled, ''After bridge, there! Report to the Commodore and the Captain that the enemy's ships are coming out.''

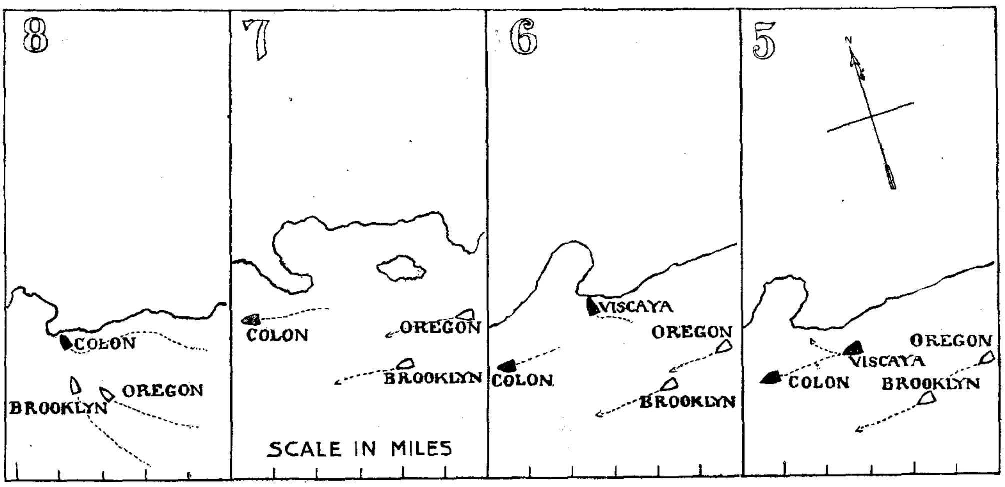
There was little necessity for the cadet on the signal bridge to repeat the message. Before he had stumbled down the ladder to the quarter-deck, the strident tones of Lieutenant-Commander Mason could be heard, '' Clear ship for action,'' and the clanging bells notified those below of the summons to battle. Captain Cook rushed forward to the conning-tower to move the ship; and grabbing up his binoculars, Commodore Schley started forward.

I followed him closely, and as he passed the after bridge heard him call to Ensign McCauley, '' Signal, 'The enemy is escaping.' '' Lieutenant Sears, who was near, shouted back, '' We have already done so, sir!'' and Schley, as he hurried through the gallery towards the forecastle, answered: '' Signal the fleet to clear ship.''

As he climbed the ladder to the forecastle, I remember his pulling out my watch, which I had loaned him, and saying to me, '' It's just 9.35 o'clock.'' Just as we reached the point of vantage, a wooden platform two feet high elevated around the conning-tower, there came the sharp detonation of a six-pounder, and we saw from the smoke that the '' Iowa '' had fired the first shot and was flying the signal, '' The enemy is escaping,'' having run it up several seconds before the '' Brooklyn '' served the same notice. Following quickly the warning of the '' Iowa,'' the doughty '' Texas '' opened with a big twelve-inch shot; and, as Captain Cook shouted to the quartermaster, '' Full speed ahead,'' the '' Brooklyn's '' forward eight-inch guns boomed out. From the time of Lieutenant Hodgson's announcement to the time of the boom of the '' Brooklyn's '' guns was barely three minutes, and what to a layman seemed the direst pandemonium and disorder was the finest of discipline and the acme of order. That men flew by you dropping their shirts from their backs as they ran, that orders flew thick and fast, and that men and officers seemed tumbling over one another was no criterion. That every gun was ready to shoot; that fire had been started under four fresh boilers; that every battle hatch had been lowered; that every water-tight compartment was closed; that ammunition was ready for the reloading of the guns; that the fire pumps were on and the decks wet down, and that every man of 500 was in the place assigned to him for battle, completes an indisputable miracle.

THE '' BROOKLYN '' CLOSES IN.

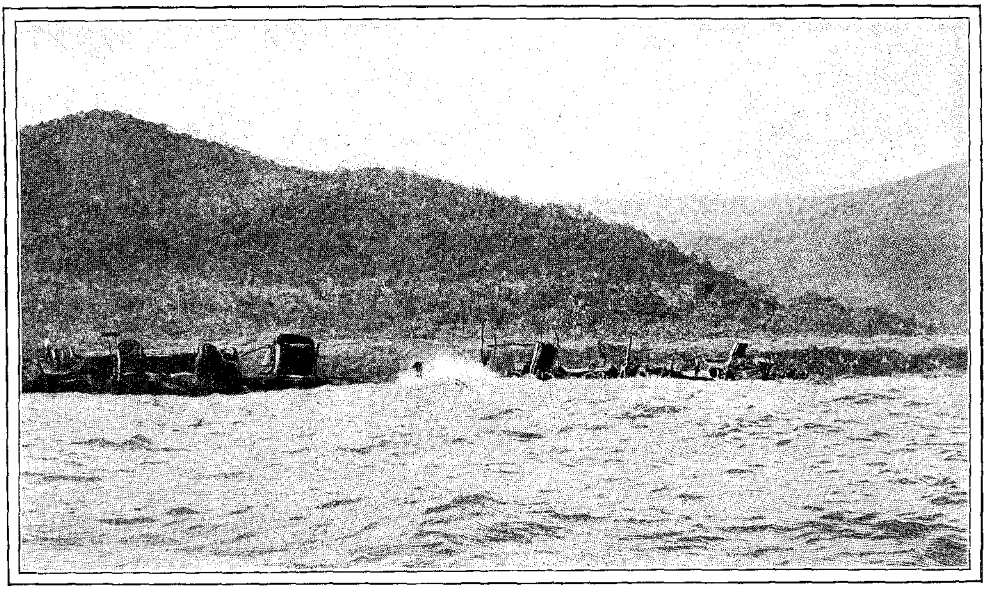
Turning so as to fire her port battery, the '' Brooklyn '' moved northeast towards the harbor entrance, while the big battleships, somewhat slower in their movements, pointed straight in. Glasses in hand, Commodore



8.—About 1.25 P.M. 7.—About 12.20 P.M. 6.—About 11.15 A.M. 5.—About 11 A.M.

DIAGRAM SHOWING THE SUCCESSIVE RELATIVE

Drawn by

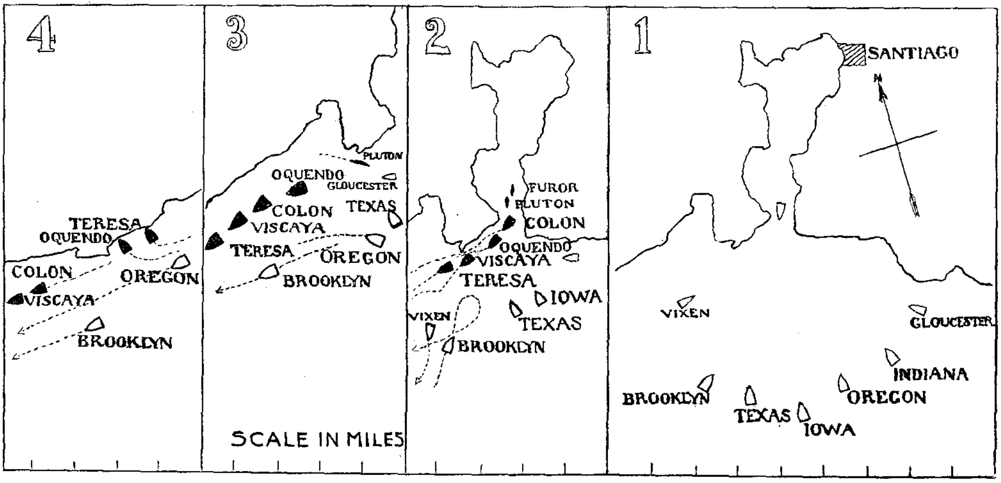


WRECK OF THE TORPEDO DESTROYER "FUROR."

From a photograph taken the day after the battle, and kindly loaned by the "New York Herald."

Schley tried to make out the enemy's ships. It was a trying and nerve-destroying moment. The terrific effect of the eight-inch gun fire on one's ear drums, the distressing taste of the saltpeter, the blinding effect of the dense smoke, and the whiz of projectiles of the enemy in close proximity, all were forgotten, and you stared through your bedimmed glasses at the entrance full of smoke, a yellow mass at which the first terrible fire of the American ships was directed with such frightful effect. Out of the midst of it there suddenly projected a black, glistening hull, the position of which showed it to be pointing westward. Would the others follow, or would they break through at different points? Still the frightful fire of the ships continued, and flashes of brilliancy from the mass of smoke in the entrance showed that the enemy had opened. The western battery on the crown of the hill was also dropping shot to the westward.

At Commodore Schley's elbow stood Flag-Lieutenant Sears, also with glasses glued to his eyes. For a minute the pall of smoke rose, and then Lieutenant Sears exclaimed: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INDIANA
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BROOKLYN
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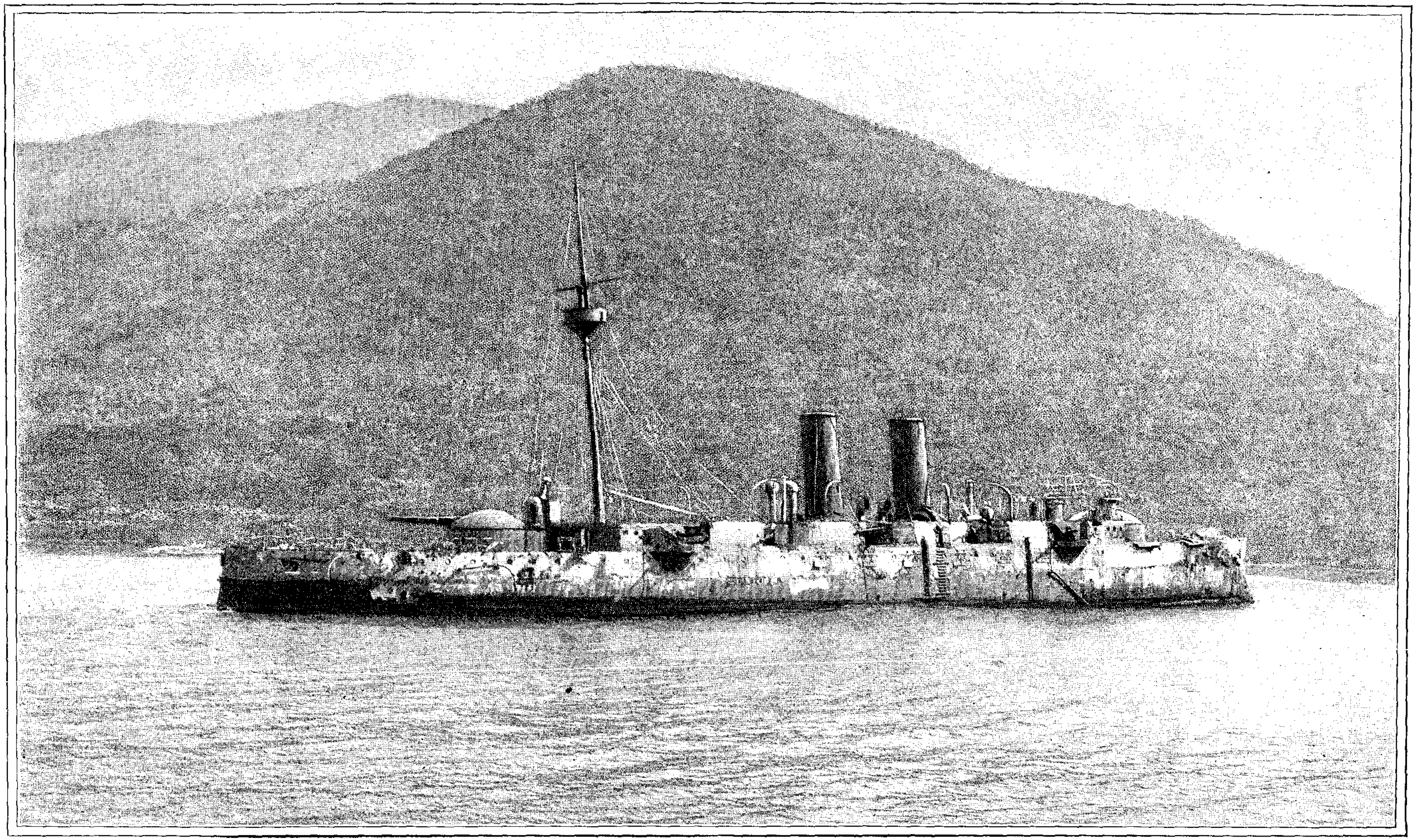
IOWA

4.—About 10.35 A.M. 3.—About 10.20 A.M. 2.—About 10 A.M. 1.—9.33 A.M.

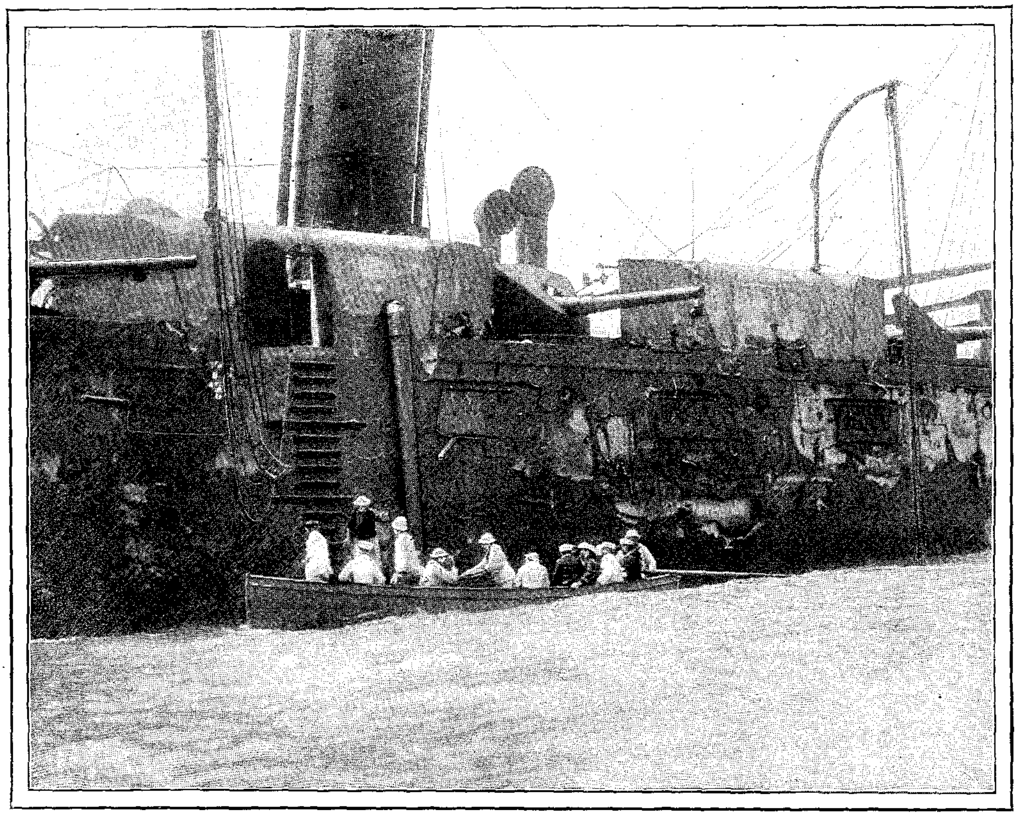
POSITIONS OF THE VESSELS IN THE BATTLE.

the author.



PORT SIDE OF THE "MARIA TERESA" AS SHE LAY ON THE SHOALS THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

From a photograph taken on the morning of July 4th by J. C. Hemment; copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.



PORT SIDE OF THE "MARIA TERESA." COMMISSION OF INSPECTION GOING ON BOARD TO MAKE AN EXAMINATION OF THE SHIP.

From a photograph taken July 7th by J. C. Hemment; copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst. Among the commissioners are Executive Officer Rodgers of the "Iowa," Executive Officer Mason of the "Brooklyn," Lieutenant Haeseler of the "Texas," and Naval Constructor Hobson.

"They are all out, and coming to the westward, Commodore!"

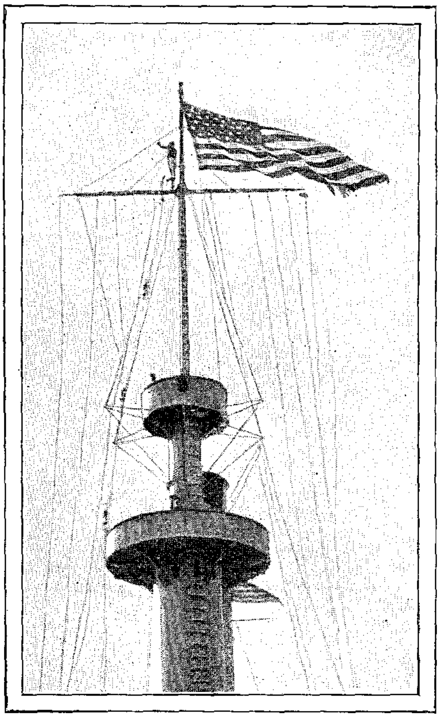
"Yes," answered this cool commandant, "and the torpedo boats are with them." Then turning to Captain Cook, he said: "Have your rapid-fire guns ready for those fellows, Cook," and the Captain, smiling, pointed to the guns where the men were already firing. It was just 9.45, and Ensign McCauley hoisted the signal to the fleet to "Close up."

A CRITICAL SITUATION FOR THE "BROOKLYN."

The situation for the "Brooklyn" now seemed desperate. The great ship was pointing and moving directly toward the Spanish ships coming out to the west. Every inclination, had a decision been made suddenly, was to turn in the same direction, to the west, to head them off. But had this inclination been followed, the "Brooklyn's" starboard side would have been so placed that any one of the Spanish fleet would have been able to ram her and sink her, or torpedo her, with the same fatal result.

The "Maria Teresa," the "Vizcaya," the "Colon," and the "Oquendo" were now in plain view, in the order named, with the torpedo boats "Furor" and "Pluton" following. Suddenly the "Vizcaya" left the westward-pointing line and headed straight for the "Brooklyn." Almost at the same instant that Lieutenant Sears reported this, Commodore Schley said to Captain Cook: "Put your helm hard a-port," and the ship began to move around to starboard, steering a circle *toward* the enemy, instead of away from him. It was evident that neither the "Vizcaya" nor the "Maria Teresa" quite understood this movement, for both immediately changed their course and ran nearer shore. Around in a short circle moved the "Brooklyn," her port side a perfect mass of flame and smoke, as the six eight-inch, six five-inch, and eight six-pounders belched forth the deadly shot. Then, as she swung towards the four Spanish ships, her starboard battery opened, and the din was terrific.

"Tell the men at the guns to fire deliberately and make every shot tell," called Schley to Captain Cook, and out of the choking smoke and fire Lieutenant-Commander Mason could be heard quietly instructing the men in the turrets as to the distance. The "Brooklyn" had described a perfect circle, and, although under a deluge of shot and shell, uninjured, pointed west and began her famous fight. The "Colon" could be seen sneaking up behind the Spanish line, as if intent upon getting away, while the "Oquendo" and "Maria Teresa," evidently striving vainly to shield the torpedo boats, were receiving a most horrible baptism of shot and shell.



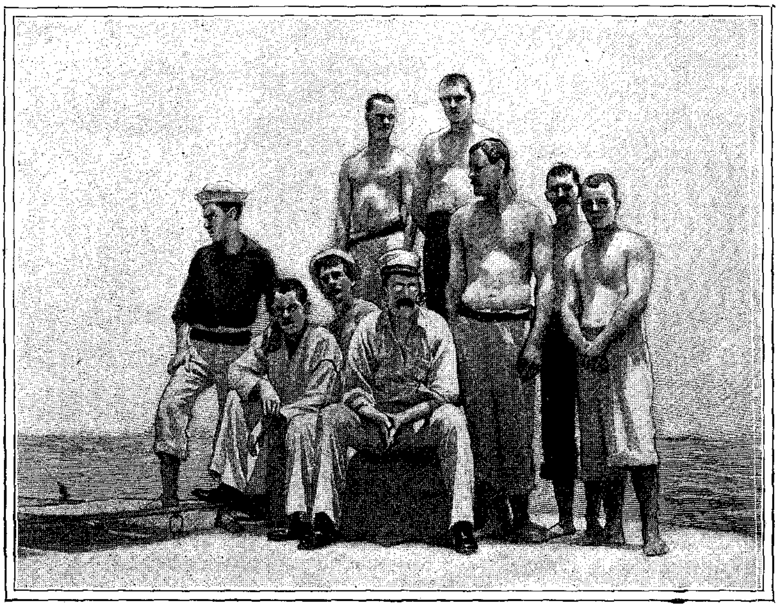
SAILOR REPLACING THE "BROOKLYN'S" BATTLE-FLAG AFTER IT HAD BEEN SHOT AWAY.

From a photograph taken by the author.

SUNK IN FORTY MINUTES.

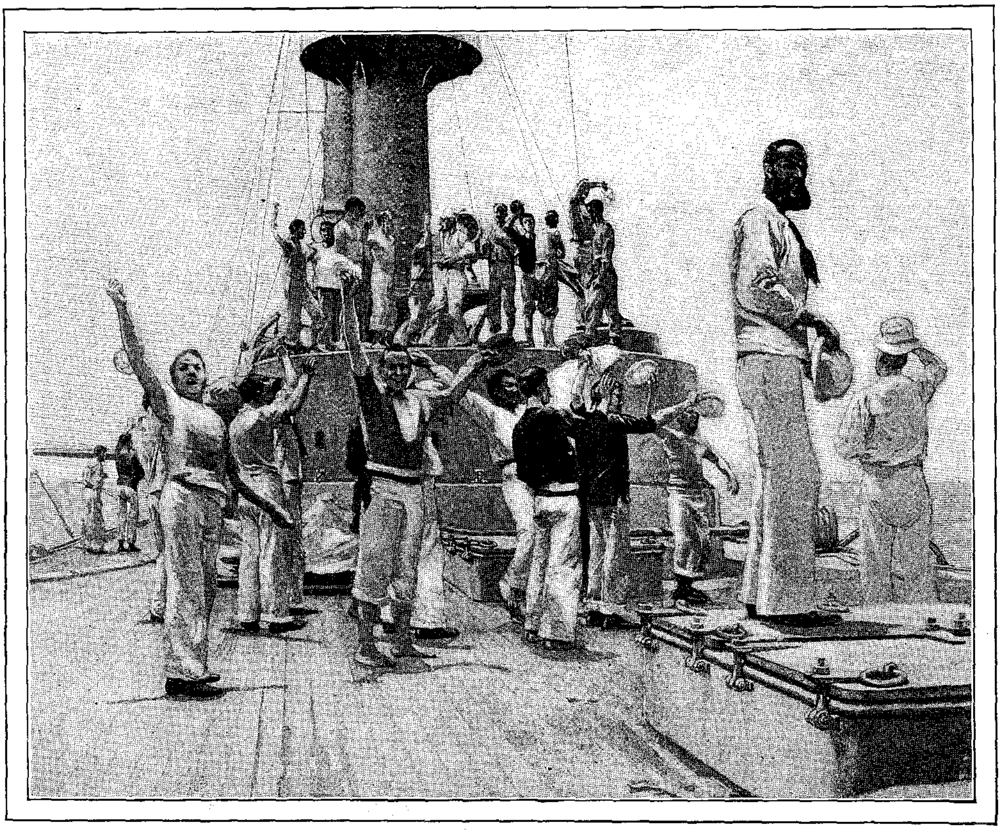
How terrible this rain of steel projectiles was, thrown from the battleships and the cruiser, is indicated by the fact that within forty minutes two heavily protected cruisers and two torpedo boats were destroyed and had surrendered. Yet there is evidence to show that the large twelve and thirteen-inch projectiles did little of this damage, only three of them landing. The roar of the guns and the whistle and crash of the falling projectiles acted upon the observer like a tonic, and with absolute nonchalance to danger I watched closely the result.

The instant the "Colon" had cleared the harbor, she started up the line behind the three other ships, doing but little firing. The two long, snaky torpedo destroyers following her also attempted to hide themselves; but Captain Wainwright, in the "Gloucester," had seen them, and in a moment the little converted yacht was bearing down upon them. At the same instant, every ship in the fleet opened upon them with the rapid-fire one and six pounders. Like an avenging angel seeking more tribute for the "Maine" dis-



ON THE AFTER TURRET OF THE "BROOKLYN" DURING THE CHASE OF THE "CRISTOBAL COLON."

From a photograph taken by the author.

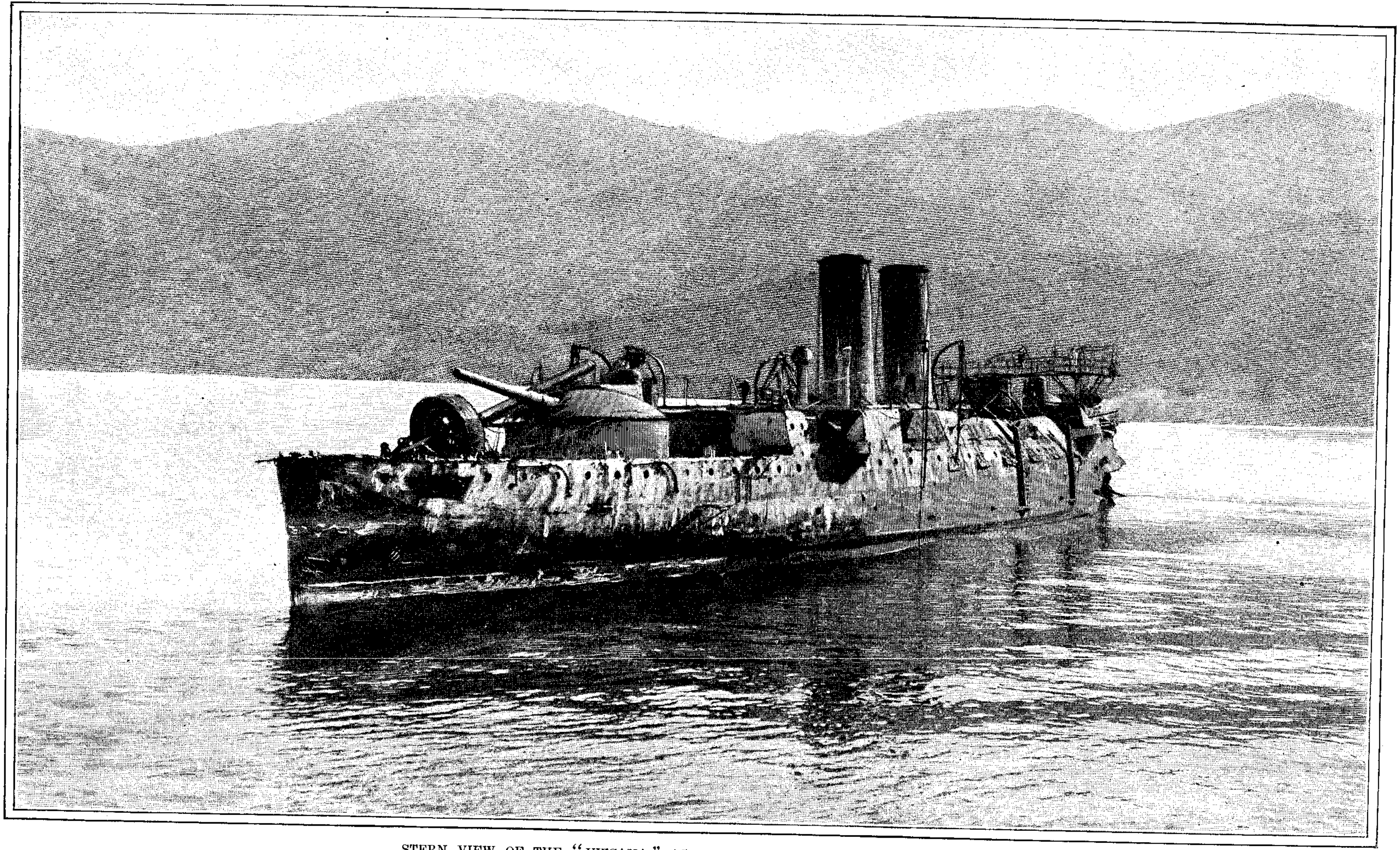


"THREE CHEERS FOR COMMODORE SCHLEY."

From a photograph taken by the author.

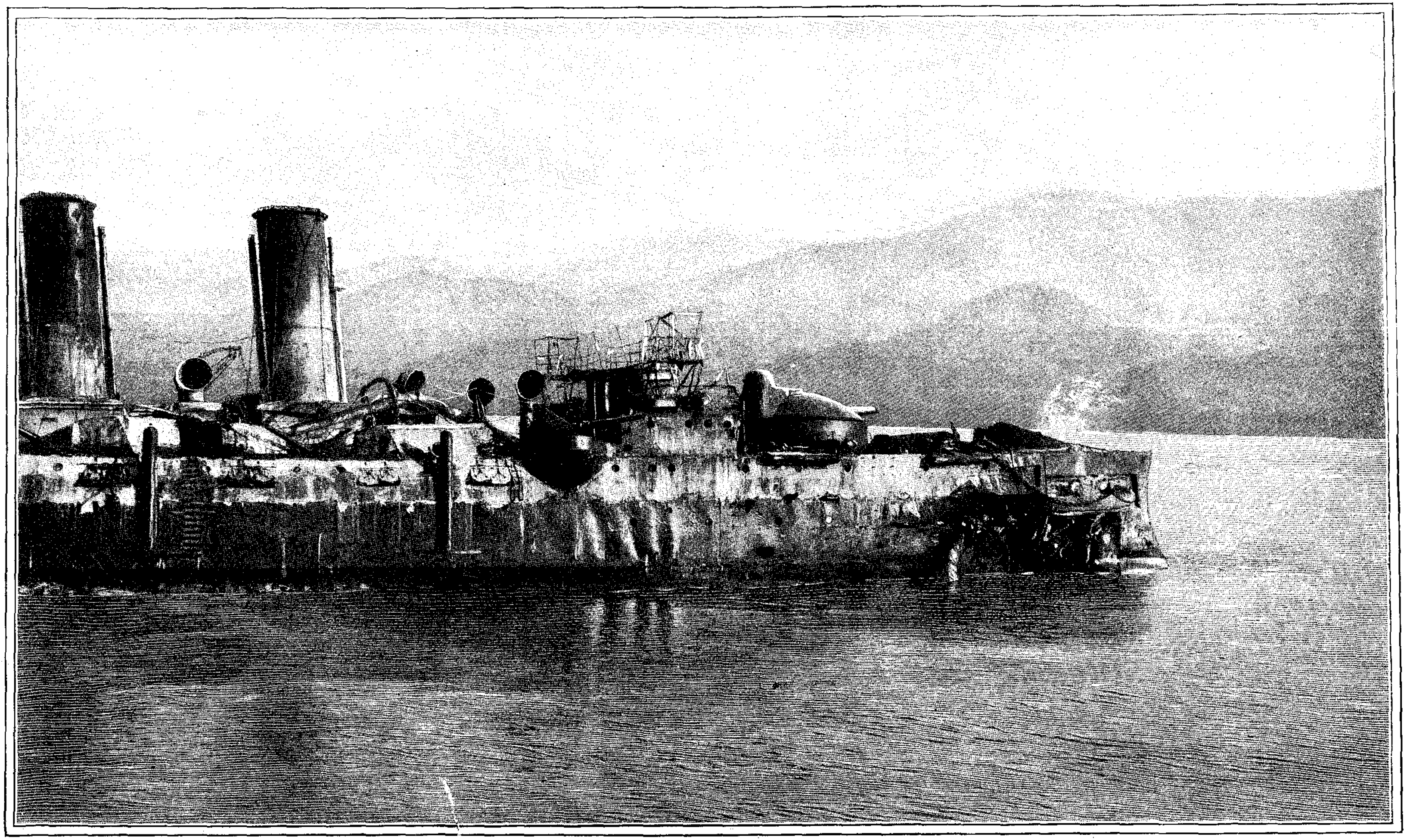
aster, a great shell from one of the big warships, either the "Iowa," the "Indiana," or the "Oregon," whizzed over the top of the "Gloucester," and struck the "Pluton" in the middle, and with a roar and a plunge she vanished from sight as if the sea had opened up a great grave to receive her. The "Furor" got partially behind the "Oquendo," which was now directing a heavy fire on the "Texas" and the "Brooklyn;" but the "Gloucester," despite the shore batteries, turned in after her, and fairly riddled her with small projectiles. Stung to death, she turned for shore, and broke in two on a reef, the wild surf sounding her requiem. Those of her crew who survived flung themselves wildly into the surf, but some were rescued by the crew of the "Gloucester."

It was at this time, looking back from the quarter-deck of the "Brooklyn," that the frightful work being accomplished on the Spanish ships by the American squadron could be appreciated. It was one yellow pall of smoke where the American ships were, from out of which would shoot blasting flames whose tongues licked caressingly the ends of steel projectiles as they sped on their journey: to attempt to analyze which of these engines of destruction did the terrific work on the enemy would be extreme self-assumption. No man who aided in fighting ships that day can say more than that his projectile was aimed to hit the black crafts that, with but a slight steam-like smoke from their guns, tried vainly to creep along the coast to the west. The active firing had begun at 9.40 o'clock. The "Oquendo," still working her guns, caught fire at 10.22, and for ten minutes her men tried to put it out. But from the military tops and the superstructures of the big warships was pouring a deadly fire of rapid-fire six-pounders, while the "Iowa" and "Texas" were dropping four and six inch shells in her. Just ahead of her was the "Maria Teresa," the flagship, while the "Vizcaya" was passing along inside of the two, followed by the "Colon." The punishment being inflicted on the "Maria Teresa" was not so heavy as that on the "Oquendo," but the "Brook-



STERN VIEW OF THE "VIZCAYA" AS SHE LAY WRECKED ON THE BEACH.

From a photograph taken on the morning of July 4th by J. C. Hemment; copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.



STARBOARD BOW VIEW OF THE "VIZCAYA."

The large hole was made by a shell from the American ships. Later the explosion of the forward magazine destroyed the mast and demolished the superstructure generally. From a photograph taken on the morning of July 4th by J. C. Hemment; copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.

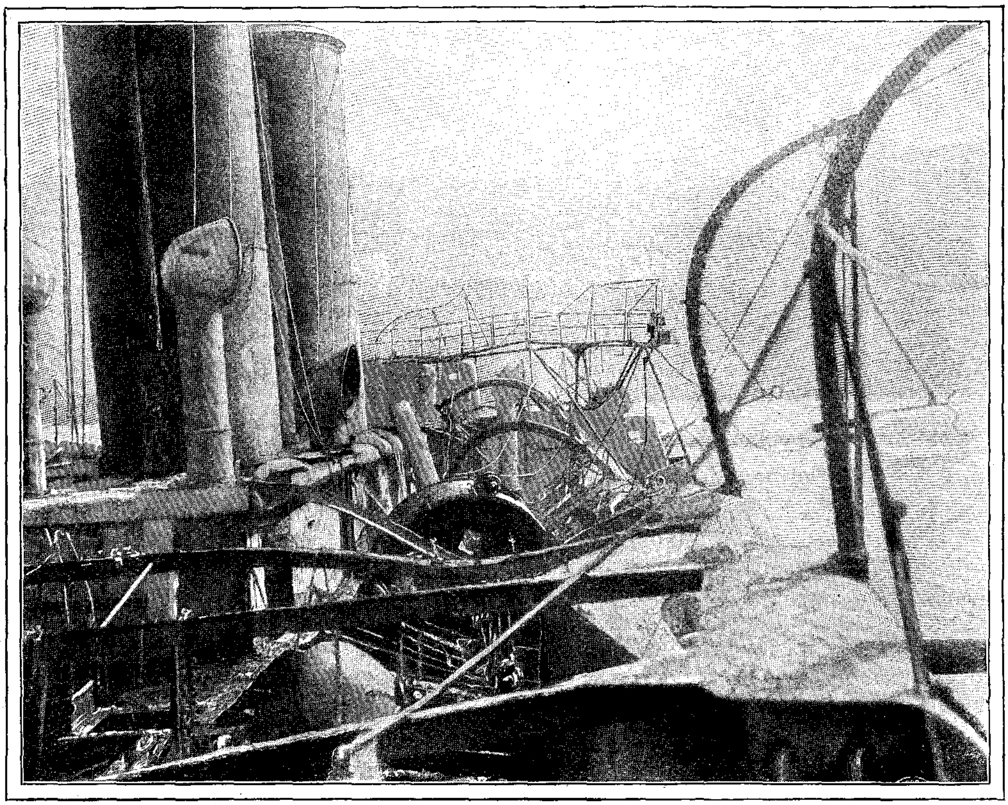
lyn" was raking her fore and aft. Suddenly, in the lull, a big shell from the "Texas" crashed through her just above her armor belt. It evidently cut her fire mains, for the next instant, when a shell from the "Brooklyn" smashed through the side, just forward of her beam, and exploding set fire to her, she turned to the beach helpless. It was just 10.31 when the flagship of Cervera ran to the beach a mass of flames, and five minutes later, and but half a mile farther west, the "Oquendo," half her men killed and the ship fairly riddled with shell, followed. In less than forty minutes the two best ships in the Spanish navy had been destroyed, as well as two torpedo boats, and the superiority of guns and men over armor was demonstrated.

In this forty minutes many singular things had happened, demonstrating the bravery of men. The almost hysterical enthusiasm that actuates men in a moment of great danger had passed. The coolness of a partial despair born of a knowledge that careful work and quick work were their salvation had grown on all in the fight. The messengers, who, traversing the most dangerous portions of the ship, had at first rushed headlong to the delivery point, shrieking the message, began to move more sedately; the gunners watched the effect of a shot before they fired again; the men came out of the turrets for a breath of air, and discussed with disdain the shooting of the enemy, although we were hit several times. Captain Cook on the "Brooklyn," scorning the protection of eight inches of steel in his conning-tower, walked about and discussed the ship's movements with Schley, and the men not busy at the guns would get in exposed positions to see "where the Dagoes were." The Spanish had opened fire with their rapid-fire guns; and partly because the forecastle where I stood was covered with smoke from our own guns, and partly because I wanted to know how the men in the various divisions were conducting themselves, I started to make a tour of the ship.

To the lee of the forward eight-inch turret stood a young man named George H. Ellis. He was assisting the Navigator, Mr. Hodgson, to obtain the range or distance from our ship to the enemy. Captain Cook had just called to him to ask him the range. The "Vizcaya," "Maria Teresa," and "Colon" were then devoting their attention to us, and the fire was hot. Without an instant's hesitation, Ellis stepped into the open and, with the stadimeter to his eye, obtained the range. Turning to Commodore Schley, he said: "Fourteen hundred yards to the 'Vizcaya,' sir." There was that low, moaning song, like a lost soul, that a shell makes; then we saw Ellis's body waver and fall headless to the deck, while men wiped from their faces and clothes the brain that had just given us necessary information. In the turrets it was pretty hot work, and, like a whale blowing, the men would come up alternately to get a bit of fresh air. In Lieutenant Doyle's starboard eight-inch turret one of his best gunners complained, "Sir, I can't see the shots drop," and Mr. Doyle replied, "Well, that's all right. When you don't see them drop in the water, you'll know they're hitting."

In the after turret Lieutenant Rush, with a bandanna handkerchief about his brow, ducked his head out of the turret top, and sang out, "Say, which of those ships do you wish us to hit?" And Lieutenant-Commander Mason, who was coming by with a word of commendation for the men, said: "Just soak the 'Vizcaya;' she's our prey," and Rush dived below, and began firing.

Up forward on the gun decks was a six-pounder gun that in this close forty minutes' action had been doing valiant work. As they were putting in a cartridge the shell loosened from the casing and became wedged. This was on the side near the enemy, but there was not a moment's hesitation. Out on the gun's muzzle crawled Corporal Robert Gray of the Marine Corps, a rammer in his hand ready to drive the shell out. The gun was hot, and he could not retain his hold; so he dropped down to the sea ladder. Over his head was the frightful blast and draft of the big gun, while around him pattered the shot of the enemy. He failed in his attempt, and gunner Smith then tried it, but he too failed. It looked as if the gun would have to be abandoned, but Private MacNeal of the squad asked permission to make an attempt, and was allowed to try it. Clinging to the hot gun, with death by water assured if he dropped, or was knocked off by the concussion, and the enemy firing at him, he got the rammer in the muzzle and rammed out the shell, amidst cheers from his comrades. I watched these men closely. None of them showed the slightest sign of heroic exhilaration. It was evidently to them a duty of the commonest sort. A few minutes later a six-inch projectile smashed into a compartment just below them. They laughed at the gunner's aim when they found nobody hurt. Five minutes later I photographed a man at the



VIEW ABOARD THE "VIZCAYA," ON THE STARBOARD SIDE, LOOKING FORWARD FROM THE AFT GUN TOWER.

The picture shows the complete destruction of the forward mast and superstructure caused by the explosion of the "Vizcaya's" own *magazine. From a photograph taken July 4th, the day after the battle, by J. C. Hemment; copyrighted, 1898,* by W. R. Hearst.

after masthead fixing up one of the battle flags, the halyards of which had been shot away. The fire was deadly about him. He would not give his name.

About the decks the men not actually busy at the guns enjoyed the fight hugely. When a big shell hit the upper works and exploded with a roar, they would make disparaging remarks about Spanish gunnery. At one time, during a lull in the battle, but while the "Colon" was near enough to us to shoot, and I believe was shooting, I took pictures of the men standing on top of an eight-inch turret, in easy range of the enemy's guns, and cheering Commodore Schley.

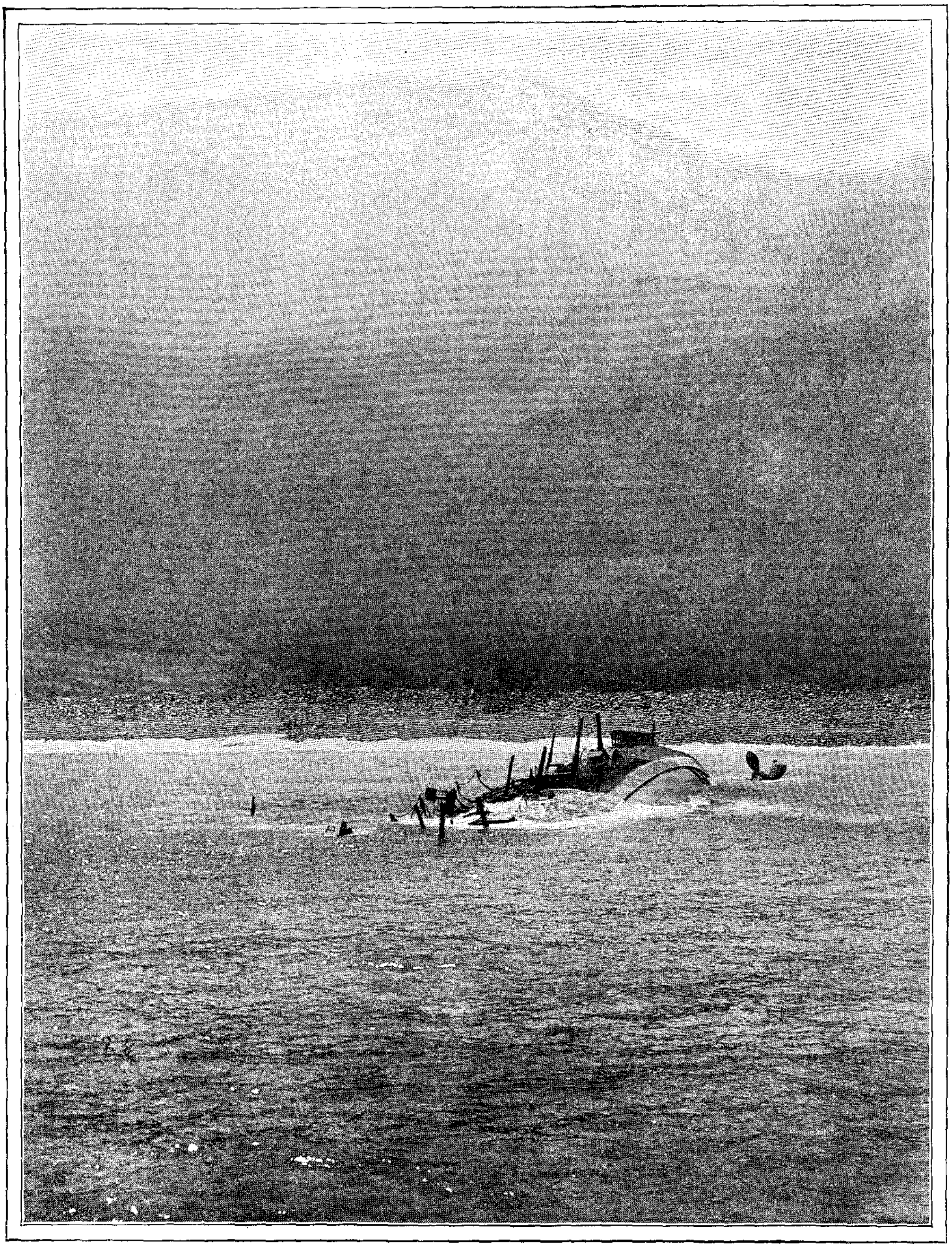
THE FIGHT WITH THE "VIZCAYA."

At 10.36 the positions of the ships were singularly favorable to the enemy carrying out his plan of escaping with at least one or two of his ships. The battleship "Indiana" had been unable to keep up the pace set by the leaders of the Spanish ships, and the battleship "Iowa," arriving at the point where Cervera's flagship had run ashore, stopped to pick up drowning Spaniards of its crew. Both the "Indiana" and the "Iowa" had done splendid work in assisting in the destruction of the two torpedo boats and the cruisers "Maria Teresa" and "Oquendo;" but their lack of speed forbade them continuing the chase. The "Oregon," which had been at the farther end of the line, had gone outside of these other battleships and was coming rapidly to the west, smoke pouring from her funnels. The movement was at first not understood, but when it became apparent that she was leaving the other battleships behind and was coming to the aid of the "Brooklyn," now almost alone with two heavily armored and heavily armed ships, a cheer went up from Schley's flagship for Captain Clark and his splendid crew. "Not that we can't lick 'em," said a gunner's mate to me after the cheer, "but it's good to have help." I agreed with him very cordially, for at this time we were directly abeam the "Vizcaya," while the "Colon" was half a mile forward of us and both were in a position to broadside us. The "Texas" was making heroic efforts to stay with us, but we were going at more than her maximum speed, and she fell behind. The "Oregon," at 10.38, was about one and a half miles astern of the "Brooklyn," and gaining every minute.

Now began a fight that was to set the naval world thinking and discredit the predictions of the prophets. The "Vizcaya," with armor double the thickness of the "Brooklyn" and guns of larger caliber, had often been placed by critics as the superior of the "Brooklyn;" and there was a low murmur of approval on the latter ship, as the word was passed to concentrate fire on the former. Commodore Schley said to Captain Cook, "Get in close, Cook, and we'll fix her." A little turn of the helm sent the "Brooklyn" in to within a thousand yards of the enemy, and there they were broadside to broadside. "Nine hundred and fifty yards," called the messengers into the turret decks, and the answer was the terrible boom of the big eight-inch guns, followed by the tenor of the five-inch and the shrill treble of the six-inch and the one-pounders. The smoke was so dense that it was hard to see the target, but up forward we could see the "Colon" spitting out smokeless fire from her side. When five minutes had passed and we had not felt the ship tremble with the concussion of Spanish shells, we looked at one another in amazement. The water about us and between the "Brooklyn" and the "Vixen," which had kept near us, absolutely boiled, while the song of the shells over us and a few muffled explosions on deck told that the Spanish aim was not so bad. Suddenly a marine in the foretop at a one-pounder gun shrieked down, "Every shot is telling," and as the word passed aft to the gun crews, the shooting became more vigorous, and two thousand pounds of explosive metal went banging against the "Vizcaya" every three minutes. The secondary battery fire, of one and six pounders, was unusually deadly, the Spanish gunners in the "Vizcaya's" superstructure being driven from the guns. At 10.50, after twenty minutes of this close engagement, the "Oregon" got near enough to land several six-inch projectiles in the "Vizcaya" and to drop a few thirteen-inch shells about the "Colon," which was rapidly drawing away to the westward. At precisely 10.54 the "Vizcaya" was seen to be on fire, and at the same time she swerved out from shore, as though to ram the "Brooklyn" as her dying effort. The fire of the big cruiser was too hot for her, evidently, for at 11.06 she turned in to shore and hauled down her colors. The "Texas" and "Vixen" were seen to be about a mile to the rear of the "Oregon," and the "Vizcaya" was now left to them and the "Iowa," the latter staying by her finally.

What seemed to be now a forlorn hope faced Commodore Schley, but faith in the "Brooklyn" and in the splendid battleship "Oregon," now close on the chase, never faltered, and he remarked to me, "We may be able to wing that fellow, and then Clark and Philip will get a show at him, even if he sinks us." Captain Philip's "Texas" could be seen about five miles astern. The "fellow" alluded to was the "Cristobal Colon," which, so far as indications went, had to this point escaped unharmed and now had a lead of about four miles over the "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon." The "Colon's" accredited speed was nineteen and a half knots, and while the "Brooklyn's" is greater than that, it was impossible to make more than seventeen knots, because the forward pair of engines were not coupled up and were lying useless. The "Oregon" had a speed at the most of fifteen and one half knots; so it appeared as if the chances of escape were good, and everybody believed that for one ship to get away would spoil the day's victory. There was one chance, however, and Schley, quick to see it, determined to take advantage of it. The "Colon" was running close in to shore, and to continue her course had to make a long detour to the south around Cape Cruz, sixty miles west. The "Brooklyn" was two miles farther out to sea than the "Colon," and, after consultation with Captain Cook and Navigator Hodgson, it was concluded to run a straight course to Cape Cruz and try and head off the chase. The "Oregon" in the meantime stayed in close, so as to get a range on the "Colon's" broadside if she tried to run directly south. This line of tactics having been decided upon, the chase, which lasted from 11.25 to 1.15, began.

Up to the masthead of the "Brooklyn" went the signal "Cease firing," and Commodore Schley said to First Lieutenant Mason, "Get all your men out for an airing." In an instant the top of every gun casemate and every turret was a mass of half-naked, perspiring, but jubilant, cheering men. Even the men from the powder magazines below the protective deck came up, and joined the crowd. The "Colon," in sheer desperation, was firing a few shells, but they fell so short that there were only jeers for them.



THE "CRISTOBAL COLON" LYING ON THE BEACH NEAR RIO TARQUINO.

From a photograph taken in the afternoon of July 4th, by J. C. Hemment; copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.

Suddenly a big fellow on Lieutenant Simpson's turret called, "Three cheers for Commodore Schley," and there were three roars that drowned even the "Colon's" gun thunder and made me wonder if the vigor of the jubilant Americans would not drive terror to the hearts of the crew of the "Colon." Then somebody aft proposed three cheers for the "Oregon," and they were given with a will, and returned with interest.

But if these scenes, lacking in tragedy, were going on above decks, there were men far below the steel protective deck still fighting for the flag; men who are seldom spoken of, but who are always heroes. At the fires in the coal rooms, and at the great engines, in a temperature of from 130 to 150 degrees, were men fully as patriotic and enthusiastic as those on deck, and the successful ending of the day now depended upon them. Into the furnaces the coal was piled, while in almost a white heat naked men kept the fires clear. At the big engines stood the engineers, closely watching for any flaw. Higher and higher climbed the steam, and faster and faster turned the great screws. Once in a while the great steel prison would open while a man was lifted out overcome by the heat, but the moment the air revived him he would go back to his furnace prison. One man who gave way was carried up on deck, and his four fellow workers stood about with anxious eyes to see if he would recover. He opened his eyes, looked around at them, and said: “Why the devil don't you fellows get back to work. What are yer standin' there for?” And as they slunk away he said to the doctor, “Say, Doc, are we catching the Dago?”

Perhaps it is a new thing in the navy, and perhaps it is not, but one thing struck me forcibly: from the beginning of the fight Commodore Schley issued instructions that all news of any advantage gained by us should be communicated about the ship to those who could not see, and it seemed to raise the *esprit de corps* at least a hundred per cent.

The chase continued for about an hour and a half without much gain on either side, the “Colon” at 12.15 having a lead of about four and one-quarter miles. Forced draught for the furnaces was being used on the “Brooklyn,” however, and she began to gain slowly. At the same time it was apparent that the tactics adopted by Commodore Schley had worked well, and it was evident that the “Colon,” in rounding Cape Cruz, would be near enough for the “Brooklyn,” and probably the “Oregon,” to broadside with their large guns.

It was at this time that Captain Clark on the “Oregon,” in facetious mood, signaled over to Commodore Schley, “A strange vessel to the eastward. Looks like an Italian,” and knowing the ship had been purchased from the Italian government, the Commodore answered back, “Yes, I guess it was built in Italy.”

A moment later a pennant went up at the masthead of the “Oregon,” and there was a shout of approval as the glasses made it out to read “Remember the Maine,” as if the burning ships on shore spoke not of remembrance and retribution.

At 12.20 Commodore Schley directed the “Oregon” to try a large shell, and at 8,500 yards a thirteen-inch shell rushed like a great railroad train by the “Brooklyn” and struck just short of the chase. A signal was sent to tell the “Oregon” the effect, and then she tried another. This time it hit just astern, and threw tons of water on the deck of the “Colon.” The effect must have been terrifying; and when at 12.40 the “Brooklyn” opened up with her eight-inch and landed a few shots against the “Colon's” side, it became evident that the game was cornered. However, everybody expected that the ship of the enemy would put up a last fight and only surrender when overpowered; and we were all very much surprised when, at 1.15 o'clock, down came the ensign of Spain and the ship ran ashore.

It may have been a revengeful providence, it may have been a mere accident, but it certainly was a peculiarly strange coincidence that the last of the fleet of Cervera and the flower of the Spanish navy should have gone ashore at the very spot where the ill-fated “Virginius” expedition tried to land. The ship surrendered to Captain Cook.

As the “Brooklyn” and the “Oregon” moved in upon the prey, the men poured out of the fire rooms, black with smoke and dirt and glistening with perspiration, but wild with joy; and when some wag raised a broom to the masthead, there was a roar of applause from the “Oregon” and an answer from the “Brooklyn.” Climbing up to the bridge, Commodore Schley gazed down at the jubilant men with just the suspicion of a tear in his eye. “Those are the fellows who made this day,” he said, pointing to

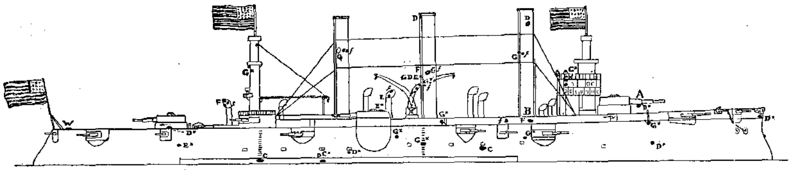
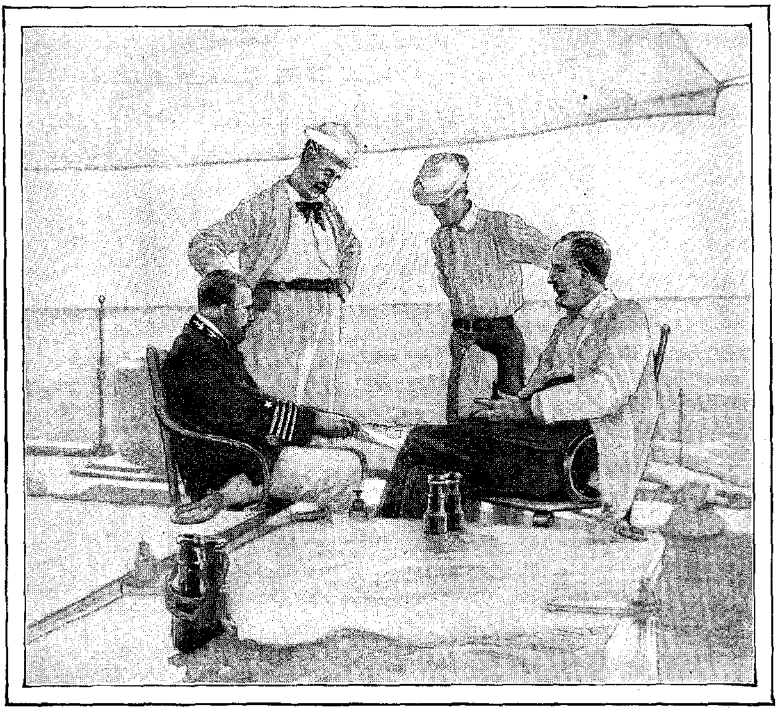


DIAGRAM OF THE “BROOKLYN,” SHOWING INJURIES SUSTAINED.

Drawn by George H. Warford, Carpenter, U. S. N.—A, man killed; B, man wounded; C, six-inch shot holes; D, six-pounder hit deck and glanced on turret; E, seven-millimeter holes; G, one-pounder holes; W, chest wrecked and thrown overboard; *x*, miscellaneous hits and dents; *f*, fragments.



CAPTAIN COOK AND COMMODORE SCHLEY ON THE DECK OF THE "BROOKLYN," WITH CAPTAIN PHILIP OF THE "TEXAS," AND THE AUTHOR.

From a photograph taken July 3d, shortly after the battle.

them, and then ordered Ensign MacCauley to make signal "The enemy has surrendered." Five miles to the east, the "Texas" saw the signal, and repeated it to Admiral Sampson on the "New York," some miles farther away. It was not, however, recognized by that ship, which also failed to answer Commodore Schley's two signals: "A glorious victory has been achieved. Details will be communicated later," and "This is a great day for our country." The Spanish losses were about 600 lives, 1,200 prisoners, and $12,000,000 worth of property. The American loss was one man killed and three wounded, all from the "Brooklyn:" a fact little short of a miracle in view of the further fact that the "Brooklyn" was hit over thirty times.

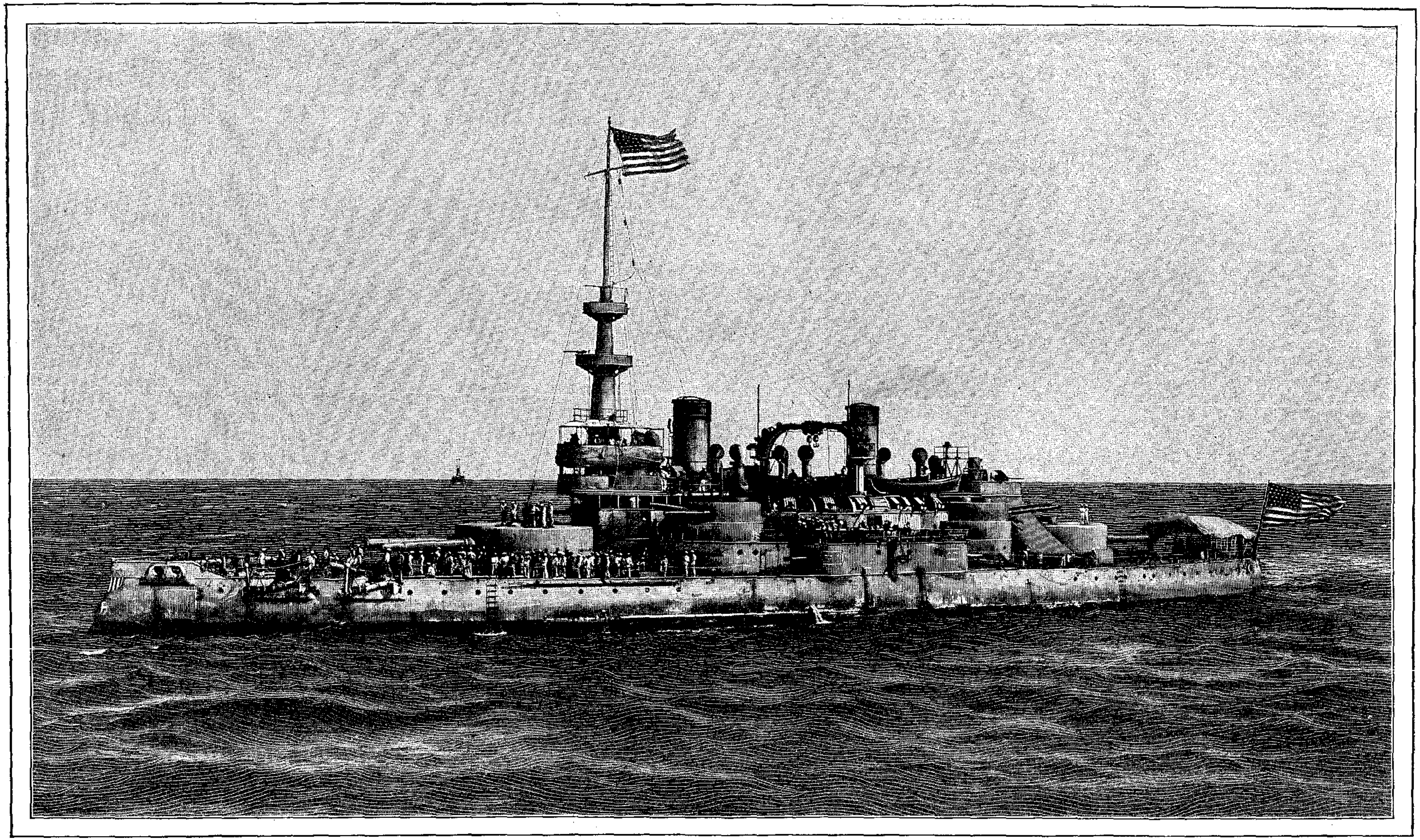
FRIGHTFUL WRECKS.

A little later, accompanied by my faithful but not always reliable camera, I had the privilege of coming back towards Santiago on the "Vixen," in close proximity to the wrecks, and examined them carefully. It was not a sight one could exult over. It was pitiful to see these great modern war engines, helpless and destroyed, swaying slightly with the roll of the heavy surf. The "Colon," which had not been fired, but sank by the dastardly work of its own crew, had rolled over on its starboard side helpless, and the sea was beating wildly against it.

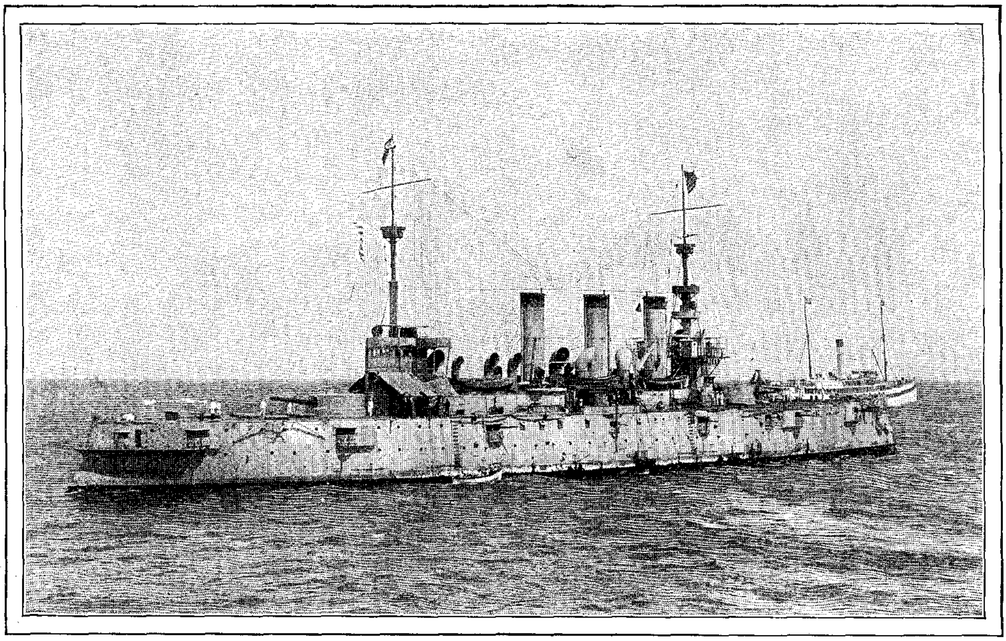
The "Vizcaya," fourteen miles from the entrance of the harbor that for six weeks had been its refuge, lay up on a reef, its steel plates broken and unbolted by the terrible heat, the sides a dull, dirty red; the military masts flat on the deck through the explosions of the magazines; and the interior a crematory for the unfortunate dead. On the bridge lay the half charred remains of an officer.

The "Maria Teresa" and the "Oquendo," as if keeping doleful vigil with each other, lay but six miles west of Morro, tributes to the magnificent gunnery of the American fleet and to the brief time it takes modern guns to destroy modern ships. How many men perished shut up beneath the protective decks will probably never be known, as terrible fire and frightful explosions disposed of the bodies. The "Oquendo" was riddled with shot, and her forward turret, safe from the flames, contained the bodies of an officer and two men standing by their guns, but killed by concussion from an eight-inch shell. The "Maria Teresa" was less terribly damaged, but with all her fire mains cut by shells and with her decks burning fiercely, she had to surrender. She had been hit about thirty times.

So perished from the earth the bulk of the sea power of Spain.



FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIP "OREGON." From a photograph taken the day after the battle by J. C. Hemment; copyright, 1898, by W. R. Hearst. (See *note on opposite page*).



ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLAGSHIP, THE ARMORED CRUISER "NEW YORK."

From a photograph taken by J. C. Hemment, the day after the battle, when the "New York" was transferring wounded prisoners to the "Solace;" copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst. Displacement of the "New York," 8,200 tons; speed, 21 knots; length, 380 feet, 6½ inches. Armor: belt, 4 inches; deck, 3 to 6 inches; barbettes, 10 inches; turrets, 5½ inches. Guns—main battery: six 8-inch and twelve 4-inch rapid-fire. Secondary rapid-fire guns: eight 6-pounders, two 1-pounders, four Gatlings, and two field guns. Torpedo tubes, two.

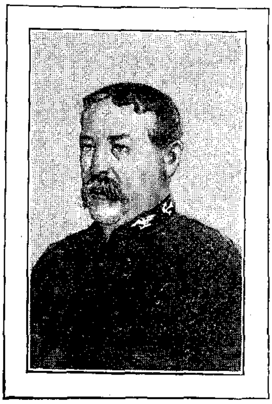
THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET.

II.—AS SEEN BY AN EYE-WITNESS ON THE "NEW YORK," ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLAGSHIP.

By W. A. M. Goode.

IT was a beautiful Sunday morning. The day before, July 2d, the fleet had bombarded the forts of Santiago for the fourth time. At half-past nine o'clock the bugler sounded the call to quarters. The quarter-decks of the warships lying lazily in front of Santiago harbor became white with lines of Jackies, rigged out in their Sunday jumpers. Between the lines passed the executive officers, making their regular Sunday inspections. On the "Iowa," Lieutenant-Commander Rodgers was pointing his finger at a man and saying, "That jumper isn't clean, sir; you ought——" when from the bridge came a shout, "The fleet's coming out!"

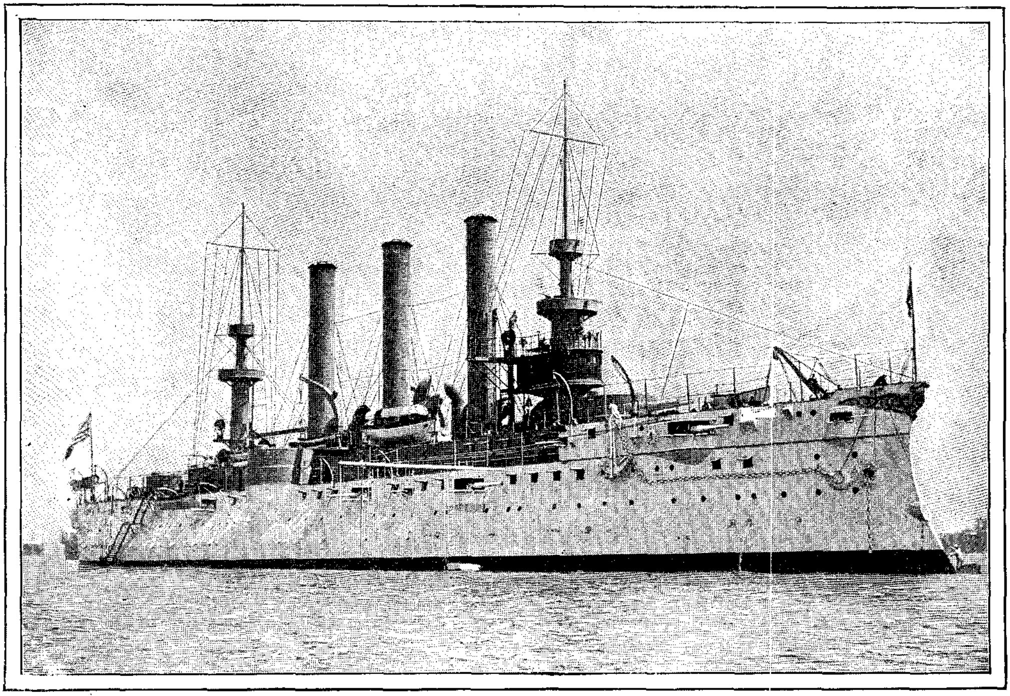
In an instant ranks were broken. Jackies and firemen tumbled over one another as they rushed to their stations. The bugler snatched his bugle, and blew "general quarters." From the "Iowa's" yard this signal was run up: "The enemy is escaping to the westward." From the forward bridge of the "Iowa" a six-pounder boomed out to draw the attention of the other ships to the signal fluttering in the breeze (the diagram on page 409 shows the



CAPTAIN CLARK

of the "Oregon."

The "Oregon" was struck by only three shots during her wonderful performance on July 3d, two of them being fragments of shells, and none doing any great damage. Displacement, 10,288 tons; speed, 16.8 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,596 tons; complement, 473 men. Armor: belt, 18 inches; deck, 2¾ inches; barbettes, 17 inches; turrets, 16 inches; casements, 6 inches. Guns—main battery: four 13-inch, eight 8-inch, four slow-fire 6-inch. Secondary rapid-fire battery: twenty 6-pounders, six 1-pounders, four Gatlings, and two field guns. Torpedo tubes, three.

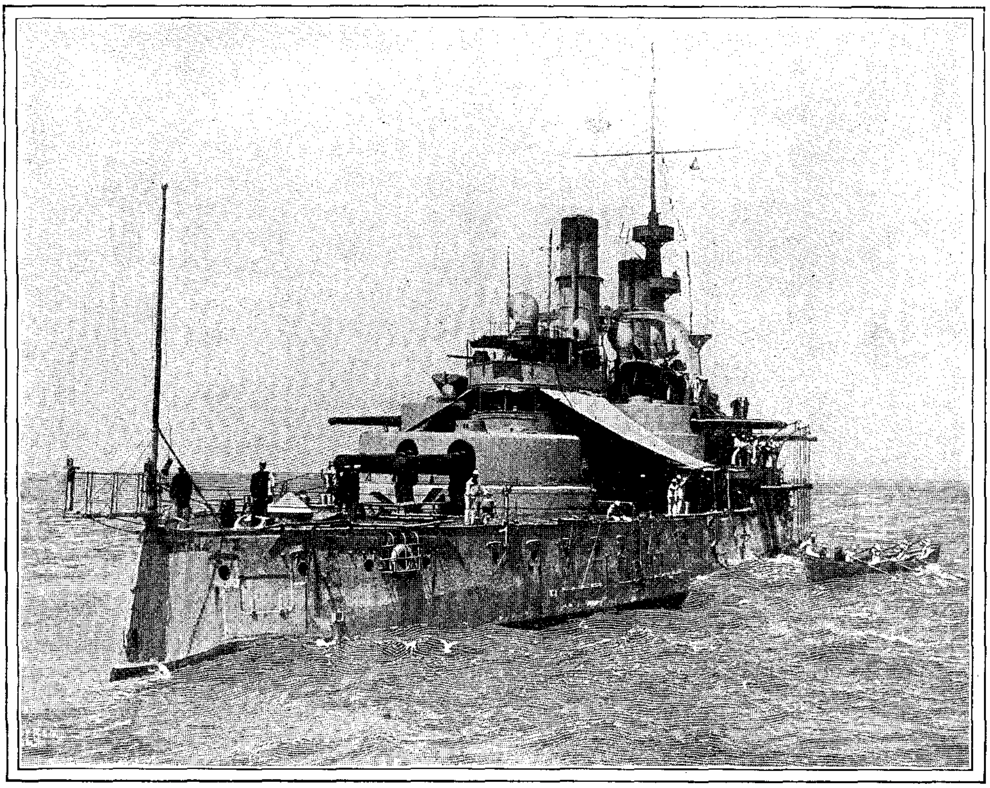


THE ARMORED CRUISER "BROOKLYN."

From a copyrighted photograph by West & Sons, Southsea, England. Reproduced from McClure's Magazine for July, 1898. The "Brooklyn" bore the brunt of the running fire on July 3d, and was hit more times than any other ship in the fleet. Displacement, 9,215 tons; speed, 21.9 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,461 tons; complement, 516 men. Armor: belt, 3 inches; deck, 3 to 6 inches; barbettes, 8 inches; turrets, 5½ inches. Guns—main battery: eight 8-inch, twelve 5-inch. Secondary battery: twelve 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, four Colts, and two field guns. Torpedo tubes, four.

position of the ships at this time, 9.33 A.M.) One by one the quarter-decks of the other ships became deserted, as the white masses of men scrambled forward. Officers jumped into the turrets through manholes, dressed in their best uniforms. There was no time to waste; scarcely enough to get the battle hatches screwed on tight. Captains rushed into their conning-towers. "Jingle, jingle," went the engine-room telegraphs. In the fire rooms officers in inspection uniforms and firemen in clean white jumpers mixed with the grimy men already on watch. "Steam, steam!" they cried. It was for no tedious bombardment that these men grasped shovels and started blazing fires under cold boilers. It was the chance of their lifetime, the naval engagement fervently hoped for by all, from Admiral Sampson down. The news seemed almost too good to be true. Below decks, where men work and see not, they said: "It is a false alarm. They will turn back. It is too good to be true." But they struggled with black coal until it glowed red, and gave speed and power to the gray, steel hulls; they hauled up ammunition by the light of battle lanterns until it was piled high on the decks above; they cursed, and cheered, and worked with a fierce enthusiasm that not a hundred bombardments could inspire. And when it is remembered that all the ships except the "Oregon" had steam in their boilers for only five knots, and that the Spanish cruisers started out at thirteen knots, it can be realized how nobly these men below our battle gratings did their duty.

About a minute after the six-pounder had been fired from the "Iowa," that battleship started to move in towards the harbor. From under the shadow of Morro Castle came the "Maria Teresa." From her port side puffs of smoke curled up, while above and behind her, from the heights of Santiago harbor, jets of smoke shot out from the batteries. Countless geysers around our slowly approaching battleships showed where the Spanish shells exploded in the water. One by one the Spanish cruisers came out, swinging around the western point of the narrow harbor entrance, the neck of the bottle which so far had held them tight. All opened fire as soon as the bows showed around Estrella Point. The battle was on,



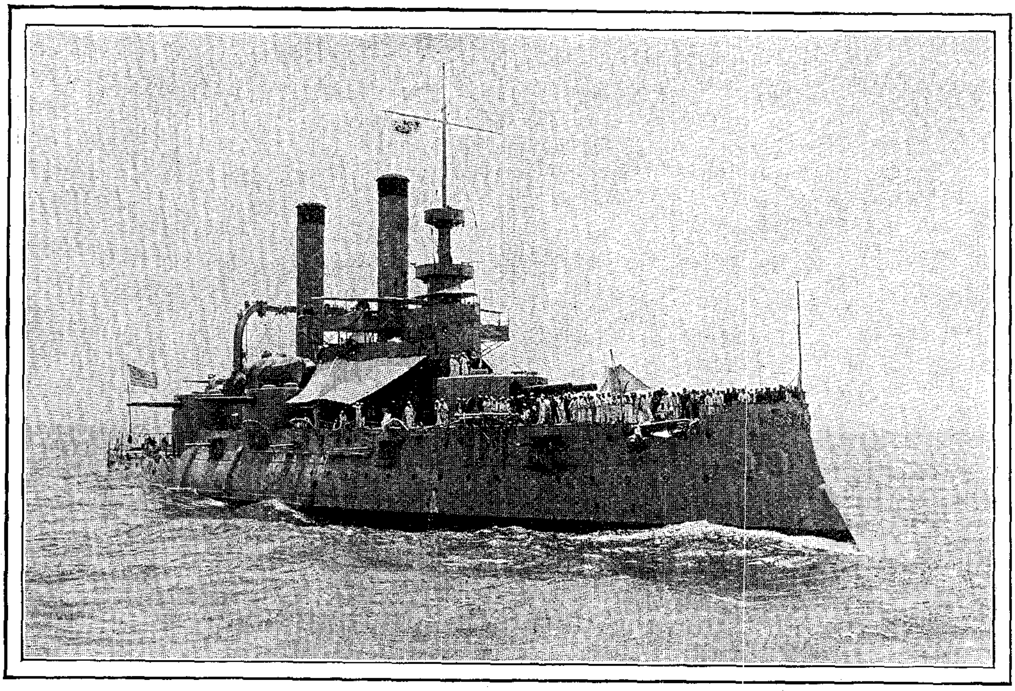
THE BATTLESHIP "INDIANA."

The 13-inch shells from the "Indiana" entered the "Maria Teresa" under the quarter-deck and exploded, causing terrible havoc. Displacement of the "Indiana," 10,288 tons; speed, 15.5 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,527 tons; complement, 473 men. Armor: belt, 8 inches; deck, 2¾ inches; barbettes, 17 inches; turrets, 15 inches; casements, 6 inches. Guns—main battery: four 13-inch, eight 8-inch, four 6-inch slow-fire. Secondary rapid-fire battery: twenty 6-pounders, six 1-pounders, four Gatlings. Torpedo tubes, two.

but at long range. Thirteen-inch shells from the "Oregon" and the "Indiana" and twelve-inch shells from the "Texas" and the "Iowa" spurted water between the advancing Spaniards. The two or three miles which still separated the fleets prevented great accuracy of aim. Secondary batteries had not yet been called into use.

The flagship "New York" was near Altares, seven miles to the east of Morro Castle, preparing to disembark Admiral Sampson, so that he might visit General Shafter. Horses were waiting at Siboney for the Admiral and his party. Time and again Admiral Sampson had wished to personally visit General Shafter, but until this morning he had delayed his visit, saying, "If I leave, I'm sure something will happen." Then the situation of the army became critical, and demanded a personal interview between the commanders of the land and naval forces. Much against his will, Admiral Sampson bowed to the inevitable. Had the Spanish fleet come out twenty minutes later the Admiral of the North Atlantic squadron, the largest ever assembled under the command of one man, would have been riding over the hills to the army's front. As it was, the "New York" had just time to turn and chase the "Maria Teresa" as she came out of the harbor. During the entire engagement the flagship was within signal distance of the other ships, and those on board had a better view of the battle even than those on the ships that did the heavy fighting, so thick was the smoke from our own guns, which unfortunately are not provided with smokeless powder.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
of the "Indiana."

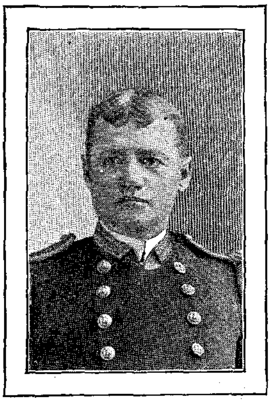


THE FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIP "IOWA."

The "Iowa" fired the first warning shot of the battle, a 3-pounder. She was struck on the starboard side during the early part of the engagement by two 6-inch projectiles, one of which broke off her hatch plate and the combing of a water-tight compartment. Displacement, 11,340 tons; speed, 17.1 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,795 tons; complement, 505 men. Armor: belt, 14 inches; deck, 2¾ inches; barbettes, 15 inches; turrets, 15 inches; casements, 6 inches. Guns—main battery: four 12-inch, eight 8-inch, six 4-inch rapid-fire. Secondary rapid-fire: twenty 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, four Colts, two field guns. Torpedo tubes, four.

BESIDE SAMPSON ON THE "NEW YORK."

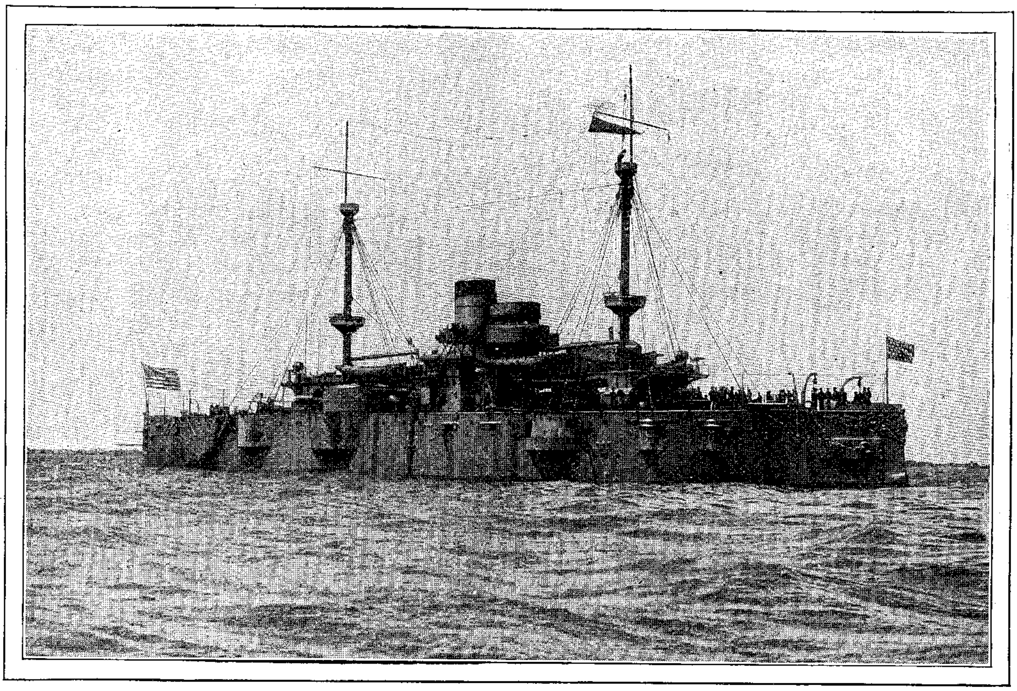
My first impression from the "New York," standing on the bridge beside Admiral Sampson, was that part of the enemy's fleet would escape. It seemed impossible for the battleships to head off the Spanish cruisers from passing the western point. If Cervera had divided his forces, it is more than likely that one or two of his ships might have escaped for the time being. For fifteen minutes, while the long range firing continued, the "New York," rapidly coming up from the eastward, was the only ship which stood directly in the way of a flank movement by the Spanish fleet. All glasses were trained on the enemy's ships. The four cruisers were now so close to the western shore that it was hard to make them out. Every moment I expected to see at least two of them head across the mouth of the harbor and make for the southeast, attacking the "New York" on the way. The torpedo destroyers "Pluton" and "Furor" came out of the harbor about two miles astern of the "Oquendo," the last of the cruisers. White smoke from their tiny guns mixed with the black clouds that poured from their smokestacks. The shore batteries kept up an incessant fire to the westward.



CAPTAIN EVANS

of the "Iowa."

Up to this time the scene had resembled in many respects the six bombardments I had seen and grown weary of. Inside the turrets of our battleships officers and gun captains were firing deliberately and with great care. They could hear the whistle of shells passing over their heads, for throughout the Spaniards fired high. The shells sounded different from those at the San Juan and Santiago bombardments. They were high-power modern projectiles, and did not stop to sing the weird tunes of a dropping shell. At this period of the battle the hardest fight



THE SECOND-CLASS BATTLESHIP "TEXAS."

From a photograph by E. M. Hart. The injuries received by the "Texas" were of a comparatively trifling nature, and were mainly the effect of the discharge of her own great guns across her deck. Displacement, 6,315 tons; speed, 17.8 knots; maximum coal supply, 850 tons; complement, 389 men. Armor: belt, 12 inches; deck, 2 inches; turrets, 12 inches. Guns—main battery: two 12-inch, six 6-inch slow-fire. Secondary rapid-fire battery: six 1-pounders, four 37-millimeter Hotchkiss, two Gatlings. Torpedo tubes, two.

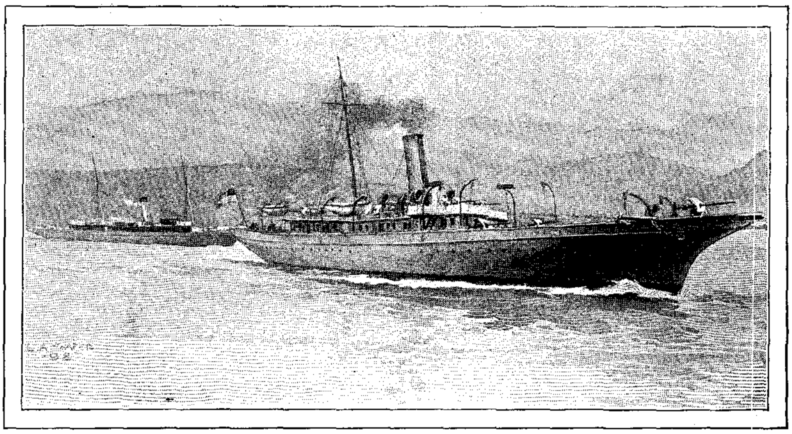
was going on in the engine and fire rooms, for it was evident that without speed the result was doubtful. Each captain acted on his own responsibility, following out to the best of his ability Admiral Sampson's previously published plan of battle. The Admiral's instructions had been simple. All he said was, "Should the enemy come out, close in and head him off." There were no elaborate evolutions based on signals. Each man knew what was expected of his ship. From the flagship, now abreast of Morro, fluttered the signal "Close into the mouth of harbor and engage the enemy;" but there was little need for it; in fact it is doubtful whether it was seen in the excitement of the first moments of battle.

THE FULL FURY OF THE BATTLE.

It was not until the leading Spanish cruiser had almost reached the western point of the bay, and when it was evident that Cervera, with fatal policy, was leading his entire fleet in one direction, that the battle commenced in its full fury. The "Iowa" and the "Oregon" had headed straight across Morro for the shore, intending to ram one of the leading Spanish vessels. The "Indiana" was heading after them. The "Texas" was on the port beam of the "Oregon," while the "Brooklyn" was heading straight for the western point. All were like white clouds resting lightly on the sunlit sea, punctured every few seconds with flashes of fire. The smoke from the big turrets drifted so completely over them that it was only when it lifted for a moment that we could distinguish the ships. They were keeping up an incessant fire on the rapidly approaching cruisers and torpedo boats. The tiny unprotected "Gloucester" had steamed right across the harbor mouth, and was headed for the "Oquendo," at

CAPTAIN PHILIP

of the "Texas."



THE "VIXEN" AND THE "GLOUCESTER."

The "Gloucester," in the foreground, is the converted yacht "Corsair." The "Vixen" was the "Josephine."

closer range than any other ship, engaging the cruiser and also firing at the "Pluton" and the "Furor," which were approaching on the "Gloucester's" starboard beam.

Over our own and the Spanish ships huge shells winged their way, throwing the water high into the air as they exploded. Then it became apparent that the "Iowa" and the "Oregon" could not ram the leading vessels; so Captain Evans and Captain Clark sheered off until on a parallel course with the leading ships of the enemy, and brought their starboard broadsides to bear. The "Brooklyn" also changed her course. Then began the terrific slaughter. The rapid-fire guns of the "Iowa," nearest the "Maria Teresa," belched forth. The "Oregon" followed suit. The "Indiana," the "Texas," and the "Brooklyn" joined in. Six-inch, four-inch, six-pounder, and smaller shells were rained into the cruisers as they passed along in their desperate effort to escape. The battleships also directed a heavy fire against the "Pluton" and the "Furor," but clouds of black smoke from each of these small crafts, showing where shells struck, soon proved that the bigger ships could leave the torpedo boats to the "Gloucester" and the "New York." The "Oregon," going like an express train, firing main and secondary batteries simultaneously, flashed across the "Iowa's" bows, blanketing the fire of the "Texas." The "Oregon's" terrific broadsides at about twelve hundred yards, added to those of the "Iowa," the "Indiana," and the "Brooklyn," drove the Spaniards from their guns. Perfect masses of flame shot out from our battleships.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER WAINWRIGHT OF THE "GLOUCESTER."

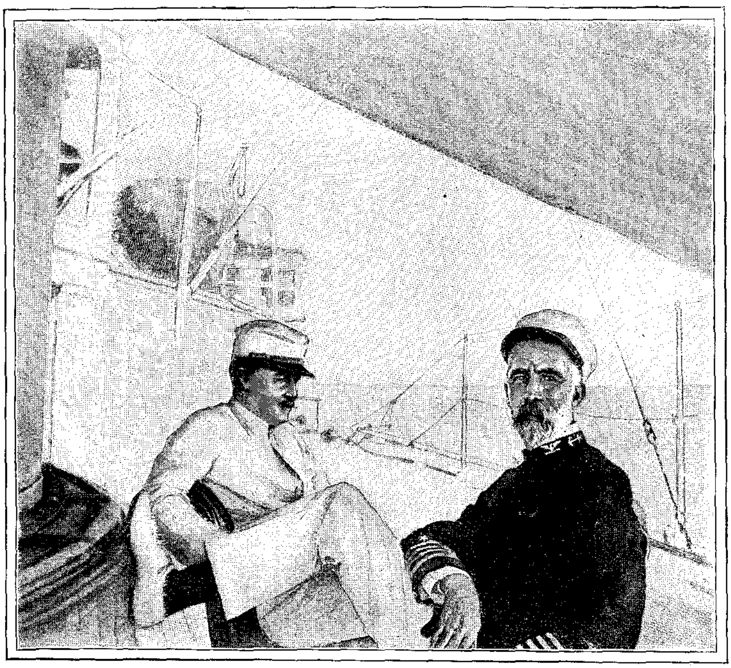
From a photograph by J. C. Hemment.

Which ship did the most effective work will never be known. Gun crews, stripped to the waist, shoved shell into the breeches until the breeches glowed with heat. Rapid-firing records were broken time and again. In the turrets officers watched as well as they could the effect of their shells, and shouted to their perspiring men what they saw. Down the black passage that opens into the turret and leads to the magazines the glad word was passed. The men who worked down there cheered, though their throats were rasped with smoke and saltpeter. Through the chinks in the conning-tower, through which "Fighting Bob" Evans says he never thought you could see so much, it was seen that few flashes were coming from the guns of the "Maria Teresa" and the "Almirante Oquendo." The "Vizcaya" and "Christobal Colon" were seen forging ahead, the "Colon" leading. A moment later clouds of smoke burst out from the after ports of the "Maria Teresa" and the "Almirante Oquendo." Then flames leaped from the portholes. Slowly both ships turned and headed for the shore. "They're on fire! We've finished them!" shouted the gun crews. Down came the Spanish flags. Somebody on the "Iowa" shouted the news through the engine-room tube. From the depths of that ship came a thunderous cheer that rose above the din of battle. Lieutenant Scheutz, the Navigator of the "Iowa," threw his arms around Lieutenant Hill, and embraced him with such glad vehemence that Hill's ribs were almost broken.

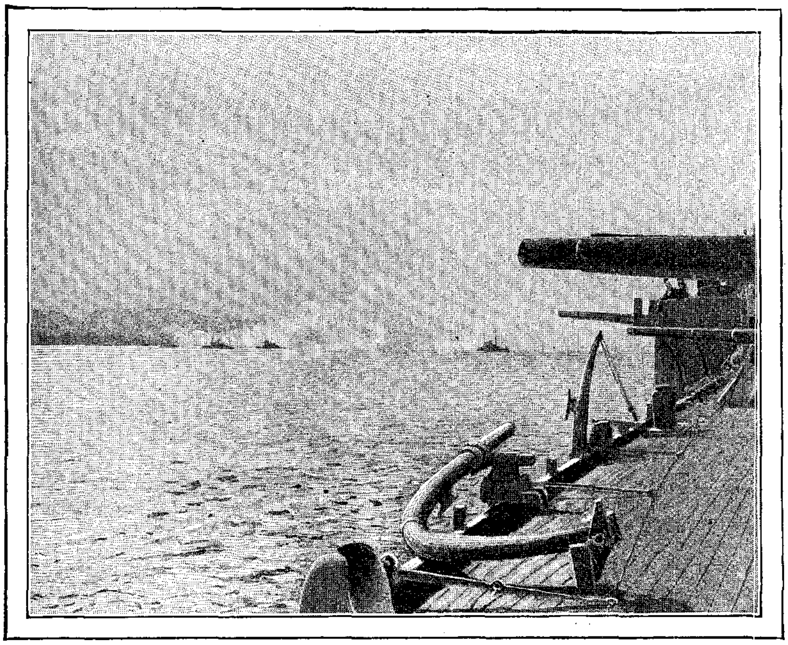
This was at 10.20 A.M. The "Vizcaya" and the "Colon" were still being pursued. The "Brooklyn" was some distance off, on the "Vizcaya's" port beam. The "Oregon" forged after them, followed by the "Iowa." Again the rapid-fire batteries did their awful work, setting fire to the "Vizcaya's" cabin and sending fragments of bodies floating down the streams of water with which the Spaniards, all in vain, flooded their decks. At 10.36 A.M. the "Vizcaya" hauled down her flag, and, burning fiercely, headed for the shore at Acerradero. The "Oregon," going sixteen knots, pushing aside the sea until it frothed up white and angry around her bow, clung on to the "Colon." Further to the southward was the "Brooklyn." Behind came the "Texas," the "Vixen," and the "New York." It was a grand chase. Now and then great puffs of smoke came from the forward thirteen-inch guns of the "Oregon." The "Brooklyn" tried her eight-inch guns, but they fell short. Gradually the "Oregon's" shells began to strike nearer. Smoke poured in such volumes from the "Colon" that many thought she was afire. Far ahead Cape Cruz loomed up. Safely inside of it, close to the shore, was the "Colon" (as shown in Diagram 3, page 409). At fifteen minutes past one the "Colon" headed in for the beach, hauled down her flag, and ran ashore at Rio Tarquino. Then what cheering, what wild exultation as the "Oregon," the "Brooklyn," the "New York," the "Texas," and the "Vixen" came up in a bunch, the "Brooklyn" first, having headed across the "Oregon's" stern, the latter ship making a long turning circle to head off the "Colon" should she play any tricks.

LIEUTENANT SHARP
of the "Vixen."

Such was the battle in a general way, as I saw it, and as I can gather from reports, official and personal, from the ships that were engaged. Owing to the smoke, accounts differ on various points, but I believe that the foregoing fairly represents the naval engagement of Santiago, in which four splendid Spanish cruisers, practically second-class battleships, and two of the best torpedo-destroyers in the world were defeated and wrecked, with the loss of only one man, Yeoman Ellis of the "Brooklyn," and without serious damage to any of our ships. All


ADMIRAL SAMPSON AND CAPTAIN CHADWICK ON THE "NEW YORK."

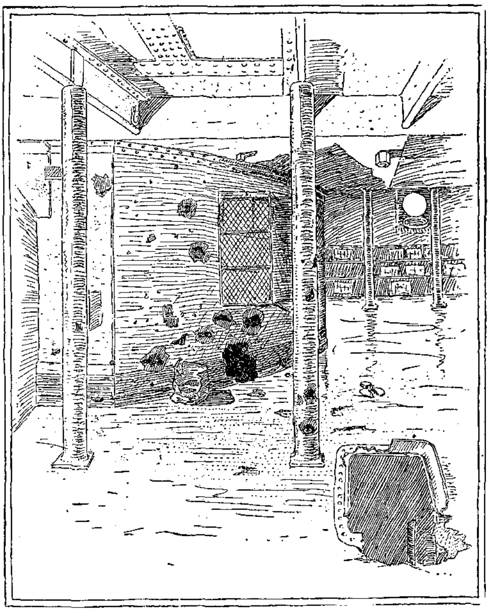
From a photograph taken by the author. A larger portrait of Admiral Sampson was published on page 179 of McClure's Magazine for June, and an article on Admiral Sampson will appear in an early number.



THE "OREGON," THE "TEXAS," AND THE "INDIANA" FIRING ON SPANISH SHIPS.

From a photograph taken by Benjamin C. Heald, U. S. N.

the ships were struck several times, but the majority of the shells struck armor and simply glinted off. One shell went into the "Iowa" on her starboard bow a little above the water line, passed through her unprotected five-foot cofferdam, and exploded four yards in board, where it hit an armor hatch on the berth deck. The accompanying sketch shows the erratic course of the fragments after the shot exploded. One small fragment, after passing through several bags of sand protecting an ammunition hoist, cut clean in two a link of the heaviest anchor chain made. At least three hundred holes were made in the thin steel deck and bulkheads in the immediate vicinity of the explosion. The noise when the shell exploded was terrific. One Jackie told me he thought the whole ship had blown up. The gas from the shell filled the compartment, and this made it very difficult for the men to put out the fire which started on the protected deck below, where fragments of shell had passed through as the armor hatch was blown up.

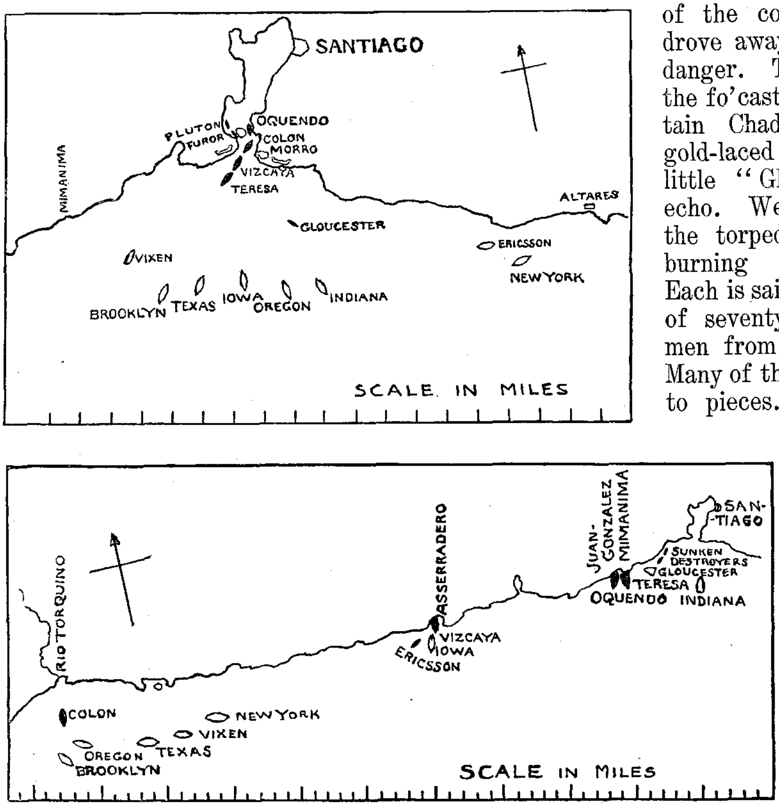


WHERE A SIX-INCH SHELL EXPLODED ON THE "IOWA."

Taken from the starboard side. In the foreground is an open hatch the cover of which was blown to pieces. From a drawing by Cadet J. W. Graeme, U. S. N.

ENTHUSIASM OF THE MEN.

From my own point of view, on the superstructure of the "New York," the entire battle was magnificent, though immediately around me there was not the terrible energy that was shown on the ships more directly engaged. However, even on these the scenes were not so very different from those enacted during bombardments, except that the men worked with a fierce enthusiasm which can only come from seeing your enemy right before you. As the "New York" left Altares in the rear and sped across the harbor mouth after the Spanish fleet, every man aboard was wildly anxious to get well into the fight. Through two months of weary blockading and occasional bombarding, the flagship and her crew had waited for such an opportunity. But above this sense of personal pride and love of ship, everybody felt that the Admiral should have the chance to be in the thick of the fight. That he should miss the battle seemed cruel. Even the firemen, who worked tirelessly below to get full steam on the boilers, felt this, and worked the harder. Indeed, worship of the Admiral—it is nothing less, and is inspired almost solely by his potent strength of character rather than by intimate knowledge of his personality, which few have the privilege to possess—was chiefly responsible for bringing the "New York" in on the heels of the "Colon," after a stern chase. Until the "Colon" struck her colors the Admiral watched every movement. For some time he feared she would get away. His long glass was hardly ever taken from his left eye.


SANTIAGO
PLUTON
FUROR
OQUENDO
COLON
MORRO
VIZCAYA
TERESA
NIMANIMA
GLOUCESTER
ALTARES
ERICSSON
NEW YORK
VIXEN
BROOKLYN
TEXAS
IOWA
OREGON
INDIANA
SCALE IN MILES
SAN-TIAGO
JUAN-GONZALEZ
NIMANIMA
SUNKEN DESTROYERS
GLOUCESTER
TERESA
OQUENDO
INDIANA
ASSERRADERO
VIZCAYA
IOWA
ERICSSON
RIO TORQUINO
COLON
NEW YORK
VIXEN
OREGON
TEXAS
BROOKLYN
SCALE IN MILES

DIAGRAMS SHOWING THE RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE VESSELS AT THE BEGINNING AND AT THE END OF THE BATTLE.

Drawn by the author.

When the "New York" came up with the "Gloucester," after firing four shots at one of the torpedo destroyers and hitting her fair amidships, the forts kept up a vigorous fire. The Admiral would not answer it, though two shells exploded just over the flagship and others dropped all around. His continual order was: "Let us get on, on after the enemy." The Spaniards on shore, unhindered by opposing fire, proved themselves better marksmen than ever before. I had been under the fire of forts six previous times, and had never failed to duck as the shells whizzed close to us, but this morning the absorbing interest of the combat ahead of us drove away all realization of danger. The crew got out on the fo'castle, and led by Captain Chadwick, waving his gold-laced cap, cheered the little "Gloucester" to the echo. We were then close to the torpedo destroyers, both burning fiercely amidships. Each is said to have had a crew of seventy, and only twelve men from each escaped alive. Many of them had been blown to pieces. It was pitiful to see these beautiful long, black boats lying helpless in the water, huge columns of smoke telling of thin hulls.

Right across our bows the smoking "Maria Teresa" was heading for the beach, closely followed by the "Almirante Oquendo." By the time we passed, Cervera's flagship was ashore at Nimanima, and the "Oquendo" at Juan Gonzales, both little inlets distant from each other about half a mile and from Morro Castle about six miles. The race had been short. The stern of the "Maria Teresa" was almost under water. Both ships were about half a mile from the surf that broke on the thickly wooded shore. Clustered over their decks were groups of men. At the bow of each was a white streak leading down to the sea. It was composed of men dropping from the red-hot decks into the water. Already in the sea were long rows of the heads of men swimming shorewards. Now and then a magazine exploded, and the fires spread forward. Inside the hulls, the bodies of the helpless wounded were being burned. The Cubans on shore could hear, amid the hissing of flame and explosion of ammunition, the shrieks and groans of Spaniards, as the flames from the burning woodwork gradually encircled them. But we on the "New York," as we sped by in hot chase of the "Vizcaya" and "Colon," knew nothing of the awful scenes enacting aboard the beached vessels. It was hours afterwards before we knew that many among those white groups on the burning decks were either so badly wounded or so paralyzed with fear that they could not drop over the side and swim for the shore. There was no cheering from the "New York's" crew as they watched the burning enemy. The sight was too awful to allow the struggling spirit of certain victory to find vent in shouting. On we went, until the "Vizcaya" was on our starboard beam, beached and blazing, and the "Iowa" close on our port side. We gave a loud cheer to Captain Evans, who was standing at the stern shouting, "No one hurt;" and the crew of the "Iowa" crowded over turrets and cheered the Admiral, their old commander.

RESCUING THE SPANIARDS.

"Those Cubans are shooting them Spaniards!" yelled a quartermaster, standing beside me. From the bushes at Aserradero came puffs of smoke. Little jets rose in the water among the Spaniards swimming from the blazing "Vizcaya" for the shore. I ran up on the bridge. "Admiral," I said, "do you see those Cubans shooting at the Spaniards, naked and escaping from a burning ship?" He waited for a moment, looked carefully, then said: "The 'Vizcaya' couldn't have chosen a worse place. They ought to have known that Aserradero is a hotbed of Cubans." But the "Iowa's" boat with a flag of truce was already headed for the "Vizcaya," and the "Ericsson" was signaled to also go in to her assistance. The "New York" continued on after the "Colon," her decks shaking with the vibration of the engines. It was not until the next day that we heard how gallant American officers and Jackies had clambered up the red-hot sides of the "Vizcaya" and carried wounded men down into boats; how others swam around the "Vizcaya's" stern and implored the wounded men to drop into the sea from the rope ladder to which they clung with frenzied tenacity; how one "Iowa" man shook this rope ladder until armless, legless, half-burned Spaniards fell headlong into the water, clutching at everything they saw. They had, in some instances, to be knocked senseless before they could be pulled into the boat. All this time terrific explosions were rending the "Vizcaya's" decks, smoke, flames, and burning splinters rising almost as high as the green Cuban hills which formed the peaceful background.

Behind us, as we headed after the "Colon," rose three great columns of smoke, marking the destruction of the crack cruisers of the Spanish navy. The torpedo destroyers had ceased burning and were sunk close inshore. Our guns were trained on the "Colon," and the crew was at "general quarters," but there was no need of firing, for the shells from the "Oregon" had had the desired moral effect. When we passed the "Texas," the "Vixen," the "Brooklyn," and the "Oregon," there was great cheering. As we stopped within hail of the "Colon" we saw the flag of Spain, bedraggled, lying in folds on the quarter-deck of the stranded ship. Captain Cook of the "Brooklyn" had just boarded her. He was in the center of a group of Spanish officers. All of the prisoners were finally put on board the "Resolute," which had now come up, except General Paredea and his staff, who came aboard the "New York." Later followed the daring feat by Captain Chadwick, in ramming the sinking "Colon" further upon the beach, an achievement accomplished by searchlight, watched eagerly by the "Colon's" former crew and officers, and as wonderful as anything that had happened that day.

The next day I went aboard the "Iowa." A white-bearded, venerable man was sitting on the quarter-deck under the awning. He was talking in French to Passed-Assistant Surgeon Crandall about his country home in Spain. "Une très petite villa, près Cadiz," he was saying. Then he went on, talking poetically, pastorally; saying how his two daughters loved to go out when the early morning dew lay on the ground, and gather flowers. It was Admiral Cervera. You would never have thought that, the day before, he had commanded the flower of Spain's navy, and that since then he had seen the shell-riddled hulls of his vessels burning on the shores of Cuba.

THE GIFT OF ABNER GRICE.

By Robert Barr,

Author of "In the Midst of Alarms," "The Mutable Many," etc.

THE tramp leaned over the gate, looking at the trim garden and the homely little one-story cottage. The place was perhaps an acre in extent, and the cottage seemed very small for the size of the grounds. The tramp was not in his usual fettle, or he would not have hesitated so long about entering. His nerve had given way, and he feared there might be a dog or a man about the premises. His cough troubled him, and the freedom of sleeping out of doors had lost its zest. The world had gone hard with him, and there was too much law about for a waif of the road to live in comfort. He was afraid to enter the village at the outskirts of which the cottage stood, yet he must have something to eat.

A little girl approached, looking wonderingly at him, but her shrinking from him caused no resentment in the tramp's mind, for he was used to it. He accosted her in a whining voice:

"Who lives here, little girl?"

"Aunty Mehitable and Aunt Euphemia," she answered, gazing at him with surprise in her eyes, amazed that he asked what every one was supposed to know. Then she ran away as fast as she could, and the tramp, after watching her flight, opened the gate and entered the garden.

The unkempt man could hardly have made a better choice if he had wandered all day in search of an ideal spot at which to obtain refreshment. The rigor of the local authorities kept the village reasonably clear of suspicious wanderers, and it was believed that the fences on all roads leading to the place were marked with those cabalistic characters, the hieroglyphics of the tramp, which warned the wayfaring fraternity that nothing was to be expected here but the hospitality of the lock-up. Therefore the Misses Bassett never had their charity unduly imposed upon.

Whether Mehitable was older than Euphemia, or Euphemia than Mehitable, nobody knew. Mehitable was called aunty, and Euphemia aunt, by every one in the village; but whether the slight distinction in their titles arose through euphony or because aunt was supposed to be older than aunty, or *vice versa*, is hard to tell. It could not be that one was thought kinder than the other, for each was the most lovable old lady, and the most innocent and unsuspicious, that ever made nephews and nieces of the entire juvenile population. They had an income which many would have considered meager, but which the old ladies found large enough to share on occasion with those in need. The cottage and the garden belonged to them, and the fact that they had no rent to pay was their excuse for many benefactions which seemed larger than they could well afford.

In an outhouse that had once been a stable, their gardener lived, as loitering an old fraud as ever idled away his time at other people's expense, yet the ladies could never be made to see this. When spring came, he would leave them to get higher wages elsewhere, returning dolefully in the autumn to be reinstated when there was little for him to do. As a gardener is chiefly for use from the springtime onward, the Misses Bassett found themselves compelled to do most of the work with their own hands. The veranda of the cottage stood at the back of the building, where it gave a view over the garden, and here, on this spring day, a week after the annual flitting of the deserting gardener, the two old ladies sat, when the tramp came round to them, saying he was in search of work, which was not true, and that he was hungry, which was.

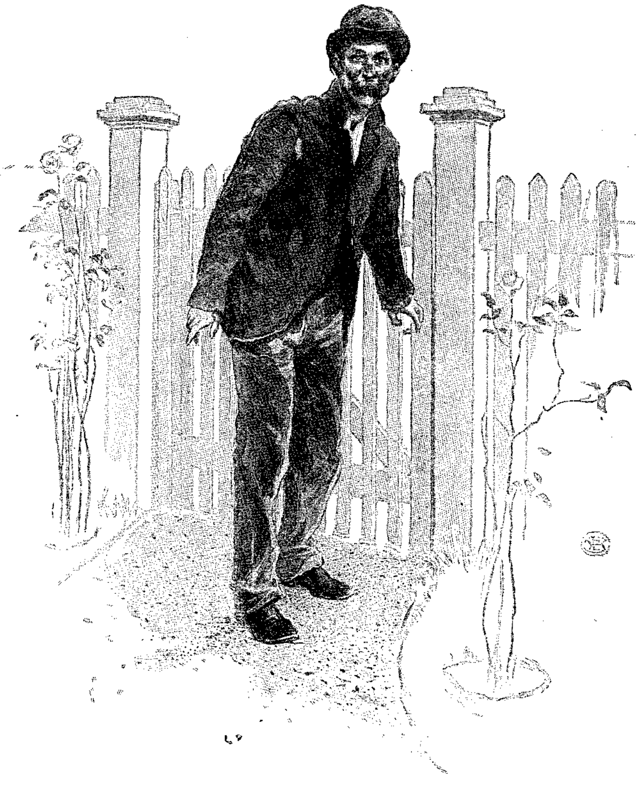
The old ladies bustled about to get something for him to eat, and such a dainty little meal as they spread, the tramp never before sat down to. Then they swayed back and forth in their rocking-chairs and gazed at him with a satisfaction no less complete than his own, gratified to think that presently there would be one hungry man the less in the world; and they questioned him, one interrupting the other in eagerness to elicit the pathetic story of his life. Pathetic, indeed, it was, for the man, being utterly unhampered by truth, was thereby enabled to furnish them adorned fiction that went straight to their tender, unworldly hearts. He was a mechanic. He had been thrown out of work through no fault of his own, all on account of hard times. He had tramped and tramped searching for a job, and often, oh, how often, had been tempted to steal; but when about to do so, the precepts of his childhood forced themselves on his memory and he said, "No; I'll starve first." Consequently he starved.

Tears came to the eyes of the old maids and trickled down their wrinkled cheeks as they listened. With faltering voices they begged him to eat more, and he did.

Once or twice, as he furtively glanced at them, his ragged remnant of conscience actually accused him, a thing it had not done for years, even when worse crimes than lying were in question.

When he sat back unable to eat a morsel more, the two women consulted together for a few moments, standing at the end of the veranda and talking in whispers. At last they came forward again, and Miss Mehitable, being presumably the elder, was spokeswoman.

"If you think you could work in the garden," she said, "we might give you something to do. We can't pay much; but you will have plenty to eat, and a comfortable place to sleep in the outhouse. What do you say?"



"The tramp . . . opened the gate and entered the garden."

Now of all things on earth that the tramp wanted, work was the very last. Still, circumstances over which he had no control, at the present moment, made it strictly necessary that he should lie low for a while, and this spot was about the safest place he could choose: no one would think of looking for him in such a remote corner. He glanced over the peaceful garden and pondered a while before replying.

"Well, mum," he said at last, "I don't so much care about wages as I do about a safe home and good victuals. I'm not a great hand at gardening, being used to city work mostly; but things got a bit lively—that is, trade was dull, and so I thought—well,—I'll do my best, if you show me how."

"That is all any one could ask," said the two in the same breath.

"I'd like to get another suit of clothes," he continued, looking down at his torn garments, "but I'd rather not go into the village after them. I've been used so cruelly by folks that I don't exactly care about anybody seeing me but yourselves, and I'd kind of rather nobody knew I was here, if you don't mind."

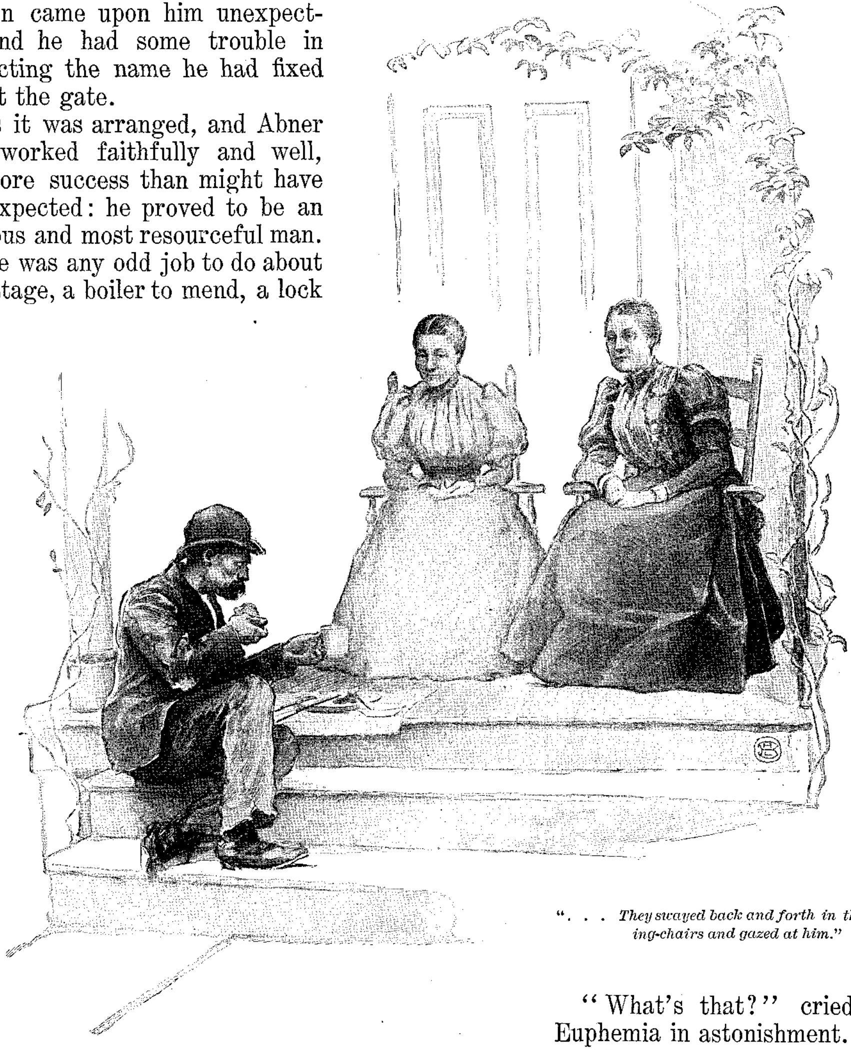
The sisters looked at each other with pity in their eyes, which said as plainly as words, "See how hard usage warps the kindly nature of an unfortunate man." Aunty Mehitable assured him that he might live entirely by himself and need meet no one. There was an old suit of the gardener's in the outhouse; perhaps that would do for him, and they would pay the gardener for it when he returned in the autumn.

"That'll be just the ticket," replied the man.

"And now what is your name?" she asked.

"Abner Grice," he answered, after a perceptible pause, for the question came upon him unexpectedly and he had some trouble in recollecting the name he had fixed upon at the gate.

Thus it was arranged, and Abner Grice worked faithfully and well, with more success than might have been expected: he proved to be an ingenious and most resourceful man. If there was any odd job to do about the cottage, a boiler to mend, a lock to repair, Abner seemed a very magician with tools.



". . . *They swayed back and forth in their rocking-chairs and gazed at him.*"

"I know your trade," cried Aunt Euphemia triumphantly, once as she stood watching him expertly soldering a pipe.

"Ah!" gasped Abner with a start; "what is it?"

"You're a plumber."

"Yes, mum," he said with a sigh of relief, "you've hit it the first time."

"Now, why couldn't you open a plumbing shop in the village next winter, for there isn't one, although we have water-works here, and must send to town twelve miles away when there is anything to be done."

"I'd sooner open a bank," muttered Abner.

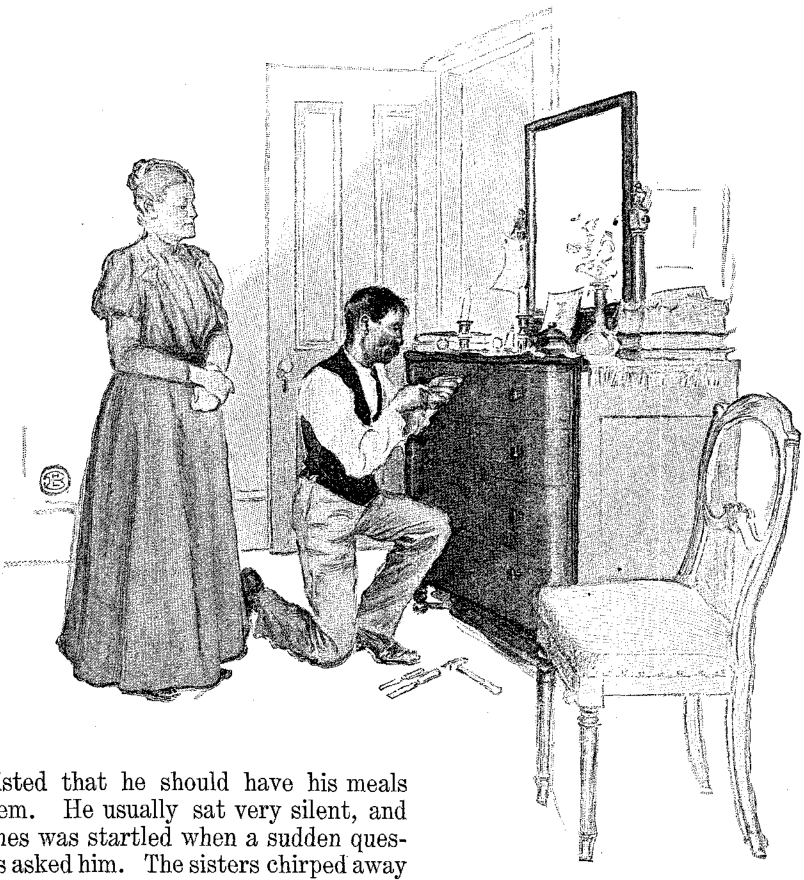
"What's that?" cried Miss Euphemia in astonishment.

"I mean I haven't the capital, and I suppose a bank wouldn't care to back me up."

"It surely wouldn't take much capital," said Aunt Euphemia.

"More than I've got," remarked Abner, as he finished his task.

Spring blended into summer, and summer was wearing into autumn, but still Abner Grice worked for the two ancient ladies, and ate at their hospitable board, for they



"If there was . . . a lock to repair, Abner seemed a very magician."

had insisted that he should have his meals with them. He usually sat very silent, and sometimes was startled when a sudden question was asked him. The sisters chirped away over their tea, and Abner had the benefit of all the harmless gossip of their village. He had lost, in a measure, his haggard, haunted look, and his cough had left him. He never went abroad, and when visitors came to the cottage he was either working in a remote part of the garden or had disappeared to his room in the outhouse. The kindness of the two old ladies to him was unceasing, and although it did not succeed in curing him of his shyness where others were concerned, it certainly seemed to be having a mellowing effect on the man, as it must have on one hitherto accustomed only to harshness.

In September he told them he thought of leaving them, but they begged him to remain, and he said he would, until the other gardener returned.

The two sisters had been having tea at the Squire's, for they were welcome guests with rich and poor alike, and over their next meal at home they gossiped about their visit.

"And such a lovely new solid silver tea service the Squire has bought," Aunty Mehitable said to Abner, who regarded her silently. "Ah, that is what it is to have money! Goodness knows how much it must have cost! I don't care for gauds or jewels, but I should like to have a tea service like that."

"And so should I," sighed Aunt Euphemia. "Perhaps if we saved up——"

But Aunty Mehitable sorrowfully shook her head.

"We could never, never do it," she replied.

All of which goes to show that we rarely know what good luck awaits us. The charming old ladies were to have their heart's desire granted when they least expected it, and that right soon.

Every night before they went to bed, they carefully locked and barred their doors and securely fastened all their windows, just as if there was untold treasure in the house. In spite of these never-neglected precautions, they saw as soon as they got up one morning that their domicile had been entered, although neither of them had heard a sound during the night. There on the table, to their amazement, stood the silver service. In the sugar-basin was placed a letter, which Aunty Mehitable took with trembling hands; and after reading it she uttered an exclamation of despair and let it flutter to the floor. Aunt Euphemia picked it up, and read it in her turn.

"Dear ladies," it began, continuing, with deplorable spelling which need not be recorded here, "you have been good to me, and this is all I can do in return. The Squire is rich, and will never miss the service. Keep it dark for a while, for they will never think of looking for it in the cottage, anyhow. You can't give it back, for if you do it will land me in prison, and I know you wouldn't want to do that. I'm a burglar, I am, and a good one, you bet. I've bolted, so you won't see no more of me. It isn't real silver, anyhow, but plate, so the Squire deserves to have it pinched. P. S.—I didn't take anything else, 'cause the Squire's a friend of yours."

The two old ladies sat down breathless, and began to weep, quietly and hopelessly.

"What are we to do?" said Aunt Euphemia at last, leaving decision with the other, as she always did when things came to a crisis.

"We must take the set back at once; that is the first thing to be done. If we delay, some innocent man may be arrested."

"Poor Abner," moaned Miss Euphemia, dolefully. "Then they will catch him, and put him in prison, perhaps for life."

"No; that will never do. We must save Abner; and, after all, he did it for us. If we give the things back immediately, perhaps they won't do anything to him. We'll beg the Squire not to say a word about it."

Miss Euphemia shook her head.

"I'm afraid it's too late for that. Early this morning, when I first awoke, I heard the galloping of a horse, and I looked out to see who it was, for I thought it might be some one going for a doctor, but it was the Squire's man on his fastest horse. The police will be there now."

"Who has committed this crime, Euphemia? Whom should the police arrest? Answer me that, and answer it truly," cried the elder sister, with a stern, accusing ring in her voice.

The other laid her head on her arms, resting them on the table, and sobbed without reply. Mehitable rose and paced up and down the room, wringing her hands.

"We have sinned, and we alone. 'Thou shalt not covet.' That is a commandment as strong as 'Thou shalt not steal.' The one is printed in the Good Book in the same size letters as the other, and who are we to judge between the Lord's commandments and say that he intended the breaking of one to be more serious than the breaking of another? We coveted our neighbor's goods, and all the evil flowed from that. No one should suffer but ourselves."

"But how can we save Abner?"

"We must save him by committing another sin, and this should be a warning, showing how evil leads to evil. We must carry these things back to the Squire, and tell him we took them, and abide by the consequences. And there is not so much of a lie about that, for we *did* take them; it was our coveting that brought them here; you see he says he took nothing else; it was all for us. Then we must tell the Squire we took them."

"Oh, oh!" wailed Aunt Euphemia, shrinking from so terrible a confession, but nevertheless admitting, a moment later, the justice of it. "It is only right and just; but will you speak, or must I?"

"I spoke first of the tea service last night at supper, so it is I who should say what must be said to Squire Redfern."

"Perhaps you spoke first, sister," murmured Aunt Euphemia, with a deep sigh; "but I am sure I said the most, and I think I was the one who wished we had more money."

"We will go together, and if I break down you must help me. It isn't a question of who is most to blame; we are very likely equally guilty in the sight of the Lord. Now we must tell Abner that we will take the whole sin on our shoulders."

"But Abner is gone. He says 'bolted' in the letter; don't you remember?"

"Oh, I thought he meant his door. We must see at once whether he has gone or not. Come along, sister."

They found Abner fully dressed, but sound asleep on the bed where he had flung himself after his night's work. The morning had crept on him unaware, and he started up and threw himself into a dazed attitude of defense when they came in.

"Ah, aunties both!" he muttered sheepishly when he saw who it was. "I thought it was the police. I've overslept myself. Expected to be ten miles away by this time."

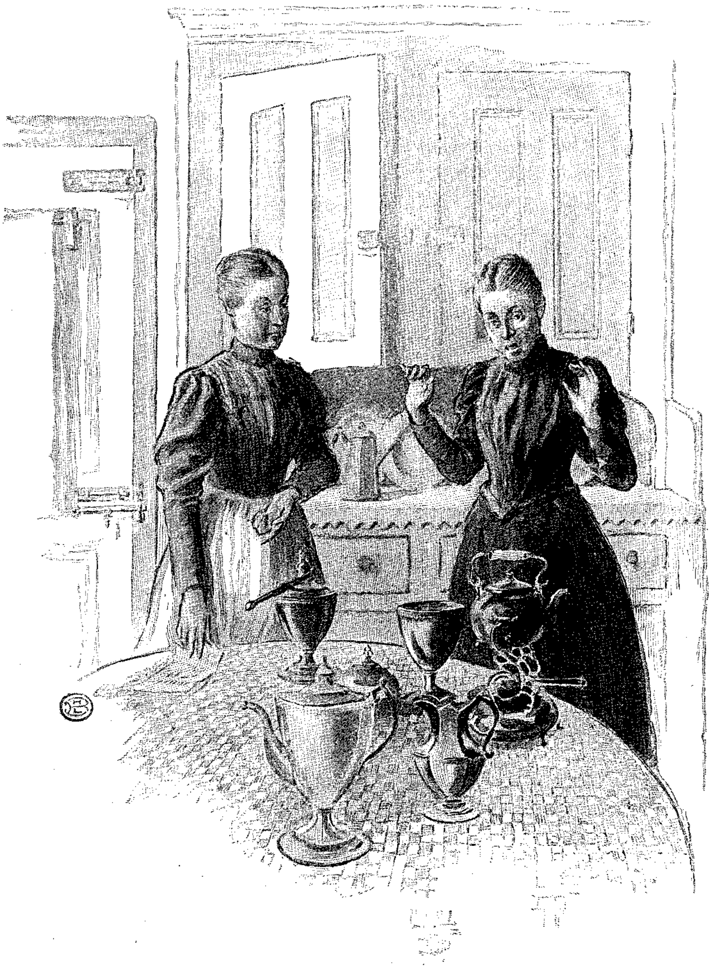
"Oh, Abner, Abner," cried Aunty Mehitable in anguish. "How could you do such a thing?"

"Well," said Grice dubiously, "it wasn't very easy without the right sort of tools, but I got there just the same, and I could have made a rich haul, but I thought you wouldn't like it."

"How could you think, then, that we would like your taking the silver?"

"'Tain't real silver, and the Squire's rich anyhow. I knew you wouldn't like it, just at first, but then I thought you wouldn't know what to do with the stuff, and so after a while you'd get kind of used to it, and then maybe the Squire 'ud die, or something like that, and then everything would be all right, don't you see? But I suppose I may as well give myself up now that I didn't get away, if you won't hide the swag."

"No, you mustn't give yourself up. It is all our fault, and not yours, for we not only coveted contrary to the commandment, but we put temptation in the way of a fellow-creature, and as you didn't take anything for yourself, you mustn't give yourself up. We are going now to the Squire, and I am sure nothing will be done to you. You stay here until we come back—if they let us come back, which we don't deserve. But I think the Squire will be easy on us for old times' sake."

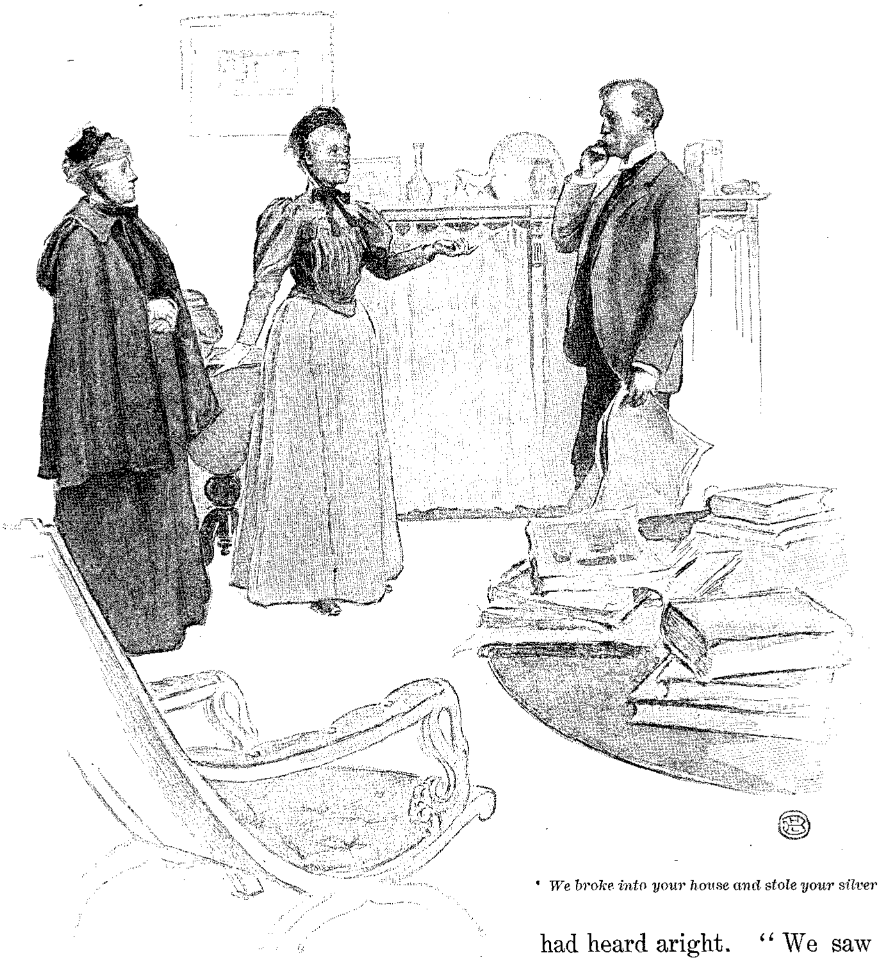

'There on the table, to their amazement, stood the silver service."

"Ladies," cried the burglar fervently, "I ain't fit to be on this earth along with you. I'll do whatever you tell me to do, and stay right here till the police come. It won't be any good begging the Squire, for he'll jug me sure, and everybody'll say he is dead right, but I'll stay where I am till you tell me to go."

The two old ladies, getting the upper hand of as much of their emotion as was visible, packed the silverware carefully in the two baskets which generally carried benefactions to their poorer neighbors, thinking that they would in this way escape observation, although it might have seemed unusual to go thus laden up the avenue which led to Squire Redfern's residence; and thus they set off on their slow and mournful journey with quaking hearts.

The Squire, a hale and stout gentleman of sixty or thereabouts, received them in his library. He was visibly perturbed, but brightened as they entered, and greeted them with much cordiality.

"Ah, neighbors!" he cried, "going about doing good with full baskets, I'll warrant. I think I'll become ill some day just to get you to bring nice things to me: indeed, I'm nearly worried into an illness this very day. I've got news that will startle you. I've been robbed; house broken into, burglarized.



"We broke into your house and stole your silver."

Such a thing never happened in this village before, which comes of soft-hearted fools encouraging tramps all about the country. Robbed! You wouldn't believe that, now, would you?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Redfern, we believe it. We did it."

"Did what?"

"We broke into your house and stole your silver, and we are very sorry, indeed, indeed we are," and Aunty Mehitable, her voice quavering, groped blindly round with her handkerchief under her veil, to wipe away the tears which she could not suppress. Aunt Euphemia, hanging down her head, cried silently in sympathy with her fellow-criminal, making no effort to restrain her grief, for she knew such effort would be useless.

"What!" shouted the Squire in bewildered amazement, first thinking the ladies had suddenly gone insane, then doubting that he had heard aright. "We saw the silver last evening and hankered after it," continued Aunty Mehitable. "We came at midnight and took it, but we repented this morning; bitterly repented, bitterly, bitterly, and here it is, Mr. Redfern; confession and restitution is all we——"

Aunty Mehitable here broke down completely, unable to speak further; then the two aunties uncovered, each her own basket, and displayed before the astonished eyes of the Squire his missing silver plate. For a moment the man stood mute, getting redder and redder in the face; then he drew back his head and roared with laughter. The two women looked up at him in tearful surprise, while he tried to speak, but could not.

"Oh, aunty, aunty," he stuttered at last, "how little you know this wicked world. Why, the police say it was the work of one of the most expert burglars in the country."

"He was always handy with tools," sighed Aunt Euphemia, forgetting herself.

Her sister darted a look of reproach at her, then tremulously to the Squire she said:

"It is a very serious matter, Mr. Redfern; I wish you wouldn't laugh."

"How can I help it, aunty? Where did you go after you broke into the kitchen, and how did you open the china closet door, for it was locked this morning and did not show a scratch? And then, how did you get into the wine-cellar, and how could you, whom I have always thought a temperance woman, never tasting anything stronger than tea, select the very best bottle I had in my bins, break the neck off it with a neatness I never saw equalled, and drink it all? And how you and Miss Euphemia must have staggered as you went across the lawn, not under the weight of the silver, but under the weight of that most potent bottle of wine!"

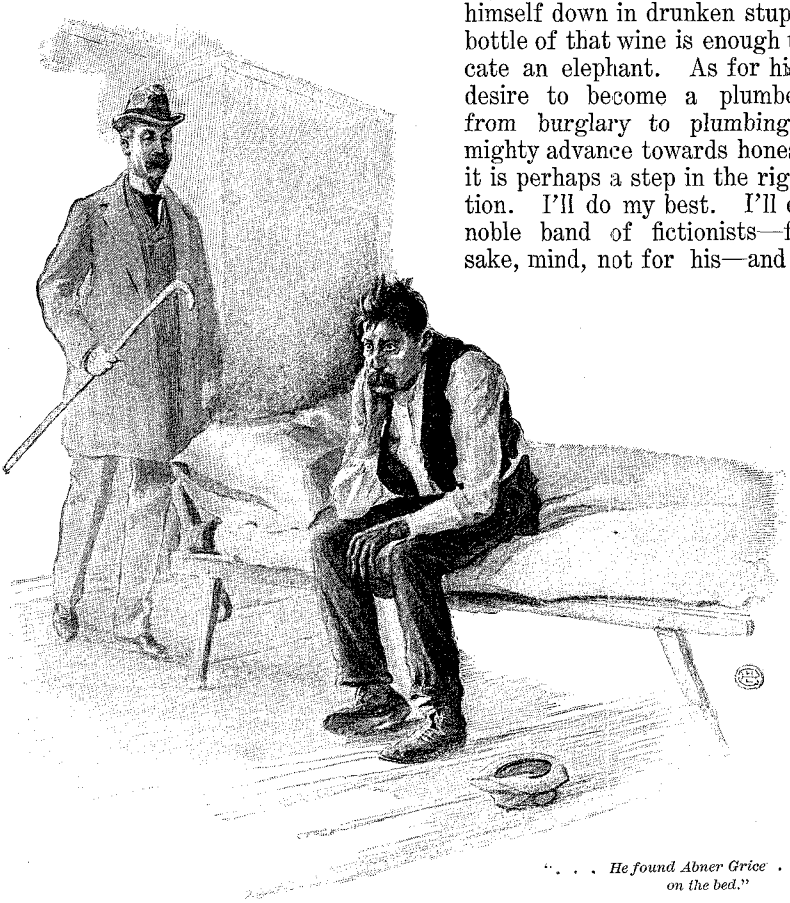
Here the Squire collapsed into his armchair and shook with uncontrolled merriment at the picture he had drawn, while the two women looked at each other with dismay, evidently fearing they had, in some unexplainable way, bungled the confession.

When the Squire had partially recovered his composure, he said: "Whom are you shielding, aunty, and how did you come to know of this burglary? What scoundrel has crept his way into your tender and unsophisticated sympathies? You think you are going to reform him, of course, and that people have been hard on him, and all that sort of thing; but nothing will reform such a person except the jail. Where is he hiding?"

After a few minutes the Squire was in possession of the whole story—from the time the tramp first appeared famished at the veranda until the last hour when they left him repentant and deeply despondent sitting on his bed in the outhouse—Aunty Mehitable relating, and Aunt Euphemia eagerly interjecting little remarks which told in the culprit's favor as the narrative continued.

The Squire shook his head.

"I don't much believe in the reformation of such characters. It was not contrition that you noticed in him this morning, but the effects of drink. The fellow didn't oversleep himself, tired after an industrious night's work, as you imagine; he threw himself down in drunken stupor, for a bottle of that wine is enough to intoxicate an elephant. As for his alleged desire to become a plumber—well, from burglary to plumbing isn't a mighty advance towards honesty; still it is perhaps a step in the right direction. I'll do my best. I'll enter the noble band of fictionists—for your sake, mind, not for his—and will tell



". . . He found Abner Grice . . . sitting on the bed."

the police the silver had been mislaid and has been found again. That will sound fishy enough, but I will send them a nice check for what they have done, and so, perhaps, nothing will be said. Now, I don't believe we shall find the fellow when we go to the outhouse; he'll have made himself very scarce in spite of his promise. Still I'll go over with you and see. Meanwhile this will be a secret between us three."

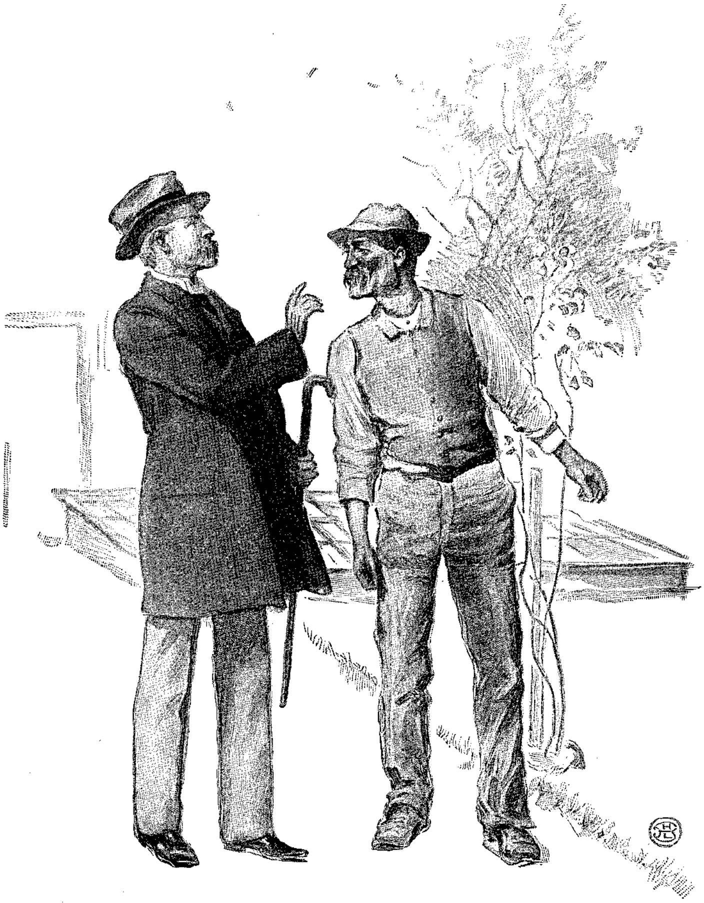
"You won't be harsh with him, will you, Mr. Redfern?"

"I'll be as mild as new milk—if he's there, which I doubt."

The two ladies with their empty baskets returned to the cottage, and entered in fear and trembling, while the Squire, a stout stick in his hand, strode to the outhouse. To his surprise, he found Abner Grice still there, sitting on the bed, with his head in his hands (aching, no doubt, thought the Squire).

"Well, you scoundrel, you arrant knave, slinking here under the protection of two innocent, confiding women, when you ought to be wearing striped clothing in prison! What have you to say for yourself, you rascal?"

"Go on, go on," growled Abner, without looking up. "That's the kind of talk I've had a great deal of in my time."



"'I'll be the other fool, Squire,' said Abner."

"In your time! Doing time, is what you deserve. You thieving loafer, bamboozling two lone women, getting them to stand between you and the consequences of your crime. It is my duty to turn you over to the police. What have you to say against it?"

Abner Grice sprang to his feet, his fists clinched, all the lower animalism of his nature glaring from his bloodshot eyes.

"What have I to say?" he roared. "I have to say that you are a liar. You never would have been standing there—you never would have known I was here, if you hadn't lied to them ladies, and told 'em you wouldn't do anything. I know 'em. They'd gone to jail themselves first before they'd a-rounded on me. Don't you threaten me with your stick, or I'll break your neck down the stair."

"None of that, my man," cried the Squire, backing away from him. "I've come to help you, if you will keep a civil tongue in your head."

"I don't want your help. I'm one kind of a thief, and you're another. You steal according to law, and I don't; that's all the difference. I've lived with these real Christian ladies nearly six months, and have done my work as well as I knew how. Not a day passed but they had something nice to say about the Squire: what a good man he was; what fine things he said; how kind he was, and all that, till I was so sick of you I had to come out here to swear. You, with your income bigger than all they own, having as much money in a week as they have in a year, what have you done for them? Is there a stick in their cottage you gave them? You saw them, year in and year out, go past your door, bringing things to the sick and poor, and when they came to you and begged for others, you put your hand in your pocket, and they thought you were generous! You fat, old, stingy, puffing grumpus! What present have you ever given to them?"

"But, my dear man," stammered the Squire, taken aback, "you don't understand. The Misses Bassett are ladies. You can't give alms to a lady."

"A real gentleman would have found a way, if he wasn't all solid selfishness. What did the bottle of wine I drank cost you? And there are hundreds in your cellar, all for your own gullet. A gentleman would have bought something nice—china, a desk, a little cabinet, something of silver or gold that they couldn't give away—something pretty and useless, that ladies like, and he would have said: 'Miss Euphemia, or Miss Mehitable, to-day is your birthday, and here's a little trinket just to show we ain't forgotten you.' That's what a gentleman would a-done. The poor can't give, and the rich don't think. There isn't anything in that little cottage that them ladies can point to, with tears in their eyes (as there would be, for they think everybody's good), and say, 'The Squire, bless 'im, gave us——'"

"Hold on, hold on," cried the Squire, with a gulp in his throat, dropping his stick and placing a hand on the other's shoulder. "Don't say another word, and forgive me for the way I spoke to you. Let's talk business. Answer me this. Is burglary like drink? Can you keep your hands off things if you are in the way of temptation, or can't you?"

"Well, Squire," said the man, mollified, but lowering suspiciously at him, "I might have cut your throat last night as you lay snoring fit to wake the dead, but——"

"Not snoring!" cried the Squire, quick anger rising to the surface again. "I never snore."

"It led me up from the basement like a fog-horn. I took the keys from your trousers pocket, as I ain't got my skeleton kit along, and so got into the cellar and the china closet. There was money in your pocket and a watch in your vest. I let 'em stay there."

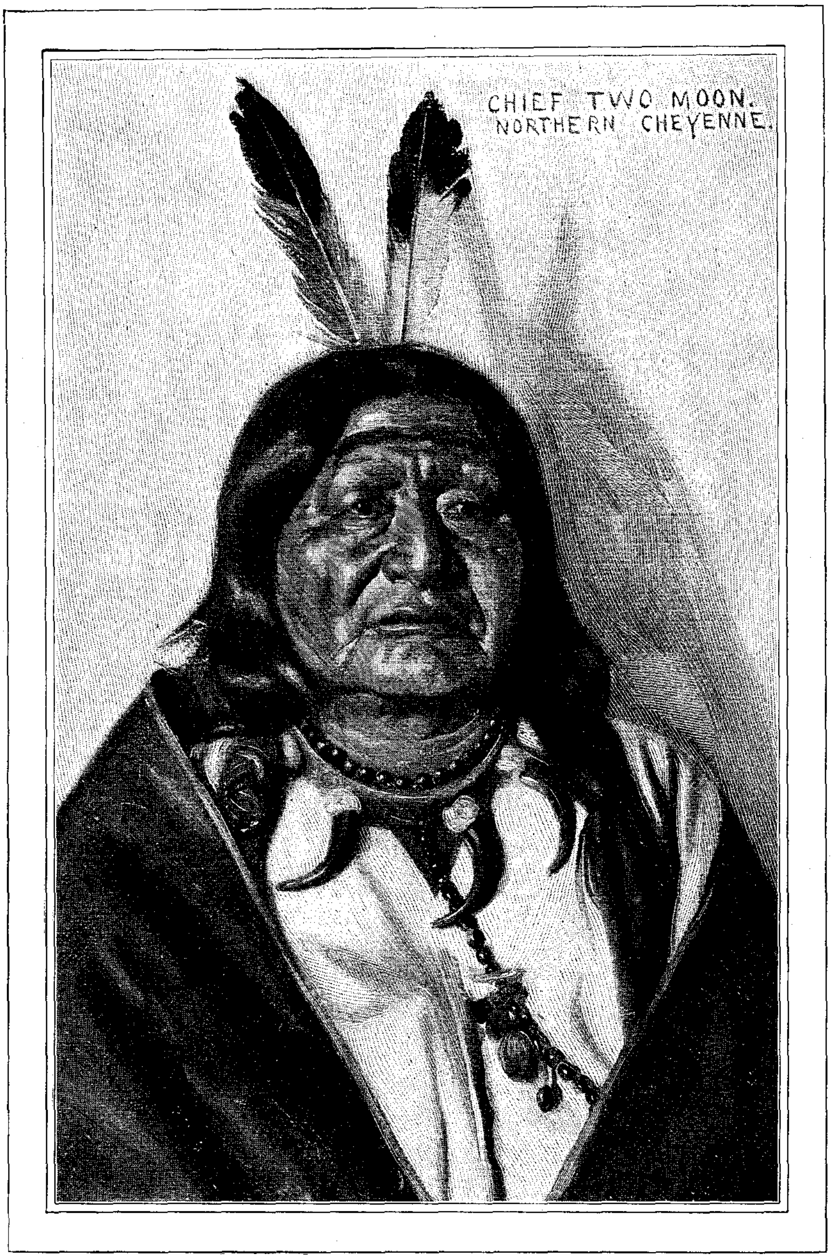
"That's all right. I'll be your financial backer, and will set you up in business where you can make honest money. Are you willing?"

"I haven't had any too much money, either honest or dishonest, this while back. I'd like to try and earn a little."

"Then that's a bargain. And now, if you prosper, you and I will buy a real silver service, and we'll present it to the aunties on the next birthday that comes to the cottage. I'd buy it myself, but I think they will treasure it more coming from two fools than from one. What do you say?"

"I'll be the other fool, Squire," said Abner with a reluctant grin.

Painted from life by E. A. Burbank.


CHIEF TWO MOON.
NORTHERN CHEYENNE.

GENERAL CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT AS SEEN BY TWO MOON.

THE BATTLE DESCRIBED BY A CHIEF WHO TOOK PART IN IT.

By Hamlin Garland.

The Custer Fight.—In a campaign in 1876 against a powerful confederation of hostile Indians, Brevet Major-General George A. Custer, lieutenant-colonel in command of the Seventh Cavalry, was sent by General Terry to hem the Indians in on the east, while General Terry himself and Colonel Gibbons moved round and came down upon them from the north. On approaching the Little Big Horn valley, where the Indians lay, Custer divided his command into three parallel columns: one under command of Captain Benteen; one under command of Major Reno (the two comprising six companies); and one, consisting of five companies, under himself. At the same time he left Captain McDougall, with one company, in the rear, to guard the pack train. On June 25th, the day before Terry and Gibbons had appointed to arrive, Custer ordered an attack. Reno's column, which was the middle one, crossed the Little Big Horn, and advanced on the Indian encampment from the south. It was soon repulsed, and retreated with loss back across the river. It was here joined by the commands of Benteen and McDougall, and the combined force was able to entrench and maintain itself, though with difficulty, until relieved by the arrival of General Terry, two days later. Custer, meanwhile, proceeded with his column toward the river by a more northerly way, shut off completely from the view or knowledge of the other columns; and neither he nor any man with him was ever seen alive by the men of the other commands again. A large force of Indians rode hardily up the bare bluff against the column, encircled and simply swept it off the earth to a man. With Custer fell his brother Thomas, an officer whose record for personal bravery and daring was scarcely less remarkable than his own. Twelve officers were killed in all, 247 enlisted men, three Indian scouts, and several civilians.—EDITOR.

As we topped the low, pine-clad ridge and looked into the hot, dry valley, Wolf Voice, my Cheyenne interpreter, pointed at a little log cabin, toward the green line of alders wherein the Rosebud ran, and said:

"His house—Two Moon."

As we drew near we came to a puzzling fork in the road. The left branch skirted a corner of a wire fence, the right turned into a field. We started to the left, but the waving of a blanket in the hands of a man at the cabin door directed us to the right. As we drew nearer we perceived Two Moon spreading blankets in the scant shade of his low cabin. Some young Cheyennes were grinding a sickle. A couple of children were playing about the little log stables. The barn-yard and buildings were like those of a white settler on the new and arid sod. It was all barren and unlovely—the home of poverty.

As we dismounted at the door Two Moon came out to meet us with hand outstretched. "How?" he said, with the heartiest, long-drawn note of welcome. He motioned us to be seated on the blankets which he had spread for us upon seeing our approach. Nothing could exceed the dignity and sincerity of his greeting.

As we took seats he brought out tobacco and a pipe. He was a tall old man, of a fine, clear brown complexion, big-chested, erect, and martial of bearing. His smiling face was broadly benignant, and his manners were courteous and manly.

While he cut his tobacco Wolf Voice interpreted my wishes to him. I said, "Two Moon, I have come to hear your story of the Custer battle, for they tell me you were a chief there. After you tell me the story, I want to take some photographs of you. I want you to signal with a blanket as the great chiefs used to do in fight."

Wolf Voice made this known to him, delivering also a message from the agents, and at every pause Two Moon uttered deep-voiced notes of comprehension. "Ai," "A-ah," "Hoh,"—these sounds are commonly called "grunts," but they were low, long-drawn expulsions of breath, very expressive.

Then a long silence intervened. The old man mused. It required time to go from the silence of the hot valley, the shadow of his little cabin, and the wire fence of his pasture, back to the days of his youth. When he began to speak, it was with great deliberation. His face became each moment graver and his eyes more introspective.

"Two Moon does not like to talk about the days of fighting; but since you are to make a book, and the agent says you are a friend to Grinnell,* I will tell you about it—the truth. It is now a long time ago, and my words do not come quickly.

"That spring [1876] I was camped on Powder River with fifty lodges of my people—Cheyennes. The place is near what is now Fort McKenney. One morning soldiers charged my camp. They were in command of Three Fingers [Colonel McKenzie]. We were surprised and scattered, leaving our ponies. The soldiers ran all our horses off. That night the soldiers slept, leaving the horses one side; so we crept up and stole them back again, and then we went away.

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* George B. Grinnell, whom the Cheyennes, Blackfeet, and Gros Ventres love and honor.

"We traveled far, and one day we met a big camp of Sioux at Charcoal Butte. We camped with the Sioux, and had a good time, plenty grass, plenty game, good water. Crazy Horse was head chief of the camp. Sitting Bull was camped a little ways below, on the Little Missouri River.

"Crazy Horse said to me, 'I'm glad you are come. We are going to fight the white man again.'

"The camp was already full of wounded men, women, and children.

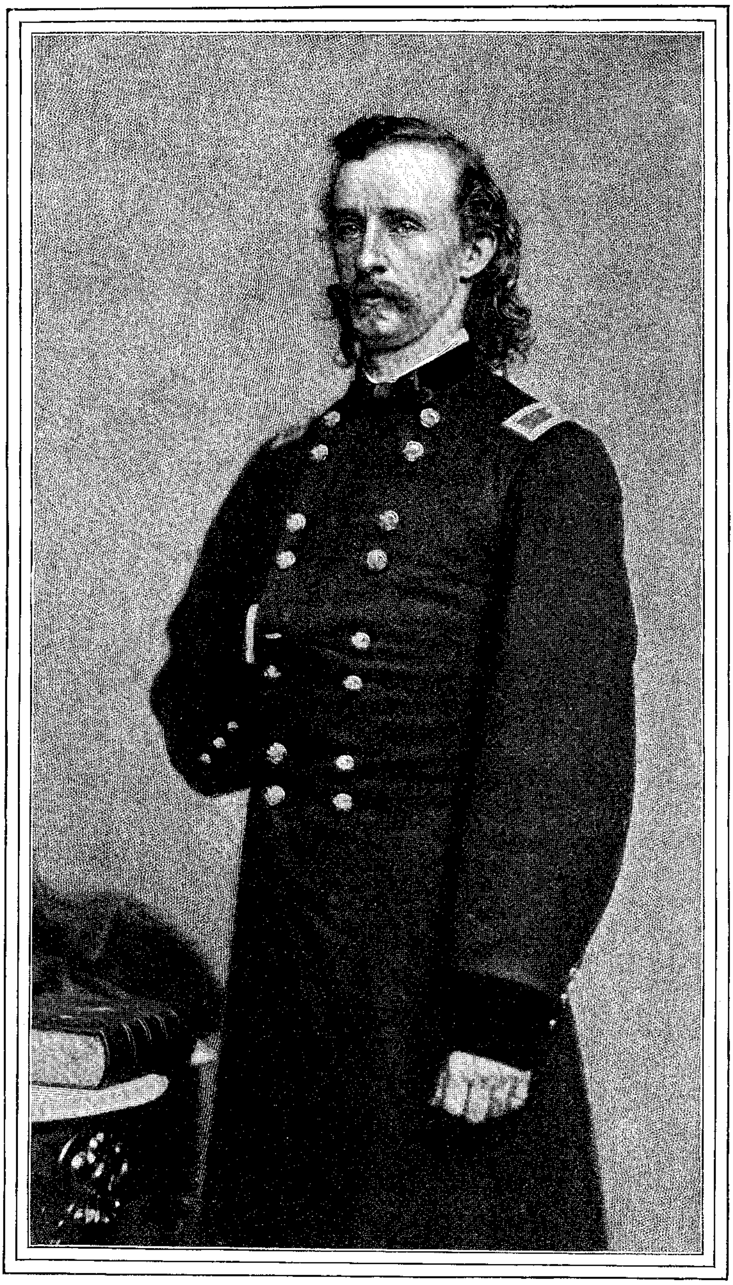
"I said to Crazy Horse, 'All right. I am ready to fight. I have fought already. My people have been killed, my horses stolen; I am satisfied to fight.'"

Here the old man paused a moment, and his face took on a lofty and somber expression.

"I believed at that time the Great Spirits had made Sioux, put them there,"—he drew a circle to the right—"and white men and Cheyennes here,"—indicating two places to the left—"expecting them to fight. The Great Spirits I thought liked to see the fight; it was to them all the same like playing. So I thought then about fighting." As he said this, he made me feel for one moment the power of a sardonic god whose drama was the wars of men.

"About May, when the grass was tall and the horses strong, we broke camp and started across the country to the mouth of the Tongue River. Then Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse and all went up the Rosebud. There we had a big fight with General Crook, and whipped him. Many soldiers were killed—few Indians. It was a great fight, much smoke and dust.

"From there we all went over the divide, and camped in the valley of Little Horn. Everybody thought, 'Now we are out of the white man's country. He can live there, we will live here.' After a few days,

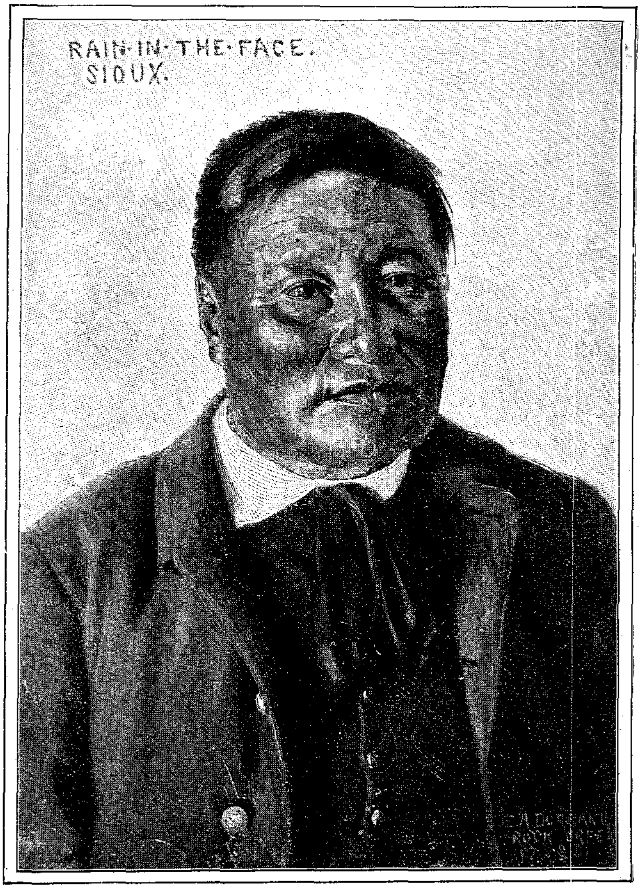


GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER.

From a photograph in the War Department Collection.

one morning when I was in camp north of Sitting Bull, a Sioux messenger rode up and said, 'Let everybody paint up, cook, and get ready for a big dance.'

"Cheyennes then went to work to cook, cut up tobacco, and get ready. We all thought to dance all day. We were very glad to think we were far away from the white man.



RAIN-IN-THE-FACE, A SIOUX WHO TOOK A PROMINENT PART IN THE CUSTER FIGHT; NOW AN INDIAN POLICEMAN AT ROCK CREEK, SOUTH DAKOTA.

From a painting by E. A. Burbank.

"I went to water my horses at the creek, and washed them off with cool water, then took a swim myself. I came back to the camp afoot. When I got near my lodge, I looked up the Little Horn towards Sitting Bull's camp. I saw a great dust rising. It looked like a whirlwind. Soon Sioux horseman came rushing into camp shouting: 'Soldiers come! Plenty white soldiers.'

"I ran into my lodge, and said to my brother-in-law, 'Get your horses; the white man is coming. Everybody run for horses.'

"Outside, far up the valley, I heard a battle cry, *Hay-ay, hay-ay!* I heard shooting, too, this way [clapping his hands very fast]. I couldn't see any Indians. Everybody was getting horses and saddles. After I had caught my horse, a Sioux warrior came again and said, 'Many soldiers are coming.'

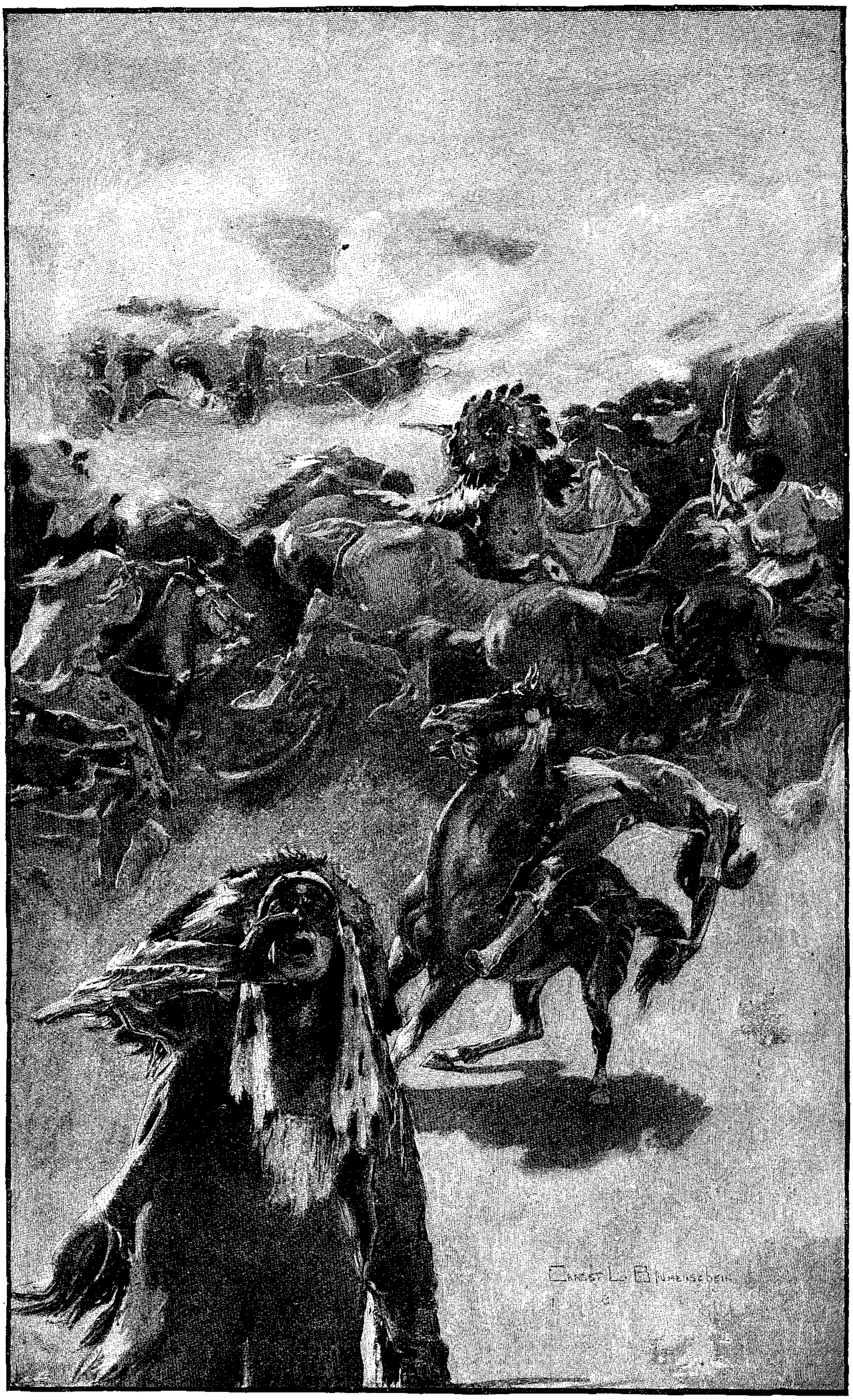
"Then he said to the women, 'Get out of the way, we are going to have hard fight.'

"I said, 'All right, I am ready.'

"I got on my horse, and rode out into my camp. I called out to the people all running about: 'I am Two Moon, your chief. Don't run away. Stay here and fight. You must stay and fight the white soldiers. I shall stay even if I am to be killed.'

"I rode swiftly toward Sitting Bull's camp. There I saw the white soldiers fighting in a line [Reno's men]. Indians covered the flat. They began to drive the soldiers all mixed up—Sioux, then soldiers, then more Sioux, and all shooting. The air was full of smoke and dust. I saw the soldiers fall back and drop into the river-bed like buffalo fleeing. They had no time to look for a crossing. The Sioux chased them up the hill, where they met more soldiers in wagons, and then messengers came saying more soldiers were going to kill the women, and the Sioux turned back. Chief Gall was there fighting, Crazy Horse also.

"I then rode toward my camp, and stopped squaws from carrying off lodges. While I was sitting on my horse I saw flags come up over the hill to the east like that [he raised his finger-tips]. Then the soldiers rose all at once, all on horses, like this [he put his fingers behind each other to indicate that Custer appeared marching in columns of fours]. They formed into three bunches [squadrons] with a little ways between. Then a bugle sounded, and they all got off horses, and some soldiers led the horses back over the hill.



ERNEST L. BLUMENSCHEIN

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"WE CIRCLED ALL ROUND HIM."

"Then the Sioux rode up the ridge on all sides, riding very fast. The Cheyennes went up the left way. Then the shooting was quick, quick. Pop—pop—pop very fast. Some of the soldiers were down on their knees, some standing. Officers all in front. The smoke was like a great cloud, and everywhere the Sioux went the dust rose like smoke. We circled all round him—swirling like water round a stone. We shoot, we ride fast, we shoot again. Soldiers drop, and horses fall on them. Soldiers in line drop, but one man rides up and down the line—all the time shouting. He rode a sorrel horse with white face and white fore-legs. I don't know who he was. He was a brave man.

"Indians keep swirling round and round, and the soldiers killed only a few. Many soldiers fell. At last all horses killed but five. Once in a while some man would break out and run toward the river, but he would fall. At last about a hundred men and five horsemen stood on the hill all bunched together. All along the bugler kept blowing his commands. He was very brave too. Then a chief was killed. I hear it was Long Hair [Custer], I don't know; and then the five horsemen and the bunch of men, may be so forty, started toward the river. The man on the sorrel horse led them, shouting all the time.* He wore a buckskin shirt, and had long black hair and mustache. He fought hard with a big knife. His men were all covered with white dust. I couldn't tell whether they were officers or not. One man all alone ran far down toward the river, then round up over the hill. I thought he was going to escape, but a Sioux fired and hit him in the head. He was the last man. He wore braid on his arms [sergeant].

"All the soldiers were now killed, and the bodies were stripped. After that no one could tell which were officers. The bodies were left where they fell. We had no dance that night. We were sorrowful.

"Next day four Sioux chiefs and two Cheyennes and I, Two Moon, went upon the battlefield to count the dead. One man carried a little bundle of sticks. When we came to dead men, we took a little stick and gave it to another man, so we counted the dead. There were 388. There were thirty-nine Sioux and seven Cheyennes killed, and about a hundred wounded.

"Some white soldiers were cut with knives, to make sure they were dead; and the war women had mangled some. Most of them were left just where they fell. We came to the man with big mustache; he lay down the hills towards the river.* The Indians did not take his buckskin shirt. The Sioux said, 'That is a big chief. That is Long Hair.' I don't know. I had never seen him. The man on the white-faced horse was the bravest man.

"That day as the sun was getting low our young men came up the Little Horn riding hard. Many white soldiers were coming in a big boat, and when we looked we could see the smoke rising. I called my people together, and we hurried up the Little Horn, into Rotten Grass Valley. We camped there three days, and then rode swiftly back over our old trail to the east. Sitting Bull went back into the Rosebud and down the Yellowstone, and away to the north. I did not see him again." †

The old man paused and filled his pipe. His story was done. His mind came back to his poor people on the barren land where the rain seldom falls.

"That was a long time ago. I am now old, and my mind has changed. I would rather see my people living in houses and singing and dancing. You have talked with me about fighting, and I have told you of the time long ago. All that is past. I think of these things now: First, that our reservation shall be fenced and the white settlers kept out and our young men kept in. Then there will be no trouble. Second, I want to see my people raising cattle and making butter. Last, I want to see my people going to school to learn the white man's way. That is all."

There was something placid and powerful in the lines of the chief's broad brow, and his gestures were dramatic and noble in sweep. His extended arm, his musing eyes, his deep voice combined to express a meditative solemnity profoundly impressive. There was no anger in his voice, and no reminiscent ferocity. All that was strong and fine and distinctive in the Cheyenne character came out in the old man's talk. He seemed the leader and the thoughtful man he really is—patient under injustice, courteous even to his enemies.

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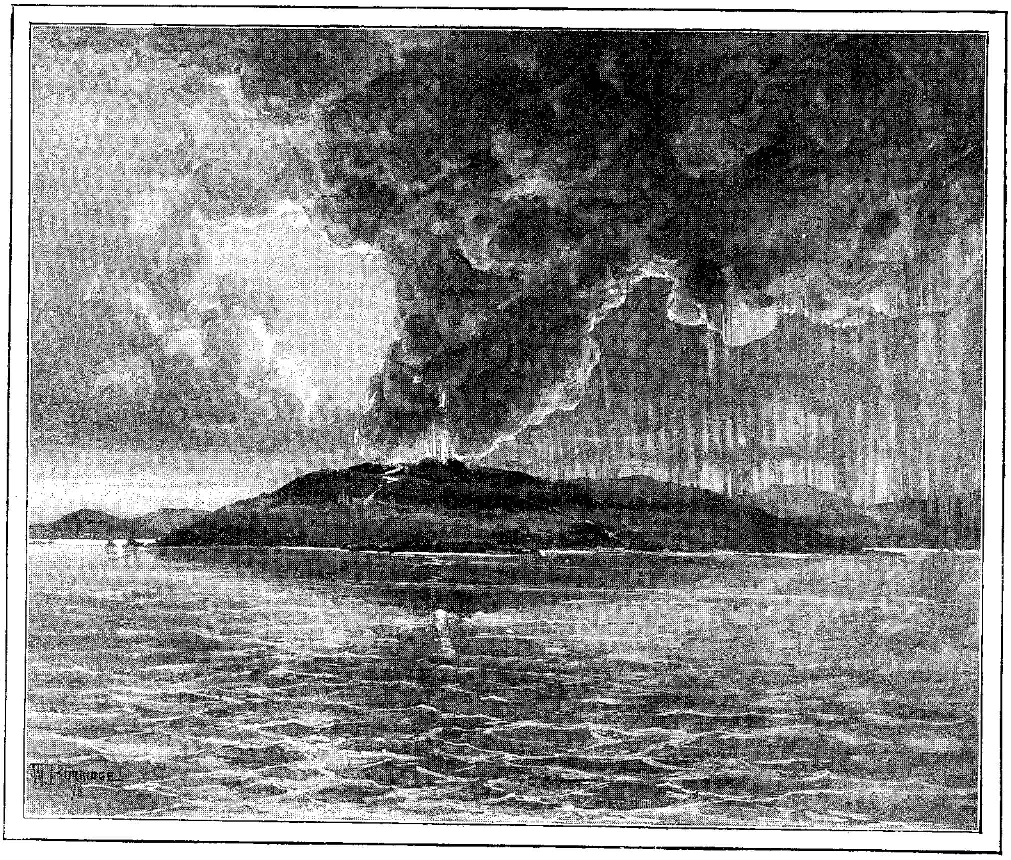
* This man's identity is in dispute. He was apparently a scout.

* Custer fell up higher on the ridge.
† This was a wonderful retreat.

VIEW OF KRAKATOA DURING THE EARLIER STAGE OF THE ERUPTION.

From a photograph taken May 27, 1883, and published in the report of the Krakatoa committee of the Royal Society, 1888, entitled "The Eruption of Krakatoa and Subsequent Phenomena."



WHEN MOUNTAINS BLOW THEIR HEADS OFF.

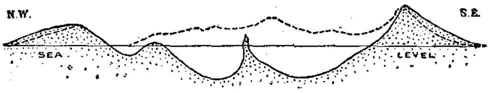
MARVELOUS FACTS IN THE ACTION OF VOLCANOES.—SOME OBSERVATIONS BY PROF. JOHN MILNE.

By Cleveland Moffett.

IN 1878, when Professor John Milne, then occupying the chair of geology and mining at the University of Tokio, was journeying over Japan describing its active volcanoes, he came to innocent old Bandaisan, about a hundred miles north of the capital, and for some time was in doubt whether to include her in his list or not. As far as he could learn, there was not a better behaved mountain than she in the whole empire; she never smoked, she never shook, and there were no traditions of her having been in eruption even at the most distant period. She simply rose out of her lonely valley, and went on, century after century, holding up the sky and troubling no one. She rose to the height of about a mile, and was calm and grand.

But peasants in the valley told of hot springs coming out from the base that brought poor people thither in numbers for their healing virtues, and when the Professor saw these springs he knew that he must look further, for where there is hot water there may be steam, and when steam gets into the bowels of a mountain many things may happen not provided for by the word "extinct." So he pressed up the mountain's sides, beautiful with verdure, and underneath the mosses and trailing vines he came upon scoriaceous lava, which is another sign. Then he went right to the top, up the steepest slope, and found as fair a spread of vegetation as the eye could rest upon; and presently two deer came bounding from the undergrowth as if to show him that there was no danger. Nevertheless, he found a crater underneath, a genuine volcanic crater, and without more searching he classed Bandaisan among the active volcanoes of Japan.

Then see what Bandaisan did. On July 15, 1888, ten years later, with no warning and for no reason that anyone can find out who does not know the secrets under the earth, she blew her beautiful green head off, and sent sixteen hundred million cubic yards of rock and earth—that is Professor Sekya's estimate—to arrange themselves in the valley beneath as best they might. There is little use trying to think of sixteen hundred million cubic yards of rock and earth; it is better to do some figuring, and this shows:



OUTLINE OF THE CRATER OF KRAKATOA AS IT IS AT THE PRESENT TIME.

The dotted line indicates the portions blown away in the paroxysmal outburst of August, 1883, and the changes in form of the flanks of the mountain by the fall of ejected material upon them. Reproduced from "The Eruption of Krakatoa and Subsequent Phenomena."

(1) That if the mass blown away by Bandaisan at this time had been in nicely hewn fragments each the size of an ordinary street car, there would have been a train of these long enough to go five times around the earth.

(2) That if these fragments had been blown into great shells as large as the largest ship afloat, with a displacement of, say, 15,000 tons each, they would, if floated end to end, have bridged the Pacific from San Francisco to Yokohama.

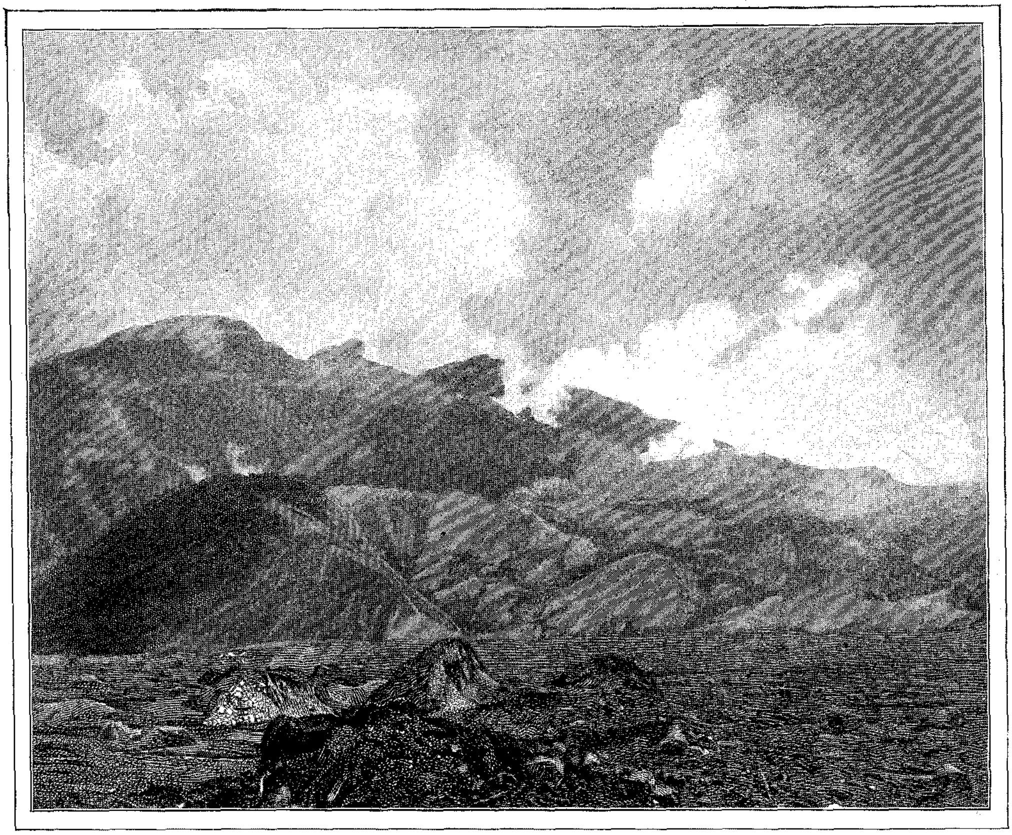
Within three days of this startling justification of his conclusions as to Bandaisan, Professor Milne was at the scene of the disaster, and was the first person to make thorough and accurate observations of what had taken place. It is to him that I am indebted for the facts about this eruption, and also for photographs taken on the spot by his friend, Professor W. K. Burton.

A FURIOUS RIVER OF MUD AND STONE.

Now, this is what had happened. A river of "moya" or agglomerate, not lava, but a mixture of mud and stone, had poured down the valley at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour, and in twenty minutes had spread itself to a depth of one hundred feet over a region from twelve to fifteen miles long and from five to seven miles wide. When a river of mud travels down a valley at this rate, nearly a mile in a minute, a river as deep as a church, it is needless to say that Death rides on the wave for a quick garnering. That valley would have taken in the greater part of New York City, which is long and narrow, and had New York City been there at this time, some two million mortals would have sent their last breaths bubbling up through mud. As it was, only 401 persons lost their lives, because only 401 persons were there to lose them. The same is true of houses and buildings: whatever was in the valley was destroyed; and for miles beyond, in all directions, villages were wrecked by the air-blast, trees were stripped bare as if by a forest fire, and crops standing in the fields were flattened on the ground like threads for a loom.

Near Bandaisan is Lake Inawashiro, and from this point Professor Milne and his party, on the morning after their arrival, set out for the ruins. They started at daybreak, and explored until after dark, walking over a waste of steaming, slippery debris. They slid down banks of mud, not knowing what they should find at the bottom nor how they could get out again; they climbed over boulders like small cathedrals; they viewed the rebellious mountain from many points, and saw that its head was indeed missing, only a jagged neck showing here and there when the steam lifted. And they saw with amazement how the face of things was changed: everything bare and brown where carpets of green had been; houses gone, people gone, the valley buried in mud, and here, where dry land was, a new lake forming. This lake was caused by the sudden damming up of a mountain stream, and was destined to go on growing for two whole years, so that to-day it rivals Inawashira, and has actually caused the peasants in its vicinity to abandon farming and devote themselves to fishing.

There was one phenomenon observed by



BANDAISAN STILL SMOKING AND STEAMING AFTER IT HAS BLOWN ITS HEAD OFF.

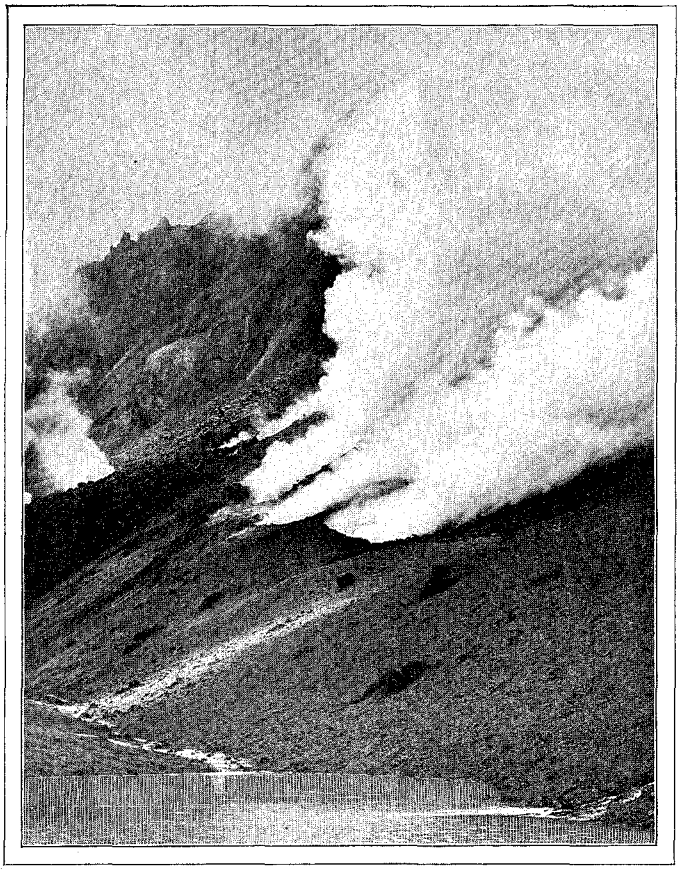
The ragged line at the top marks what was the neck of the mountain. This and the pictures following on pages 452, 453, 454, and 455 are from photographs by W. K. Burton.

these first explorers which gave rise to much controversy. They found the plain, beyond the mud-swept valley, covered with conical holes several feet in diameter, that looked like small volcanoes. And some insisted that there had been minor eruptions here at the time of the big one, but their reasonings were presently overthrown by the discovery that at the bottom of each one of these holes, buried six or eight feet under the ground, were boulders from Bandaisan which had embedded themselves thus in falling. When it is considered that these boulders were of considerable mass, some weighing four or five tons, and that they had been hurled eight or ten miles from the summit, the velocity with which they must have struck the earth is seen to have been enormous. Indeed, it is the opinion of Professor Milne that they fell from a height sufficient to give them the maximum velocity that may be attained by bodies falling through our atmosphere, a velocity equal to that of falling meteorites, for it must be understood that the increasing resistance of the air puts a definite limit upon such velocities.

TWO KINDS OF VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

In our talk about Bandaisan, I naturally asked Professor Milne what were the causes of such an appalling catastrophe as this, and in explaining these causes he pointed out that there are two kinds of eruptions to be noted in the history of a volcano, those that build it up very slowly, and those that destroy it very swiftly, as if nature amused herself by piling up these great masses through the ages simply to see how quickly she could tear them down.

The eruptions that build up mountains, I understood, are periodical wellings over of molten lava, comparatively harmless. The others are violent explosions, occurring irregularly and bringing widespread destruction. It is easy to see how each streaming-over of the lava makes the mountain grow, just as an icicle grows or a stalactite; each



ON THE STEAMING SLOPES OF BANDAISAN AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

At the bottom of the picture is shown part of the new lake formed by the damming up of a mountain stream.

fresh outgush hardens as it pours, and forms a fresh shell of lava for other shells to form on. And, finally, when a certain height is reached—one, two, three miles—we may suppose the impelling force beneath no longer equal to the task of lifting this great column, and the crater crusts over at the top, and so generations pass, and men with their short lives and shorter memories say that the volcano is dead.

But the fires are there at the core, so much latent energy ready to be stirred; and if something stirs them, it is like rousing a thunderbolt. The fact that the natural vent above is blocked with the coolings of centuries only makes the discharge the more terrible when it comes, just as hard rammed bullets make the powder more effective.

I asked what was the cause that usually determines one of these explosions and rouses the volcano's latent energy, and I learned that in most cases it is the very same cause that makes a boiler burst—the sudden and excessive generation of steam when the hot part of a volcano comes in contact with water. This contact may be due to various causes, as, for instance, the readjustment of strata or materials beneath, so that a lake or watercourse is turned into the crater. It may even be due to an irruption of the sea, as at Krakatoa in 1883.

" Then does molten lava never come out in one of these violent explosions ? " I asked.

" Sometimes it does; sometimes it does not. It did in 1873, when Asama, another Japanese volcano, blew its head off, and the lava track may still be seen along the face of the mountain like a huge black serpent. But in cases like that the lava does not well out; it is driven out by the steam, just as rocks are driven out."

" And when no lava comes out, where does the mud river get the liquid to make it flow ? "

" Partly from the steam, partly from water it absorbs from springs and streams in its course. The mud river from Asama, for instance, lapped up two ordinary rivers as it went, so that no sign of them appeared thereafter."

" Is it likely, Professor, that there are volcanoes in the world at present that have been quiet for a long time, but will one day or another blow their heads off ? "

" It is almost certain that there are."

" Some in Europe ? "

" Many in Europe."

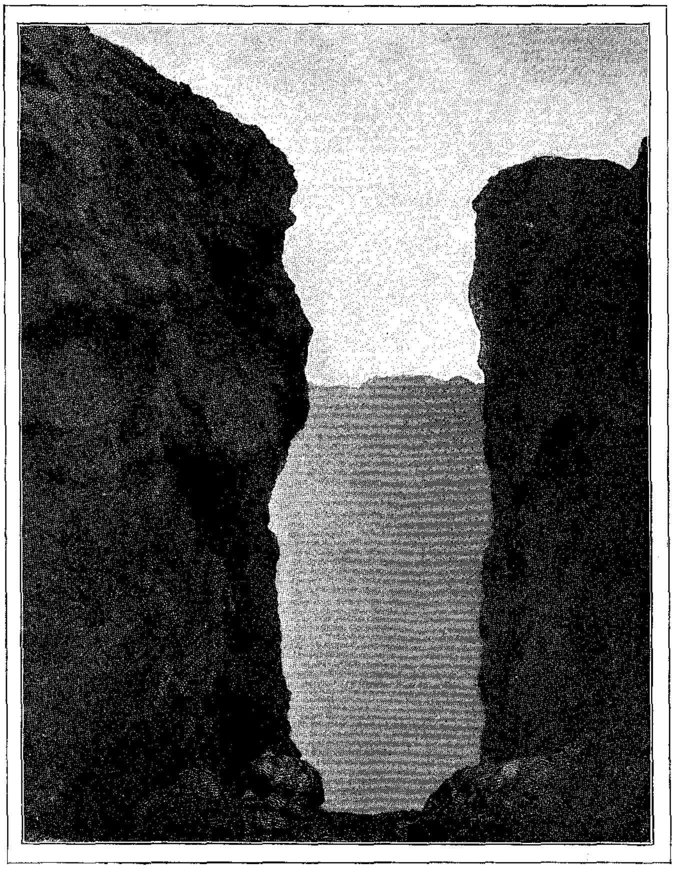
" Some in the United States ? "

" Undoubtedly."

" Some in England ? "

" Very probably, although there is no telling when they will do it. England has at least a dozen basal wrecks of volcanoes, mostly in the western Highlands, regarded as extinct, but Bandaisan has shown us what ' extinct ' volcanoes will do. An ' extinct ' volcano is very much like an old rusty gun—it may be loaded."

THE GREAT EXPLOSION AT ASAMA.



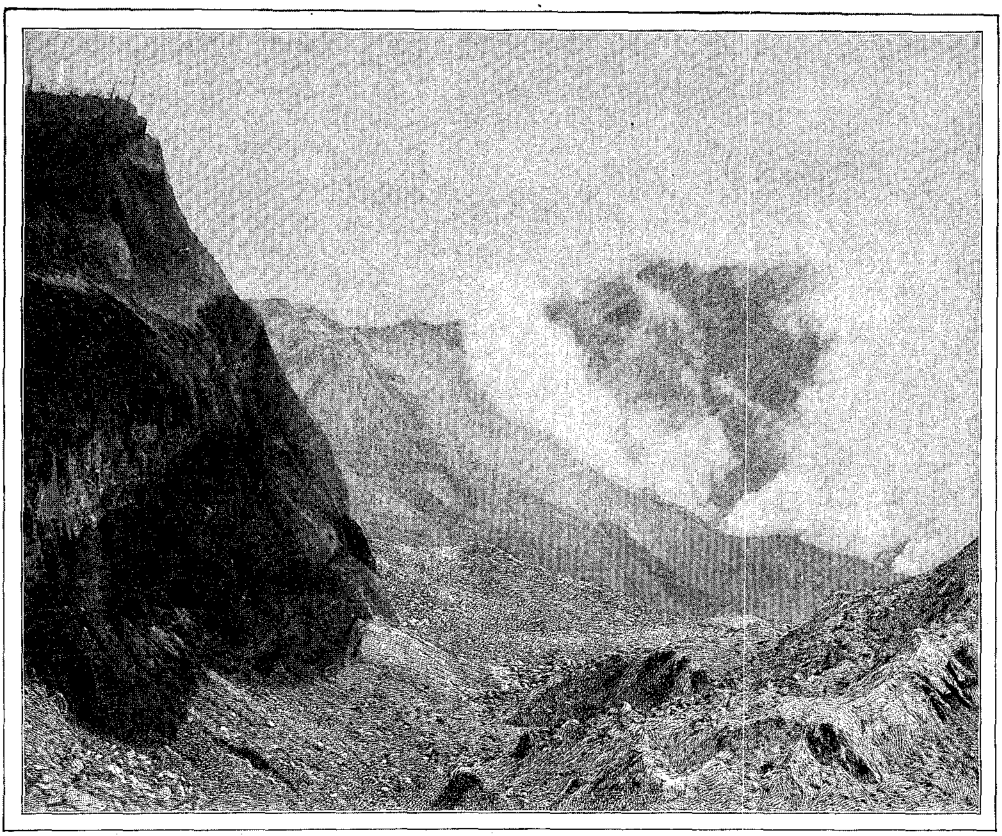
VIEW INTO THE SMOKING MOUTH OF ASAMA.

It was across the chasm shown in the picture that Professor Milne's party stretched a rope tackle in their attempt to measure the depth of the crater.

Next we talked about the explosion of Asama, the great one of 1783, which Landgrelle, a distinguished authority, regards as one of the most frightful eruptions in the history of volcanoes. There is special reason for referring to this mountain since its ragged shoulders, from which the head was blown at this time, were the scene a few years since of an interesting and rather hazardous experiment attempted by Professor Milne and a party of friends. Asama rises to a height of over 8,000 feet, and in its great paroxysm it sent down, so the records say, a river of mud from five to ten miles broad, that overwhelmed forty-two villages. "In some places," continue the records, "the mud was so hot that it did not stop boiling for twenty-four days. . . . In the Tonezawa River immense masses of lava remained red hot even in the river itself. . . . In Kurogano a stone 120 by 264 feet, one among many, fell into a river and formed an island. Two rivers were sucked up into the mud torrent and their places taken by dry land, and the noise of the explosion was like a thousand thunders. The lakes were poisoned, and fish sickened, the rivers were full of dead dogs, deer, and monkeys, with hair singed from their bodies."

The crater of this volcano, as it stands to-day, measures a mile and a quarter in circumference, and never ceases to belch forth pungent, strangling vapors of hydrochloric acid and sulphurous anhydride, to breathe which is to die. The depth of the crater has been a subject of endless discussion among the foreign residents of Tokio, some putting it at 1,000 feet, others at 8,000, and it was to settle this controversy that the experiment just referred to was undertaken. A party set out one day, headed by Professor Milne and United States Minister Edwin Dun, with no less an object than to sound Asama's crater. They took with them elaborate chemical and physical appliances, a great quantity of rope, and a number of coolies to haul it. When they reached the edge of the crater, keeping carefully to the windward of the vapors, they proceeded to execute an idea of Minister Dun for measuring the depth, an idea that had been adopted after much discussion. First, with extreme difficulty, a rope was stretched across the crater, a distance of about 500 yards. Then a pulley was run out on this fixed line with another rope that could be lowered straight down (a thick wire was tried first, but it kinked and broke), and at the end of the vertical rope was made fast what the explorers called their "chemical and physical laboratory," that is, special thermometers, bits of metal and other substances that would fuse at various temperatures, pieces of red and blue litmus paper, etc.

Finally, when all was ready, the coolies

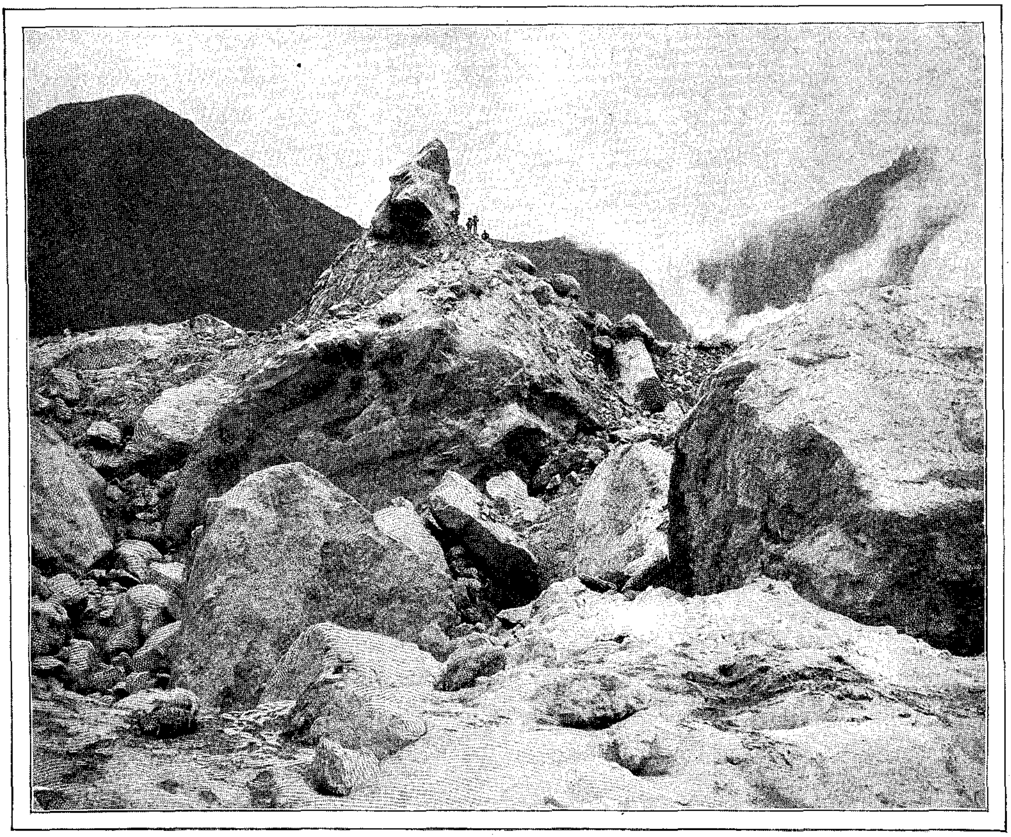


CAVERN DUG AT THE SUMMIT OF BANDAISAN BY THE GREAT EXPLOSION: THE PLACE WAS FILLED WITH ROCK AND EARTH BEFORE THE EXPLOSION.

were told to lower away, and the rope began to go down in the very thick of the vapor clouds, while all waited expectantly. Everything went well until a depth of 735 feet was reached, and then the experiment came to an abrupt and disconcerting end by the burning up of thermometers, rope, and everything. And that is the only attempt that has ever been made to penetrate the mysteries of Asama's crater.

THE GREATEST EXPLOSION EVER KNOWN.

Coming now to the explosion of Krakatoa, let me note that although we have here what is admittedly the most formidable volcanic convulsion of modern times, perhaps the most formidable in our whole history, yet the place of its occurrence was quite insignificant. Krakatoa on those memorable days in 1883, the 26th and 27th of August, was a poor neglected little island in the Strait of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra. No one lived there, no ships touched there, and in the presence of forty-nine towering volcanic mountains on the neighboring island of Java, some of them 12,000 feet high and most of them in chronic disturbance, no scientist had ever paused to observe the peculiar situation of Krakatoa with its one humble peak, measuring scarcely 3,000 feet. Had he given much heed, he would have made some important discoveries, notably that this humble peak was not the real volcano at all, but only a tooth in the ragged jaw of its vast crater, a crater that was largely submerged, and included not only the island of Krakatoa, but several other islands in the Strait of Sunda. And he would have seen that here, at some time in the dim past, had stood a great mountain that may have joined Java and Sumatra, and that certainly had a girth of twenty-five miles at its base and a summit towering with the best of them. That was the real volcano Krakatoa, after the work of its building up with lava layers had been completed, and before the phase of its self-destruction had begun. Then, in the pride of her strength, Krakatoa proceeded to tear herself to pieces; she blew her head off, she



VIEW OF THE SUMMIT OF BANDAISAN AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

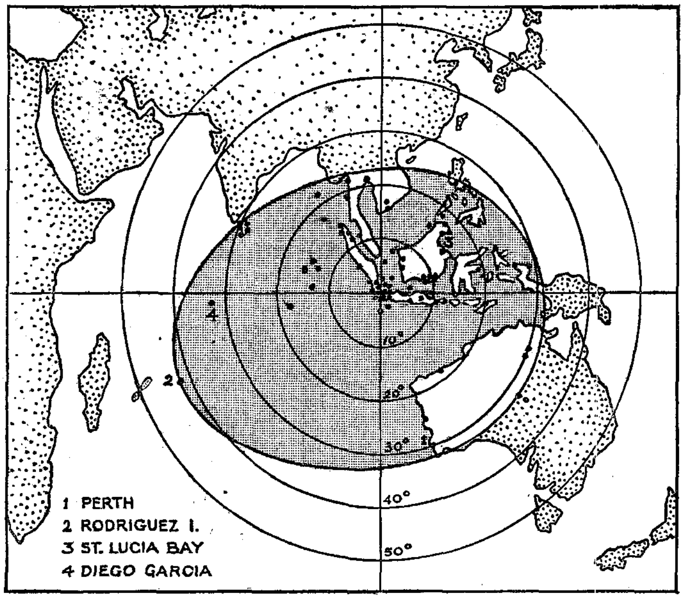
The great rock at the right is a specimen of many, as large as houses or churches, which were tumbled for miles in all directions.

blew her shoulders off, she scattered her body far and wide, and finally left herself only a "basal wreck," in the words of Darwin, to rest upon, and that half under water. All this the scientist would have discovered, and also that, broken and disfigured though she was, Krakatoa still stood at the intersection of two great lines of volcanic energy, and therefore marked the most dangerous volcanic focus on the surface of the earth.

But all this came as after-knowledge, and the giant force imprisoned in that unheeded crater was allowed to rend asunder its fetters with a quaking of the earth and a blazing of the heavens before any suspicion of its presence went abroad. For nearly 200 years Krakatoa had done nothing; then on Sunday morning, May 20, 1883, she began to rouse herself, merely a matter of steam and falling ashes, with a roaring heard plainly in Batavia, a hundred miles away. Then followed three months of menacing prelude, as if she wished to give the world fair warning. Then, on the 24th of June, a second crater opened. Soon after this a third crater opened.

The low-lying walls of the craters had at last given way in many places, and there were white hot chasms below the level of the sea sending up to the waves their hissing challenge. Then thousands of tons of water surged downward, and the fight was on. This was Sunday afternoon, August 26th. For the first few hours the fires of the earth made short work of the sea, driving it back in splendid explosions that came every ten or twelve minutes. Each explosion sent up black columns, miles in height, steam and smoke and ash and pumice, all the scum and debris on the surface of the molten lake, and drove back the sea in great waves. Soon the darkness of night settled over Java and Sumatra and over vessels sailing in those waters, and through the darkness at intervals was seen the glory of Krakatoa, a terrifying glory. "From a distance of forty miles," says an eye-witness on a ship, "it looked like an immense wall, with bursts of forked lightning darting through it and blazing serpents playing over it." These bursts of brilliancy were the regular uncoverings of the angry fires.

As the hours passed, the sea gained an advantage through fresh breaks in the crater walls that offered new points of attack. The explosions became more and more frequent until about midnight they sounded to the people of Batavia and Buitengong like one continuous roar, the noise making it impossible for the inhabitants of these places to sleep. It was generally believed that a heavy cannonading was going on in the immediate vicinity, though why, no one could imagine. The concussion shattered stone walls, upset lamps, and tore gas meters from their fixings. And yet Batavia is as far from Krakatoa as London is from Portsmouth.



MAP SHOWING THE PLACES WHERE THE SOUNDS OF THE GREAT KRAKATOA EXPLOSION WERE HEARD.

The oval indicates approximately the area over which the sounds were heard. The distance from Krakatoa to Perth is 1,902 miles; to Rodriguez Island, 2,968 miles; to St. Lucia Bay, 1,116 miles; and to Diego Garcia, 2,267 miles. From "The Eruption of Krakatoa and Subsequent Phenomena."

And all through that Sunday night electricity did wonderful things in the heavens, and sailors saw balls of fire resting on the mastheads of their ships and at the extremities of the yardarms, and in some cases lightning struck the mainmasts. The climax came the next morning at about ten o'clock. For some hours the explosions had been more violent, though at longer intervals; the sea had made the fire retreat, but the fire had checked the farther passage with walls and floors of hardened lava. When these blew up, it was like blowing up the eternal foundations. And the hardest shock was yet to come. Did the earth open in one gigantic fissure and call the sea down for a final desperate encounter, or was there a sudden subsidence of strata to fill in the hollows left by what had been ejected? Not even the wisest scientist can say. But there came an explosion so loud, so violent, and with such far-reaching effects, that it made what had gone before seem as child's play in comparison, and made all other explosions known to the earth in historic times dwindle into insignificance.

To begin with, this explosion set in motion air waves that traveled around the earth four times one way and three times the other; that is, they disturbed every self-recording barometer on the globe no less than seven times. They traveled around the earth once in about thirty-six hours, or at the rate of 700 miles an hour, which is somewhat slower than sound waves travel. For it must not be supposed that these air waves produced sound; their periods of vibration were too long for that; in other words, their sounds were too low for our range of hearing. Those that went in the direction of the earth's rotation, that is, from west to east, traveled about twenty-eight miles an hour faster than the waves which went in the opposite direction.

Besides these inaudible air waves, there were others of shorter vibration, that came within our range of hearing. These waves carried the sounds of the last terrible explosions over distances far beyond anything else known in human experience of sound transmission. All over Sumatra and Java the sounds were distinctly heard, which is as if all the people in New York should hear an explosion in Boston. That, however, is nothing. A resident at St. Lucia Bay, Borneo, 1,116 miles distant, writes: "The noise of the eruption was plainly heard all over Borneo."

This last was as if people in Chicago had been frightened by a noise in New York. But still this is nothing. From Tavoy, Burmah, 1,478 miles distant, they sent out the police launch in alarm; and Staff Commander Coghlan, R. N., writes from Perth, West Australia, 1,902 miles distant: "This coast has been visited (August 27th) by sounds like the firing of guns inland." And Mr. Skinner, of Alice Springs, South Australia, 2,233 miles distant, writes: "Two distinct reports similar to the discharge of a rifle were heard on the morning of the 27th, and similar sounds were heard at a sheep camp nine miles west of the station, and also at Undoolga, twenty-five miles east." At Diego Garcia, an island in the Indian Ocean, 2,267 miles distant, the people heard sounds from the east so distinctly that they thought it must be a ship in distress. And finally, Mr. James Wallis, chief of police in the Island of Rodriguez, which is almost across the Indian Ocean, 2,968 miles from Krakatoa, writes: "Several times during the night of the 26th–27th, reports were heard coming from the east, like the distant roar of heavy guns." This was as if a noise in Philadelphia had been heard in San Francisco.

Summing up the results of many reports like the above, it stands as certain that the Krakatoa explosion was heard over a sound zone covering one-thirteenth of the earth's entire surface; also, that the sounds, as is seen from the accompanying diagram, were carried much farther toward the west than toward the east, owing probably to the fact that a strong wind was blowing at the time.

Coming next to the sea waves sent from Krakatoa, the damage done by these was enormous. Two lighthouses in the Strait of Sunda were destroyed, all the towns and villages on the shores of Java and Sumatra bordering the strait were destroyed, all the boats and vessels on the same shores were destroyed, and 36,380 lives were lost. The tidal wave which started at ten o'clock was the one which wrought the worst destruction. Its average height when it struck the shores of Java and Sumatra is estimated at fifty feet, but in many places it is known to have been much higher than that. At Merak, on the Java coast, where there is a funnel-shaped bay that may have heaped the water up, the wave is said to have reached a height of 135 feet. And a man-of-war, the "Berouw," lying off the Sumatra shore, was carried a mile and three-quarters inland up a valley and left in a forest thirty feet above sea level.

These sea waves traveled across the Indian Ocean in all directions, and were recorded by tide gauges at Colombo, Ceylon, 1,760 miles distant; at Bombay, 2,700 miles distant; and at Cape Horn, about 5,000 miles distant. That is, they washed the southern coasts of Asia and the eastern coasts of Africa. Their average rate of transmission was about 350 miles an hour; their average height, as shown by the gauges, was from six to eighteen inches.

Coming now to other effects of this great explosion, it is established on the evidence of many officers of ships and dwellers on islands, that on this day a large part of the Indian Ocean was showered with lava dust and lava mud to a depth of several inches. This applies to an area of, perhaps, about half a million square miles, but in the immediate vicinity of Krakatoa, say within a hundred miles, the sea was so thick with fallen lava dust and debris that vessels pushed through it with great difficulty, as if they were passing through a field of broken ice. As for the Strait of Sunda, it was rendered quite impassable with mud and pumice, which is as if Channel steamers were blocked on their way to the Continent, because the Straits of Dover were covered with mud a foot or more deep. In a word, the mass of mud and ashes and lava dust blown out of Krakatoa into the air would have formed a solid cube a mile and a quarter in each dimension. That is four or five times more than Bandaisan threw out.

A great quantity of the finer dust projected into the air remained in suspension there for over a year, and by a refraction of light caused the red and purple sunsets, the blue moons, and the copper suns that were seen all over the world from September, 1883, to the close of 1884, and that caused so much discussion and alarm. The whole northern portion of the island, much the greater portion, with an area of nearly six square miles and an average height above sea level of 700 feet, was submerged, and remains so to this day, under 150 fathoms of water. Two new islands had thrust up their heads, and the whole configuration of the channel was altered. All of which confirms one in the opinion that, when this old earth begins to fire off her heavy artillery—that is, blow the heads off her mountains—it makes human battles and explosions in powder and dynamite factories and the like look rather small.

THE PEACE OFFERING.

By Octave Thanet,

Author of "The Missionary Sheriff," "Stories of a Western Town," etc.

THE strike had its edge on when Martin Wallace came to Burnside on his first detail as a reporter.

"Clear case of pull," snarled the man who had expected the assignment; "well, he'll make a holy mess of it!"

But therein he was wrong twice. It was not a case of influence, although Martin's father was a great friend of the proprietor; it was given the young fellow because one of the editors had taken a fancy to his stories in the "Harvard Advocate." Neither did Martin make a mess of the Burnside strike. For the latter good fortune he had old Oliver Jones to thank, at least in part. He made Oliver's acquaintance his first afternoon in town. The strike was two weeks old that day, which was time enough for the small tradesmen to be looking sharply after credits, and the wives to be ordering cautiously; time enough for the line of policemen bristling outside the great dingy bulk of the steel mills to have grown odious and menacing; time enough for the ceaseless clatter of the rolls, day and night, night and day, to taunt the idle men: "You are gone, but we don't stop! We *won't* stop!" and time enough for the painted sky behind the black chimneys to glow a baleful sign of blood and war. Martin passed dozens of sullen groups on his way down the wide, shady village street that ended in the "mill district." He heard snatches of wild talk at every corner.

One young man's face arrested him. It was because it was the only face that he had seen that was not lowering; this face was simply sad.

"Well, how's the strike?" said Martin, while his quick eyes took in all the young man's six feet of splendid muscles and his curly brown head. His features were rather delicate for such a big fellow. His eyes were small, but very bright, and of that sensitive gray which takes the hue of the light and the moment's feeling. He gave Martin a quick, unresponsive glance in return. On his part, perhaps, he took in the other man's well cut clothes, his slight stature, his limp, and his reporter's pad.

"It's on," said he, coldly.

"Are you fellows going to win?"

"I don't know."

"I say"—Martin laughed, with a sudden friendliness in his face—"that isn't the answer I expected. But maybe you aren't one of the strikers?"

"I'm a striker fast enough, but I'm not God Almighty; and I guess he's the only one can tell how things are going to shape themselves at this stage of the game."

With that he brushed off, as one who did not seek talk; he did not so much as turn his head to Martin's "I hear you are very orderly——"

Martin gave his attention to the people on the streets. The scattered groups were slowly drifting in one direction, towards the river, towards the steel works. The crowd lined up on the sidewalk opposite the long stockade that was a background for the patrol of police; it lined the street—and waited.

Presently the big red gates swung open and a little company of police marched out. Martin felt his pulses pricking. The crowd was like a hound in a leash straining forward, then hauled back by some invisible force.

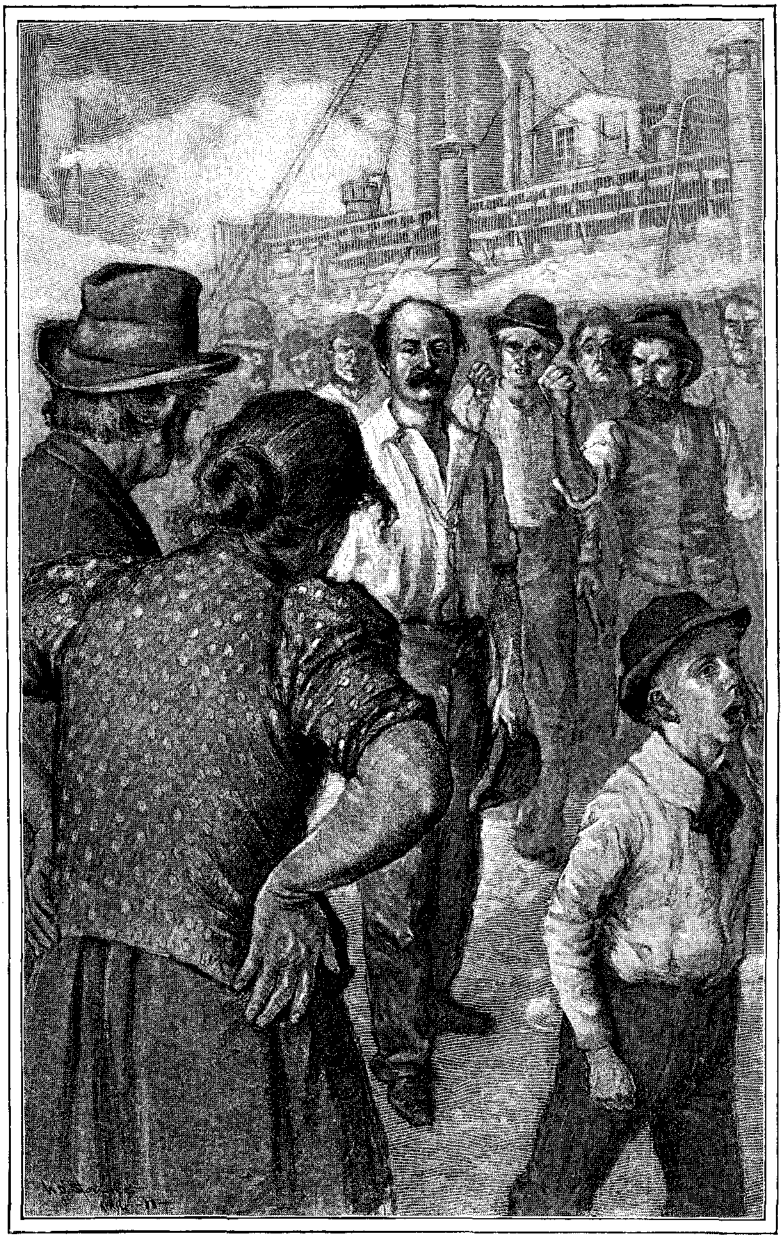
"The scabs is coming!" screamed a child's pipe.

Behind the blue ranks Martin could see the new men. Some of them were farmers' lads, young, awkward, but undismayed, defying the scowling faces and insulting gestures. The others had bleached faces and hang-dog eyes, and slunk together. "They must have raked the slums," thought Martin. What surprised him very much was the quiet of the crowd; they scratched their wrists and yelled "Black sheep!" and "Scabs!" here and there, in scattering volleys of abuse; but for the most part they looked on in glowering silence. Last of the men, just in front of the police, a man walked alone. He was a man of another sort. Anyone who knew steel workers could tell at a glance that he was a veteran steel man. He had taken off his hat to wipe his face and his bald head, which the August sun beaded with moisture. The face was round, florid, and, in spite of the discomfort and peril of his plight, had a kind of grin on it. His leather-guarded trousers and blue-checked shirt made the heavy gold watch chain dangling over his chest look incongruous. There were gray hairs in the scanty, red-brown fringe and stubby moustache, but his small gray eyes were sparkling, and he walked as lightly as a boy.

No sooner did this man come in good view of the crowd than an indescribable uproar broke out, one long, furious yell: "Scab!" "Scab!"

He retained the same unruffled composure. The air was full of threats and oaths. Why this one man was singled out more than the others Martin could not tell. More out of curiosity to know than for any other reason, he turned on his heel and followed the procession. The new men had a short distance to go—only to their boarding-house, which was behind a stockade and patrolled by a policeman. But this one man, at a turning, slipped away into the streets. Not unobserved, for a dozen men left the crowd to follow him, offering no violence, but shouting "Scab!" and "Traitor!"

At the same moment the striker with whom Martin had talked and another man, a tall man in a red shirt, ran past the others and joined the cause of the cries.



"*One long, furious yell: 'Scab! scab!'*"

"No swiping!" called the man in the red shirt, who showed to Martin a flushed, black-bearded face and a huge swinging fist. "You let him alone!"

The words were addressed to two or three of the crowd who had picked up stones and were in advance of the others.

The first of the crowd hurled a brick, calling that he'd kill a scab as quick as a mad dog. Instantly the big fist was in his face.

"Drop it!" cried the man in the red shirt. "You know the orders. Drop it, you fool!"

"And *you* keep off," shouted the other striker, his companion, to the next assailant.

"Aw, let 'em both come on and see how I can fight," said the pursued man, who had faced about and was putting up his fists with a cheerful air.

The two men fell back sullenly. "Scab! scab!" they cried in the rear.

"'Tis only a word," said the man; "I don't mind it."

The men, still yelling and jeering, fell back. But a woman, who had run abreast of the crowd, pushed herself into the van. She was a wild figure, with disheveled dress and flying hair; and wilder was her shrill voice, screaming: "Noll Jones, *I* ain't under orders, and I'll mark you well, you scab, you black-hearted traitor!"

Both the men who had come to Noll Jones's assistance turned to catch her frantic arms; but Martin, who was the nimblest, caught her wrist, whirling her about. "Don't you do it," said he. "I'm a reporter, and it would get into the papers, and I'd make fun of you and say you were no lady!"

"Ye would, would ye? Ye little limping poodle dog!" She made a dart at him with her teeth in an access of fury. Martin held her off from him; he was stronger than he looked. He shook his head at the young striker, who would have pulled the woman away.

"What good will it do the strike or you, either, to scratch me or call me bad names and make me suspect that you are not a decent woman?"—so he continued coolly, although his cheek was hot, for he did mind his limping—"you'll only make me think you have been drinking."

Her passion collapsed as swiftly as it had swelled. "I ain't, then," she answered, "and Tom Neal knows it, and so does Mr. Walden. But my man's in bed with his head broke by dirty cops——"

"Pete got hurt yesterday, I guess, when he was fighting drunk," interposed the young man, Walden.

"Pete ain't a drinking man, Mr. Walden, no he ain't. Any man would git downhearted laying round idle from morning till night. He's got to go to the saloon to git the news; and then he takes a drop, and they git to talking, and he takes more'n he knows; and they all git excited."

"I guess you don't do anything to calm him, Mrs. Waters. I saw you at every meeting; and I guess you're on the street a good deal."

The woman bridled, but she did not explode again. The man in the red shirt said something about it's being hard on the women, too.

"Of course I know you're wanting the news; but if you'll do a little washing instead of running the streets, I'll give it to you," said Walden.

"And here's a dollar for the kids," said Noll Jones.

The woman struck the silver out of his hand, and ran down the street.

"Your money's got blood on it, you scab!" she cried; "but I'll take the washing and thank you, Mr. Walden."

"She's a silly, violent woman," said Walden, with unexpected heat.

"Pshaw," said Noll, good naturedly, picking up the coin and dusting it with his finger tips, "what do I care for the word! Judy's a good woman when she ain't in a bad temper. But I'm obliged to you, Mister Reporter, and to you Oscar, and"—he hesitated, while his lips twitched into a smile that seemed to conceal some other emotion—"it was—say, I'm very much obliged to *you*, Tom." He turned to the tall man, whose face flushed darkly as he dove his hands into his pockets, looking away from Jones's outstretched hand.

"We are running this strike in a decent, orderly way; but I won't shake hands with a scab, no matter who he is!" said he.

Jones winced, and the blood mounted to his forehead; but he kept the reins on his temper. "You'll see that different some day, I guess," he replied; "good afternoon; I'd ruther you wouldn't walk any further with me, it might hurt your reputation." The irony in the last words was the only sign he gave that Tom's jeer had cut.

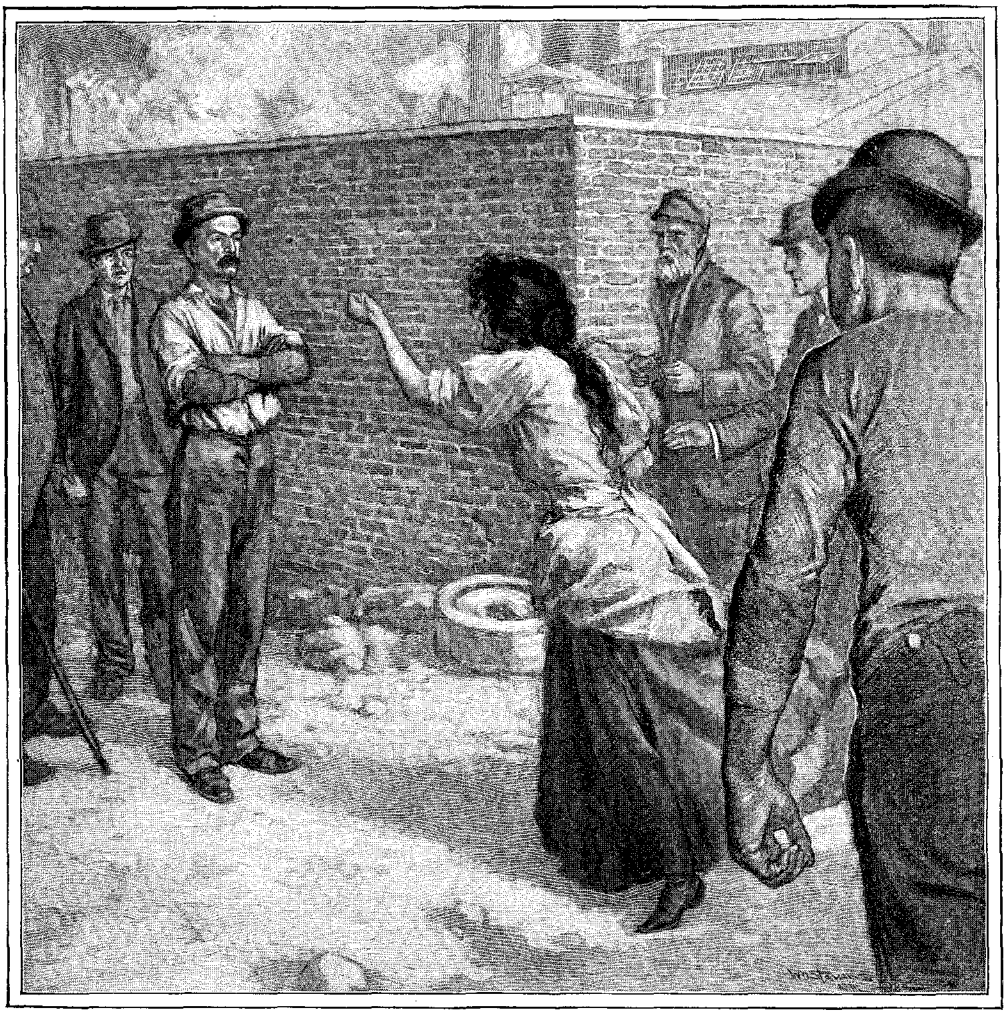
"I'll go with you, Noll," said Walden.

"And I, if you'll let me," said Martin.

"Thank you, boys," said Jones; "good-by, Tom."

But Tom's back was swinging down the street. He made no response.

Jones and the others continued their way, and Martin began to ask questions, prefacing them with an apology, which Noll Jones took in very good part. No, he didn't mind talking about the strike. "My name's Noll Jones; I guess everybody in Burnside knows me. I'm a roller at the Burnside Steel Works, the only roller who didn't strike. They used to call me a good fellow, now they call me a traitor and a bloody, black-



"I'll mark you well, you scab, you black-hearted traitor!"

hearted scab." He smiled amiably at Walden, who unaccountably sighed.

"How did you come to stick to the Burnside people when the others went out?" said Martin.

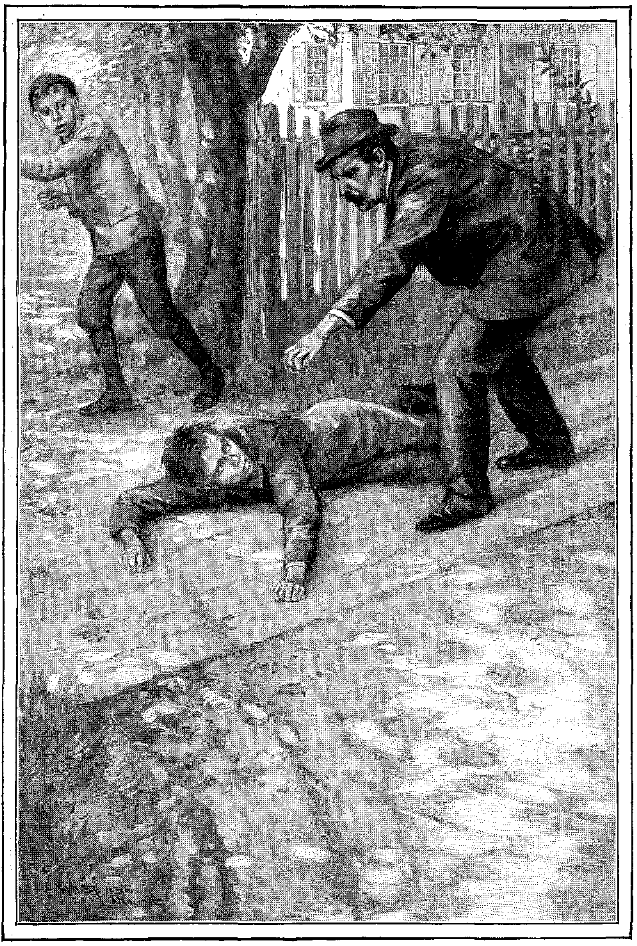
Noll chuckled: "Well, I guess you'll not understand much better'n I do, if I do tell you; and I ain't got it quite to rights in my own head, yet. It wasn't exactly because the boys are making kinder too big demands—though I guess they are; still, I got a good sized pile laid up, and I can afford to lay by a few months well enough, stay quiet, wear my good clothes, and keep off the street, and sure to git back when the strike's over and nobody feeling hard. 'Noll Jones, he wasn't in none of the rows,' says the officers, 'he was all for law and order;' and 'Old Noll Jones, he walked right out with the boys,' says the boys; and it would be friendly all round. And 'nuff sight easier for me and Nanny—she's my daughter, all the child I got, and her ma's dead. And 'tain't that I mind the subscribing to the funds I'd have to do; I've always lived free and had something to throw in when they passed the hat. Ain't I, Oscar?"

"That's right," said Oscar.

"No, twasn't any of them things. But you see I worked in the Burnside mill ever since we come over from Wales, me a little kid of twelve. And I'm fifty-two year old. I was there when old Foster Burnside owned the works. Say, he was a good man. I knew him well. He'd often stop and give me a word, passing. I guess it's a bad job he's dead, too. The widder sold the works to his cousins, him having no child to speak of—jest a lawyer."

"Judge Foster Burnside is a great lawyer, you know," Martin interposed.

"Maybe, maybe. Nice man, too; but no



"Like a thunderbolt his pursuer was upon him."

'count for a steel mill. No doubt, though, lawyers has their place. But he didn't know rounds from ovals, and when he'd come in to see the mill, I was scared to death lest he'd git burned—never seemed to know which way to jump! So the works went to the second cousins and some other fellers. I ain't finding fault, but things haven't gone like they used to; there's about twice as many men and all sorts of new kinks with electricity and God knows what not; but I ain't seen the president to speak to three times, and most times we've had some kind of a dispute going on. But the superintendent, he's the same, and he asked me, personally, would I stick to 'em. I says, 'See here, if I stick to you, you know they'll call me a scab and my girl's mates won't speak to her and I wouldn't be so bad shunned if I had the smallpox'—ain't that right, Oscar?"

Walden nodded.

"'Now,' I says to him, 'if I risk that and they don't kill me or break my legs or blow me up, someway, and I stand by you and the firm, for the sake of old times, will you and the firm stand by me? Or will you make a kind of peace offering of me to git the boys back?' Says he, 'You stand by us, Noll, and, by God, we'll stand by you.' And there was the picture of the old man, old Foster Burnside, hanging up in the office, and I kinder looked up at it, for I thought an awful lot of the old man; and I says, 'There's my hand on it, I'll stick to you, no matter what the boys say.' And three of the boys on the eight-inch, Henry Wiser, Stumpy Dix, and Patsy Doornan, they stuck to me; but Long Tom, he went out with the boys. And, I'm sorry to say, we had words first."

"But you went out?"—Martin looked at Walden.

"Sure," said Walden.

"May I ask why?"

"I don't mind. It's just that I wasn't going back on the boys."

"Nor he ain't going back on me, neither," said Noll, laughing, "and that's what is hurting some of 'em bad. You see, Nanny's all the child I got. I had two boys, likely boys as you ever saw, wasn't they, Oscar?"

"I never saw such nice boys," said Oscar. He slipped his hand through Noll's arm, bending his tall head a little.

"Oliver was the oldest. He was educated, went to school, then he went to college."

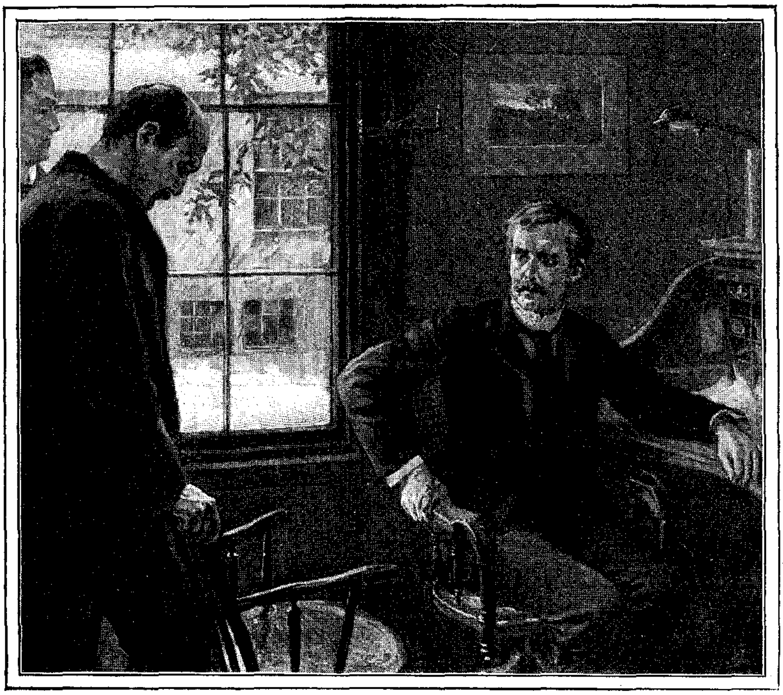
Martin opened his eyes; then he recalled how much more considerable a sum the average good roller's wages make in a year than a clergyman's salary, and nodded.

"He took to learning like a duck does to water. There's awful good blood in our family on his mother's side. The missus was a lady, her pa was a minister, and I always kept her like a lady. I don't know the time she didn't have a hired girl, except jest when we were first married, and then we always hired a washerwoman. She took a deal of comfort in Oliver; but he had the pneumonia, and died while he was in college. Then, there was little Foster, that I named after the old man. Well, he was good to Foster; and when Foster was killed he went to the funeral. Foster was the kind of boy you couldn't help liking, everybody liked him. He wouldn't go to school a day after he was fourteen—jest bound to git at the iron. He was my finisher when he was killed."

He must have read the touch of horror that wrinkled Martin's brow, because he added: "I daresay I ought to be thankful he wasn't burned; it was one of the pipes in the engine bursted, jest as they were a fixing it. It hit Foster in the head; doctor said he never knew what hurt him. They came round to me afterwards, one of the snide lawyers that go nosing round for damage suits, and wanted me to sue the company. I told him to get out, for it wasn't the company's fault. No more it was; minute they suspected that pipe they went to fixing it, and it bursted. I don't know how it got to the old man, but it did, and he was awful pleased about it. He wanted to put up a stone to Foster; but I told him I wasn't poor, I could put up stones to my children. 'I'll not forget the decent way you've acted, Noll,' says he, and he shook hands with me. The old man was always square. Do you know, he put up a wash-room for the men to wash up for their dinners, with tables and chairs as well as lockers and wash places, and he had it called the Foster B. Jones room. The words are painted over the door. And long's he lived he sent papers and magazines there for the men to read."

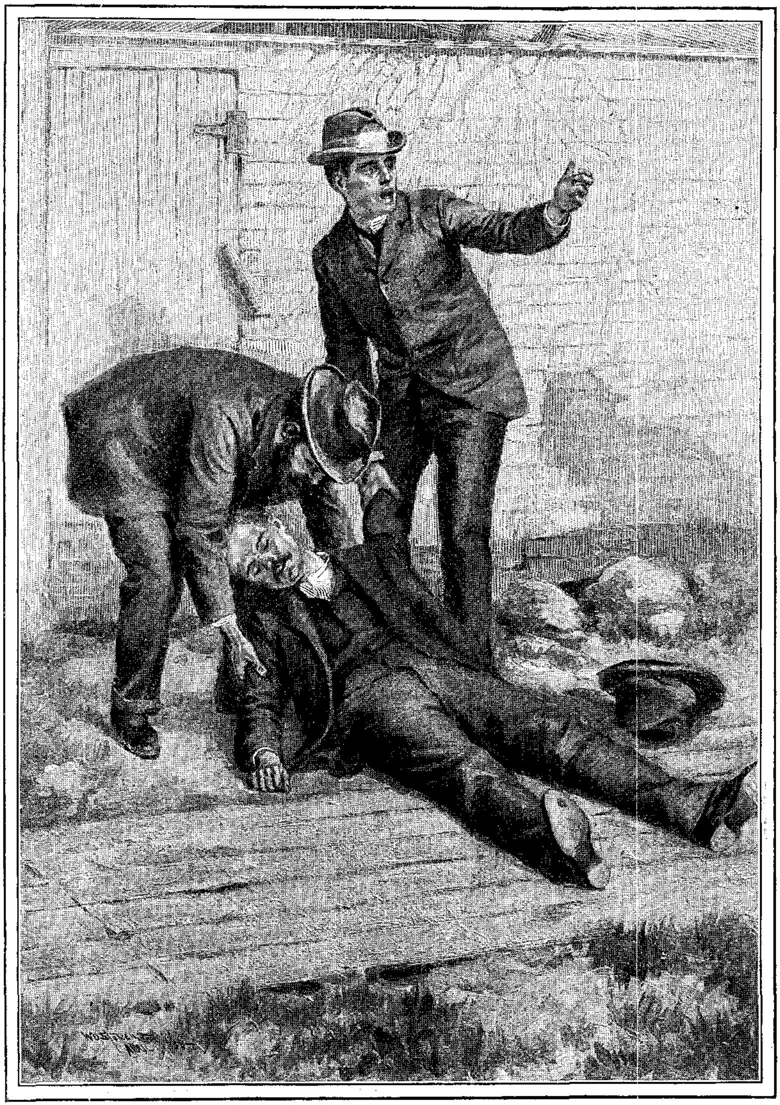
"And since he died, you have been sending them yourself," said Oscar.

"'Cept what you send," retorted Noll, with a grin; "but this ain't what I was going to tell you. You see, 'bout this time my wife died; and there was jest Nanny and me. It was a mighty rough time; my wife was an awful good woman. And I always tried to remember it. I cut loose in the mill, sometimes, when things is aggravating, but they never heard me swear at home—well"—as a flicker kindled in Oscar's grave eyes—"damn, now and then, that ain't nothing, that might slip out me not knowing. But I mean I was particular. And there never was a kinder wife. So there was only Nanny and me left, and you can believe we think an awful lot of each other. I give Nanny a good education, but she got it right here, she'd never go away to school; and there's a young man studying for a doctor wants to marry her. And I tell you I was scared, he sat around in the parlor so much, and was so particular to call me 'Mister Jones,' and laughed so hard at my jokes; but Nanny never took to him, she took to Oscar, who had always played with her. She made a joke of it. 'I'm going to marry money,



"Noll was standing, both his hands on an office chair."

pa,' says she, 'not position. I'm going to take Oscar, who can make more money than any of them. And a steel worker can be just as good a gentleman as anybody.' She's right, too; steel workers are a awful pleasant, nice lot of fellows."



" It was Tom Neal who was waiting and lifted the unconscious man."

Martin thought of the scene round the corner. Noll looked at him sharply and laughed. "Why, you don't call that anything, down there," with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder; "that ain't nothing. Besides, a strike's jest war; and folks lose their heads in a war. Why, they wanted Oscar to break with Nanny 'cause she was a scab's daughter. He had to lick two fellers before they saw things right. Lots of 'em objected 'cause he comes to the house, but he says he's going to see his sweetheart at her father's house and he's going to treat his father-in-law decent."

"I would be a pretty poor try for a man if I did anything else," said Oscar.

The other man looked at him with a frank affection that touched the young reporter, fresh from his college friendships; he cleared his throat before he spoke. "Oh, Oscar's all right. Nanny and I would be kinder lonesome, wasn't for Oscar. Well, here's the house."

The yard was large and in good order. The house stood far back from the street, a pretty wooden house, newly painted, with fanciful windows and a wide disk of piazza. A bent and grizzled old man, so decrepit one would not expect to see him working anywhere outside of a street-cleaning gang, was pottering over the lawn.

"Hullo, where's Ross ?" exclaimed Oscar. "They didn't——"

"Oh, yes, they did," said Noll, grimly. "Wife and 'leven children to keep; but he couldn't stand it working for a scab, he said. So Nanny got old Flint, who ain't much to work, but at least they can't coax him away. And they got the girl off, too. Yes. Nanny's given that girl I don't know how much clothes for her wedding. She was going to marry, Mr. Wallace, marry a feller used to be a rooster for the Burnsides, and struck with the other boys. He got pretty full and come round to her last Sunday, and told Mary she'd got to quit us or he'd quit her. You know how he'd talk. So she cried all night, and didn't put her clothes to soak, and after breakfast she come to Nanny, and Nanny advised her to go and not have trouble with her young man. Come in."

"But you haven't got any girl, and——"

"Don't you suppose Nanny can cook a supper ? But we've got a girl, jest in from the country and got a brother 'mong the new men. Mr. Wallace, I don't like to urge you, for folks might make it uncomfortable if you came, but I'd be glad to see you."

Martin had not thought to go further, but the last sentence was like a spur to the young fellow's mettled spirit. He answered promptly, "If my coming will not inconvenience Miss Jones, I shall be glad to come, Mr. Jones."

"That's right—all but the Mr. Jones; my friends all call me Noll."

"And mine call me Martin," said the young fellow, impulsively.

Jones held out his hand, and Martin shook it; and thus the pact was formed.

Martin found Nanny a pretty, modest young girl, who looked like hundreds of young American girls in her street suit, but who had a soft Welsh voice. The supper was well cooked and well served; and Martin's welcome was so warm that it touched him. His heart opened to these simple, frank people, who were so glad to see him. And the more readily that through all the good cheer and gaiety and affection of the three he seemed to hear the heavy step of invisible, but ever approaching danger. It sounded whenever he detected Nanny's veering the subject if it looked towards the strike; it sounded whenever he caught Oscar's melancholy glance on its way to his sweetheart's averted face. He had to put the fancy out of his head by force. Then he enjoyed the evening. But it came back to him, on his way through the quiet, dark streets, with Oscar, after they left the house. Martin had been expressing his strong liking for the roller.

"Yes," agreed Oscar, "he is a fine man. Isn't it queer folks can turn on him so? There wasn't anybody in town that everybody, rich and poor alike, thought so much of as Noll Jones. They all called him Noll, even the kids. Now—you saw! That's what makes it so cruel hard on him."

Martin said that he thought Noll took the public outcry very philosophically.

"You didn't know Noll before. I can see it's wearing on him. The worst is Long Tom—you saw him, you saw him give Noll the marble heart. Would you suppose those two men had been like brothers ? Well, they had. Long Tom was the heater, and Noll the roller, on the eight-inch; and I never saw two men think more of each other seemingly. When Tom's boy died Miss Nanny was there for a week. It was diphtheria; but Noll let her go—he thought as much of Tom as that!"

"And yet Tom went back on him ?"

"I don't see how he could; but I tell you, Mr. Wallace, there ain't a thing on earth or in hell that we workingmen are so afraid of as that word Scab. First Tom was trying to argue Noll out of the notion of sticking to the company; and from arguing they got to disputing, and from disputing they got to flinging names back and forth. And finally they were both mad; and Long Tom swore before all the mill that he'd never speak to Noll until he came out and joined his mates. He didn't say a word to him until to-day. And they used to be 'most every night together, his house or Noll's; and now, poor Mrs. Neal slinks across the street and goes blocks out of her way not to meet Noll or Miss Nanny and have to pass 'em by or have a row with Tom. And Tom's drinking lots more than is good for him. It's bad all round. The worst is things won't mend. And—I don't see how Noll's going to stand it!"

"What do you mean ? The strike will end somehow."

"I don't know which way it will end. One thing I know, and all the rest of us know, they'll want the old men back.

Whether they lick us or we lick them, they want the old men back. And we'll get back, some way. And then there'll be bad blood with Noll. And if we lick them—and we're just as likely and maybe a little more—they'll throw Noll over. And it will 'most kill him."

Oscar spoke with a suppressed vehemence that was startling in so quiet a fellow.

"But do you think the company *will* throw him over? It—why, it would be atrocious!"

"Well, they will, just the same. It will be, 'We'll come back if you bounce Noll Jones;' and they ain't going to lose the thousands of dollars they're losing every day, a day longer than necessary, after they decide to throw up the sponge, only to keep on one man! No, sir. What do they do all the while? Do they keep these scabs they're so keen to hire? Never; not even when they can do the work. And it's the same with the old men when they scab. The other fellows ask for their heads, *and they get them, too!* And it's knowing that makes men scary of sticking to the bosses. They know that when it comes to a question of losing money or breaking their word to them, they'll go."

Oscar might have said more, but at this moment they were joined by some young workmen, acquaintances of Oscar, and the subject dropped of necessity.

Martin remained in Burnside a day longer. He wrote an account of the strike which the old man said showed "a good nose for news," and he gave a picture of the Welsh roller that tickled the original. Nanny got a dozen papers in her filial delight. But he judged it kinder to Oscar to omit him entirely, in which judgment he was confirmed by Oscar himself.

A month passed before Martin was in Burnside again. The strike by this time had slipped into a paragraph. The men continued "to excite admiration by their quiet and orderly behavior;" but for this they had some warrant in "a growing belief that the strikers would win."

Martin came on a Sunday morning, and took his way from the station to Noll's house without pause. The church bells were ringing, and he met little groups in their Sunday clothes leisurely pacing the streets. The air was still, with golden motes in it where the sun shone on the dust. The wide village street was dappled with shadows of elm trees. He heard a child's laugh now and then from the passing church-goers. The perfume of tea roses was wafted to him from the little gardens that prospered on either side. The scene was so tranquil, so homely and gentle, that Martin sighed for memory of his own peaceful Western town that was not too large to have its homes set in gardens. At this moment his ears were smitten with a piercing, childish din, and there burst round the corner a hooting mob of lads and little boys who danced at a safe distance from a furious man, yelling "Scab! Scab!" and accompanying the word with all the indecency of gesture that their small wits could compass.

Martin began to laugh at their antics, but suddenly uttered an exclamation: "Thunder! that's Noll!"

Simultaneously one of the imps stumbled and fell, and like a thunderbolt the pursuer was upon him. The rage in the Welshman's face shocked Martin, who was near enough to see what a little creature it was that he was choking, and even to perceive the child's face whiten and his bony little chest pant. But Noll bared his teeth at him with a grin of hate. "Will you call me scab? Will you, ye little —— ——!" he bellowed.

The boy struggled to speak, but the breath merely whistled through his nostrils. Noll must have felt his heart pounding against his ribs. "Was you one of the boys chased Johnny and tried to steal my dinner?"

Supreme anguish squeezed, "No, sir, please sir, no sir!" out of the gulping throat under his hand. Martin, however, had observed that Noll was holding his captive in a looser grasp. "Yes, you was, too," growled Noll, "I saw you. I'd ought to lambast you *well!*" (Heart-shaking pause during which the boy sobbed aloud.) "I *would* if you wasn't so little. You tell your father, if you've got one, he won't git off so easy if he tries that name on me. Now, show me how you can run!"

He flung the boy off, and stood somberly watching him scamper after his comrades as fast as his limp legs would let him. At Martin's hail, he turned, bristling, his fists up; it was a second before he recognized the face, then he forced a sorry smile. "Hullo, I'm glad to see you. Same old story, you see, me gitting mad. I've licked five men this last week. By —— I won't stand 'em slinging that word at me!"

His words gave Martin a chill; this was not the jovial philosopher who had so cheerfully defied the crowd three weeks ago.

"How's the strike?" said Martin—he said the first thing that entered his head to give his thoughts a chance to rally; he felt confused, like a man who expects to step into soft clay and finds himself on a bed of nettles.

"I dunno," returned Noll, morosely; "I know they have the worst lot of skunks in the country working. The chimneys keep a smoking, a smoking; but I tell you in confidence, we could haul every bit of decent iron we've made in a month on one wheelbarrow! Oh, they're rank!"

"But I thought you had three men——"

"So'd *I* think so. I don't now. They all weakened. Patsy, the best of 'em, he went West. The others, they joined the strikers, so's not to be called scabs."

He shrugged his shoulders in a queer way, clenching his fists and loosening the fingers and his muscles suddenly. One would say it was not so much a gesture of indifference as of pain. "I don't know's I blame them," said he, drearily; "it's hell, having that word in your ears all the time. And all the old faces that used to be so friendly turned away from you. Not a house you can so much as go to in case of sickness. My woodshed caught fire. Was it them set it afire? *I* don't know; I know it was afire in the night, and not one of the neighbors come to help me fight it, not even Tom Neal. Nanny and me fought it alone, till Oscar came with the fire department, and they put it out. Yes, and somehow Oscar got hit on the head that night, and he's been in bed ever since. Yes, sir"—he spread out both his hands, and Martin saw how changed and hueless his ruddy face had grown—"yes, sir, folks in the office, the cops, and them say, 'You keep your temper, Noll; don't fly at 'em, take 'em easy!' My God, if I didn't fly at 'em and fight 'em, I'd go crazy! I hear 'em yelping that word at me all night. I've got so I'm scared to sleep. Why, Martin, two months ago I used to look round this town and say, 'I ain't got an enemy in it!' Now I ain't got a friend."

"Oh, brace up, old man," Martin tried to comfort him, as he would have tried to comfort one of his chums. He took him gently by the arm. "There's the superintendent, surely he's your friend."

"I ain't so sure. Sometimes I think he'll go back on me, too. I don't see no way out. Say, Martin, won't you come and see Nanny?"

More and more, as Martin walked by Noll's side, he marveled at the woeful change in him. He no longer trod with the easy lightness that one acquires dodging hot iron; he had a listless, heavy-gaited slouch; yet his eyes were darting everywhere. His talk showed the irritability of his nerves; he did not seem like the same man. There was a reason why Martin should feel an intense pity for him, which he could not show except by an added friendliness of demeanor.

It was some time before he perceived that they were not going in the direction of Noll's house, and a minute or so after this discovery before he ventured to suggest it, in a tentative, off-hand way. "Why, you're going a new way to your house."

Noll had been sunk in a black reverie; he looked up suddenly. "What's that, Foster?" said he, in a very gentle voice. The pity of it all, remembering what he knew, caught Martin by the throat; he had to fish for his voice for a second.

Noll's eyes slowly took in his new friend's figure; he rubbed them with his hand. "I guess I forgot; it's not sleeping for sech a long while makes me sorter lose myself and talk out my thoughts. No, Martin, I ain't going home, I'm going to the works to see Mr. Blake, the superintendent. He wants to have a talk with me. Would you mind going with me?"

Martin was glad to go, feeling a nervous dread of the interview at the same time. Noll did not seem to see the half a dozen men who came down the sidewalk in front of the office just as they turned in. Martin remarked them, and Tom Neal among them: Tom looking two ways at once and stopping twice as if to turn back, yet each time going on the more briskly. He did not wonder how they got inside the cordon of police; he thought that he knew.

Blake greeted Noll with a surprising effusion of cordiality; but gave Martin a very cool stare, saying that he wanted to see Noll alone.

"That's all right, Mr. Blake," said Noll, "I asked him to come. I guess I know what you wanted to see me about. The boys will come back if you'll lay me off. And you got some big orders. And the boys have given up considerable, and it's losing a lot of money not to throw me over. Ain't that it?"

Blake was an elderly man, with a florid, good-natured face, that reddened more deeply at Noll's words. "It's bitter medicine to take, Noll," said he; "but I'm helpless. But I'll find just as good a job for you somewhere else. Sorry don't count much, but I *am* sorrier about this than I ever was in my life—sit down, Noll."

Noll was standing, both his hands on an office chair; it was almost as if he needed the chair to help him keep erect, and there were blue and white lines about his mouth; but he straightened himself and answered steadily: "No, thank you, I got to be going. I won't come back, then. Good morning."

He nodded his head, and walked very straight to the door, but something must have blurred his eyes, for he ran into the casing on one side, instantly recovering himself and stepping back.

Blake had jumped up and was at his side. "Won't you come back a minute? I feel like sin over this; I do; I'm *sick!* Let me show you the letter I've written——"

"To-morrow," said Noll; "I ain't well."

He put his hand up uncertainly to his head, moving the head itself slowly from side to side. His eyes, which were very dull, rested a second on the portrait of Burnside on the wall, while a kind of spasm convulsed his face; it was only for the space of an eye-blink, however, and instantly he braced his muscles and walked out of the door. Martin had his arm about him all the time, a support of which he did not appear to be conscious. He was walking quite firmly and of his own strength until they reached the sidewalk. Then, without warning, he swayed heavily against Martin, and it was all the young man could do to let him slip by degrees to the ground. There he lay like a log, and Martin's first glimpse of his purple red face made him cry out for help. It was Tom Neal who was waiting and lifted the unconscious man; but two or three policemen came at the same moment, and presently Oscar Walden, very pale and grim.

They sent for a doctor; but before he could come Noll opened his eyes. His first motion was to feel his throat and the loosened collar, his next to dash the water off his dripping hair; then he struggled to rise, gurgling, "You let me up. I ain't hurted bad. I can fight!"

"Noll, you lay still, it's all right," blubbered Long Tom, suddenly beginning to cry; 'jest old Tom. I was a fool to be mad with you, Noll, and if you only forgive me, I'll go off West with you and work in a black-sheep mill, I will by——!"

Noll wriggled out of his grasp, and struck feebly at Oscar on the other side.

"I'll fight ye, I ain't afraid of you! Take the word back!" he screamed.

"Oh, Lord! he don't know us," groaned Oscar.

. . . .

Martin Wallace called by appointment on the president of the Burnside Steel Works. He found him a young man of attractive appearance, but, in spite of his man-of-the-world air, struggling with considerable agitation. The president plunged into his subject at once. He supposed he might find fault with the article that Mr. Wallace had written on the conclusion of the Burnside strike, but——

"You have seen Judge Foster Burnside, and know it's all true," interrupted Martin.

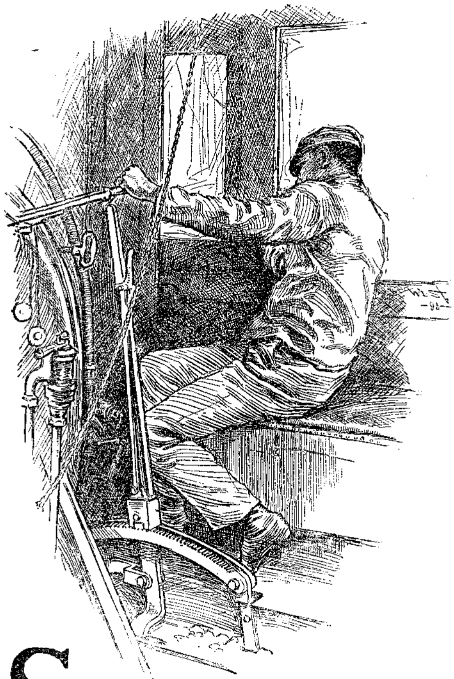
"That's it, Mr. Wallace. It places me in a—in a confusedly embarrassing position. I can assure you, until I saw Foster and knew about this roller, I didn't realize why Blake made such a racket about him. I am not the kind of man this would imply. I simply wanted to get out of a disastrous struggle the best way possible. I did not understand that our word was engaged. I supposed an equivalent job would make it all right. So we all did. Now, I'm told he was so cut up that he had a stroke of apoplexy and that he was a very good fellow. Isn't there some way to get this mess cleared up? You can see it is clearly impossible for us to take him back here. But I will buy his house here, myself, for a good advance on what he paid, and I'll get him just as good a job in a branch mill. Can't you see him for me and make some arrangement? You understand, don't you, how cursed mean I feel about it?"

"I understand," said Martin, gravely, "but I don't see what can be done. Noll Jones is in the Hunter Insane Asylum, and God only knows whether there is any chance of his recovery."

A PEG-LEGGED ROMANCE.

A RAILROAD STORY.

By John A. Hill,



SOME men are born heroes, some become heroic, and some have heroism thrust upon them; but nothing of the kind ever happened to me.

I don't know how it is; but, some way or other, I remember all the railroad incidents I see or hear, and get to the bottom of most of the stories of the road. I must study them over more than most men do, or else the other fellows enjoy the comedies and deplore the tragedies, and say nothing. Sometimes I am mean enough to think that the romance, the dramas, and the tragedies of the road don't impress them as being as interesting as those of the plains, the Indians, or the seas—people are so apt to see only the everyday side of life anyway, and to draw all their romance and heroics from books.

I helped make a hero once—no, I didn't either; I helped make the golden setting after the rough diamond had shown its value.

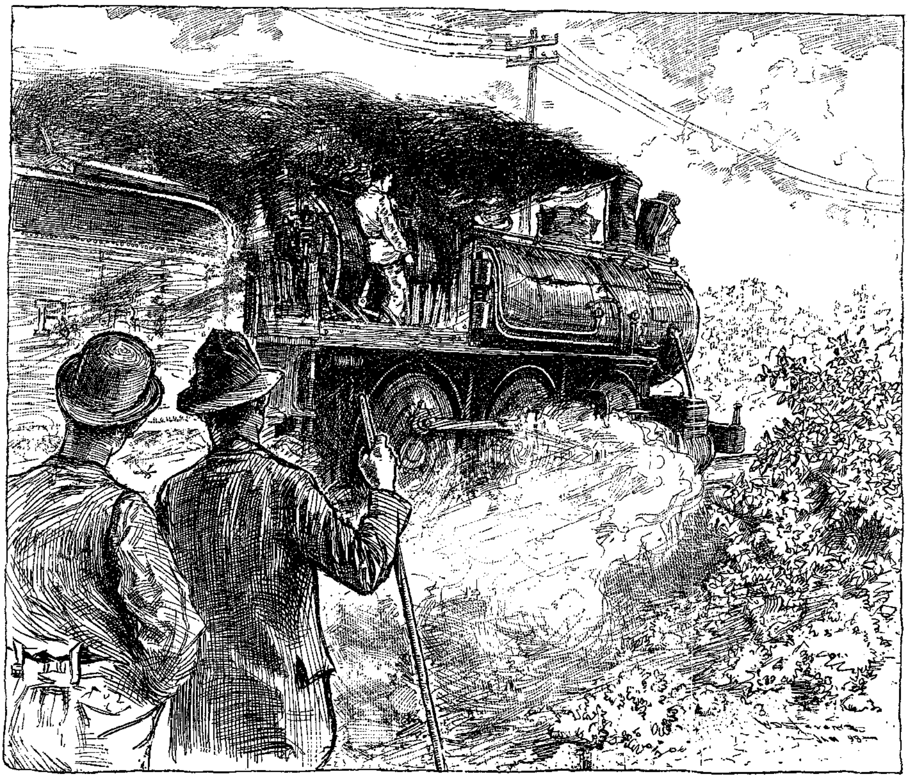
Miles Diston pulled freight on our road a few years ago. He was of medium stature, dark complexion, but no beauty. He was a manly-looking fellow, well-educated enough, sober, and a steady-going, reliable engineer; you would never pick him out for a hero. Miles was young yet—not thirty—but, somehow or other, he had escaped matrimony: I guess he had never had time. He stayed on the farm at home until he was of age, and then went firing, so that when I first knew him he had barely got to his goal—the throttle.

A good many men, when they first get there, take great interest in their work for a few months—until experience gives them confidence; then they take it easier, look around, and take some interest in other things. Most of them never hope to get above running, and so sit down more or less contented, get married, buy real estate, gamble, or grow fat, each according to the dictates of his own conscience or the inclinations of his make-up. Miles figured a little on matrimony.

I can't explain it; but when a railroad man is in trouble, he comes to me for advice, just as he would go to the company doctor for kidney complaint. I am a specialist in heart troubles. Miles came to me.

Miles was like the rest of them. They don't come right down and say, "Something's the matter with me; what would you do for it?" No, sir! They hem and haw, and laugh off the symptoms, until you come right out and tell them just how they feel and explain the cause; then they will do anything you say. Miles hemmed and hawed a little, but soon came out and showed his symptoms—he asked me if I had ever noticed the "Frenchman's" girl.

"The Frenchman," be it known, was our boss bridge carpenter. He lived at a small place half-way over my division—I was pulling express—and the freights stopped there, changing engines. I knew Venot, the bridge carpenter, very well; met him in lodge occasionally, and once in a while he rode on the engine with me to inspect bridges. His wife was a Canadian woman, and good-looking for her forty years and ten children. The daughter that was killing Miles Diston, Marie Venot, was the eldest, and had just



"It was this apparition of wreck, ruin, and concentrated energy that Marie Venot saw flash past her father's door."

graduated from some sisters' school. She was a very handsome girl, and you could read the romantic nature of her being through her big, round, gray eyes. She was vivacious, and loved to go; but she was a dutiful daughter, and at once took hold to help her mother in a way that made her all the more adorable in the eyes of practical men like Miles.

Miles made the most of his opportunities. But, bless you, there were other eyes for good-looking girls besides those in poor Miles Diston's head, and he was far from having the field to himself; this he wanted badly, and came to get advice from me.

I advised strongly against wasting energy to clear the field, and in favor of putting it all into making the best show and in getting ahead of all competitors. Under my advice, Miles disposed of some vacant lots, and bought a neat little house, put it in thorough order, and made the best of his opportunities with Marie.

Marie came to our house regularly, and I had good opportunity to study her. She was a sensible little creature, and, to my mind, just the girl for Miles, as Miles was just the man for her. But she had confided to my wife the fact that she never, never could consent to marry and settle down in the regulation, humdrum way; she wanted to marry a hero, some one she could look up to—a king among men.

My wife told her that kings and heroes were scarce just then, and that a lot of pretty good women managed to be comparatively happy with common railroad men. But Marie wanted a hero, and would hear of nothing less.

It was during one of her visits to my house that Miles took Marie out for a ride, and (accidentally, of course) dropped around by his new house, induced her to look at it, and told his story, asking her to make the home complete. It would have caught almost any girl; but when Miles delivered her at our door and drove off, I knew that there would be a "For Rent" card on that house in a few days and that Marie Venot was bound to have a hero or nothing.

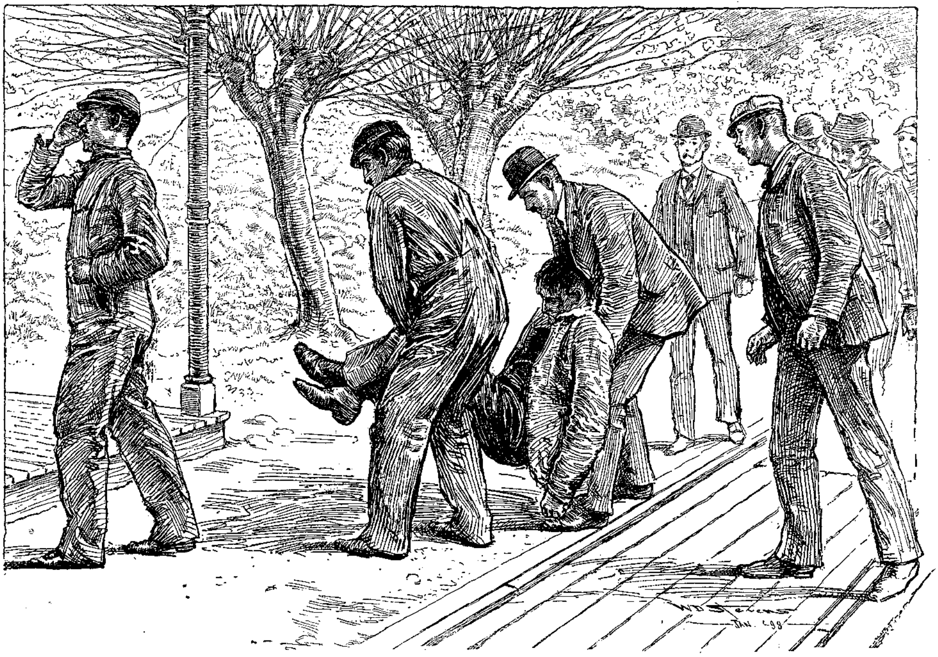
Miles took his repulse calmly, but it hurt. He told me that Marie was hunting for a different kind of man from him; said that he thought perhaps if he would enlist, and go out to fight Sitting Bull, and come home in a new, brass-bound uniform, with a poisoned arrow sticking out of his breast, she would fall at his feet and worship him. She told him she liked him better than any of the town boys; his calling was noble enough and hard enough; but she failed to see her ideal hero in a man with blue overclothes on and cinders in his ears. If any of Miles's competitors had rescued a drowning child, or killed a bear with a penknife, at this juncture, I'm afraid Marie would have taken him. But, as I have indicated, it was a dull season for heroes.

About this time our road invested in some mogul passenger engines, and I drew one. I didn't like the boiler sticking back between me and Dennis Rafferty. I didn't like six wheels connected. I didn't like a knuckle-joint in the side rod. I didn't like eighteen-inch cylinders. I was opposed to solid-end rods. And I am afraid I belonged to a class of ignorant, short-sighted, bull-headed engineers who didn't believe that a railroad had any right to buy anything but fifteen by twenty-two eight-wheelers—the smaller they were the more men they would want. I got over that a long time ago; but, at the time I write of, I was cranky about it. The moguls were high and short and jerky, and they tossed a man around like a rat in a corn-popper. One day, as I was chasing time over our worst division, holding on to the arm-rest and watching to see if the main frame touched the driving-boxes as she rolled, Dennis Rafferty punched me in the small of the back, and said: "Jahn, for the love ave the Vargin, lave up on her a minit. Oi does be chasing that dure for the lasth twinty minits, and dang the wan'st has I hit it fair. She's the divil on th' dodge."

Dennis had a pile of coal just inside and just outside of the door, the forward grates were bare, the steam was down, and I went in seven minutes late, too mad to eat—and that's pretty mad for me. I laid off, and Miles Diston took the high-roller out next trip.

Miles didn't rant and write letters or poetry, or marry some one else to spite himself, or take the first steamer for Burraga, or Equatorial Africa, as rejected lovers in stories do. It hurt, and he didn't enjoy it, but he bore up all right, and went about his business, just as hundreds of other sensible men do every day. He gave up entirely, however, rented his house, and said he couldn't fill the bill—there was n't a hero in his family as far back as he could remember.

Miles had been making time with the Black Maria for about a week, when the big accident happened in our town. The boilers in a cotton mill blew up, and killed a score of girls and injured hundreds more. Miles was at the other end of the division, and they hurried him out to take a car-load of doctors down. They were given the right of the road, and Miles tested the speed of



"We carried him into the depot."

that mogul — proving that a pony truck would stay on the track at fifty miles an hour, which a lot of us "cranks" had disputed.

A few miles out there is a coaling-station, and at that time they were building the chutes. One of the iron drop-aprons fell just as Miles with the mogul drew up to it; it smashed the headlight, dented the stack, ripped up the casing of the sand-box and dome, cut a slit in the jacket the length of the boiler, tore off the cab, struck the end of the first car, and then tore itself loose, and fell to the ground.

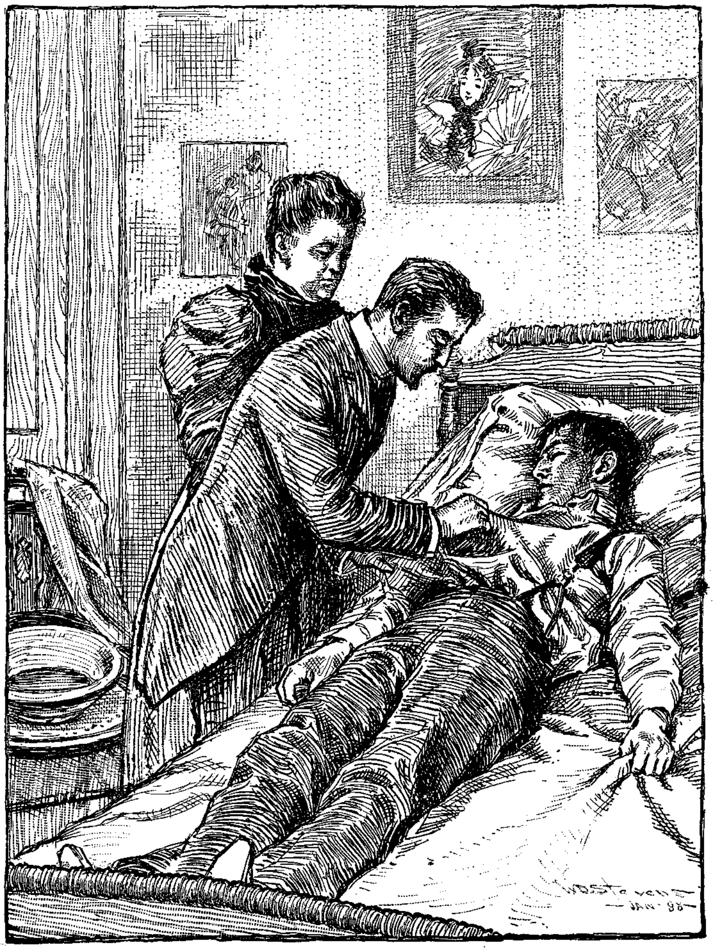
The throttle was knocked wide open, and the mogul was flying. Miles was thrown down, his head cut open by a splinter, and his foot pretty badly hurt. He picked himself up instantly, and took a look back as he closed the throttle. Everything was "coming" all right, he remembered the emergency of the case, and opened the throttle again. A hasty inspection showed the engine in condition to run—she only looked crippled. Miles had to stand up. His foot felt numb and weak, so he rested his weight on the other foot. He was afraid he would fall off if he became weak, and he had Dennis take off the bell-cord and tie it around his waist, throwing a loop over the reverse lever, as a measure of safety. The right side of the cab and all the roof were gone, so that Miles was in plain sight. The cut in his scalp bled profusely, and in trying to wipe the blood from his eyes, he merely spread it all over himself, so that he looked as if he had been half murdered.

It was this apparition of wreck, ruin, and concentrated energy that Marie Venot saw flash past her father's door, hastening to the relief of the victims of a worse disaster, forty miles away.

Her father came home for his dinner in a few minutes from his little office in the depot. To his daughter's eager inquiry he said there had been some big accident in town and the "extra" was carrying doctors from up the road. But what was the matter with the engine, he didn't know; it was the 170; so it was old man Alexander, he said—and that's the nearest I ever came to being a hero.

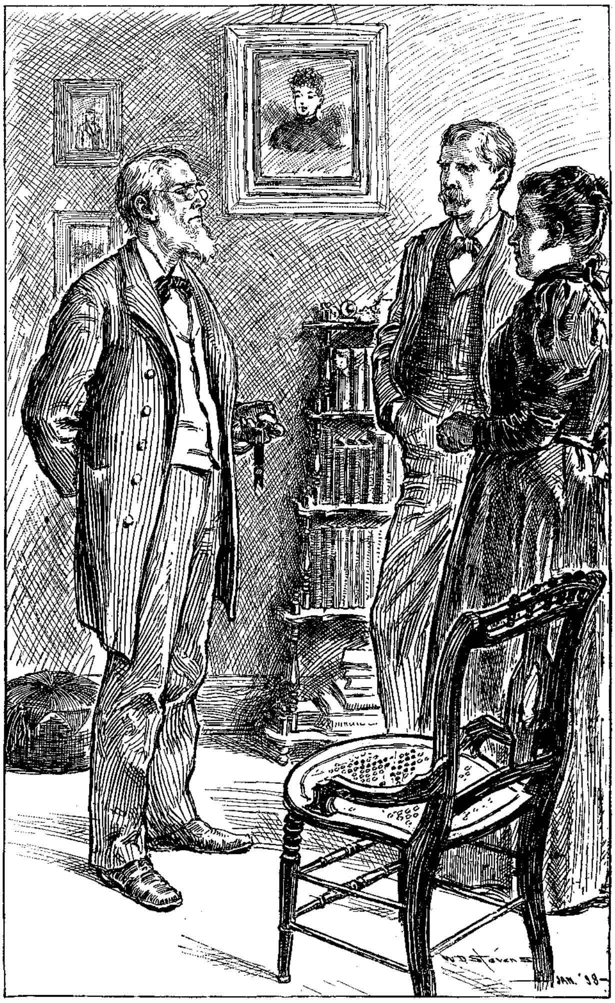
Marie knew who was running the 170 pretty well; so after dinner she went to the telegraph office for information, and there she learned that the special had struck the new coal chute at Coalton and that the engineer was hurt. It was time she ran down to see Mrs. Alexander, she said, and that afternoon's regular delivered her in town.

Like all other railroaders not better employed, I dropped round to the depot at train time to talk with the boys and keep track of things in general. The regular was late, but Miles Diston was coming with a special, and came while we were talking about it. Miles didn't realize how badly he was hurt until


WOSTER VENT — JAN '98 —

"The doctor found . . . a black bruise over the short ribs."

he stopped the mogul in front of the general office. So long as the excitement of the run was on, so long as he saw the absolute necessity of doing his whole duty until the desired end was accomplished, so long as he had a reputation to protect, his will power subordinated all else. But when several of us engineers ran up to the engine, we found Miles hanging to the reverse lever by his safety cord, in a dead faint. We carried him into the depot, and one of the doctors administered some restorative. Then we got a hack and started him and the doctor for my house; but Miles came to himself, and insisted on going to his boarding-house and nowhere else.



“I talked with the doctor and the nurse.”

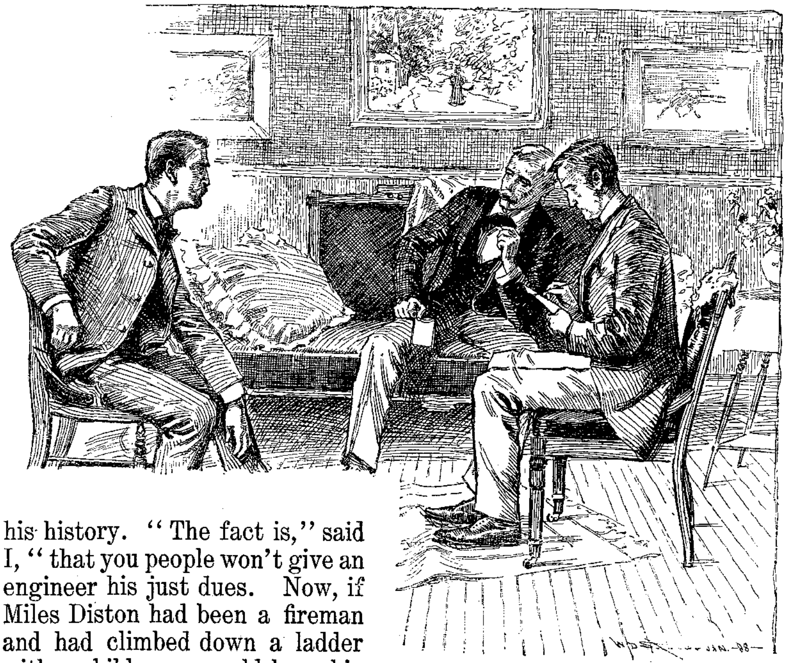
Mrs. Bailey, Miles's boarding-house keeper, had been a trained nurse, but had a few years before invested in a rather disappointing matrimonial venture. She was one of the best nurses and one of the “crankiest” women I ever knew. I believe she was actually glad to see Miles come home hurt, just to show how she could pull him through.

The doctor found that Miles had an ankle out of joint; the little toe was badly crushed; there was a bad cut in the leg, that had bled profusely; there was a black bruise over the short ribs on the right side, and there was a button-hole in the scalp that needed about four stitches. The little toe was cut off without ceremony, the ankle replaced and hot bandages applied, and other repairs were made, which took up most of the afternoon.

When the doctor got through, he called Mrs. Bailey and myself out into the parlor, and said that we must not let people crowd in to see the patient; that his wounds were not dangerous, but very painful; that Miles was weak from loss of blood, and that his constitution was not in particularly good condition. The doctor, in fact, thought that Miles would be in great luck if he got out of the scrape without a run of fever. Thereafter Mrs. Bailey referred all visitors to me. I talked with the doctor and the nurse, and we all agreed that it would stop most inquisitive people to simply say that the patient had suffered an amputation.

That evening, when I went home, there were two anxious women to receive me, and the younger of them looked suspiciously as if she had been crying. I told them something of the accident, how it all happened, and about Miles's injuries. Both of them wanted to go right down and help “do something,” but I told them of the doctor's order and of his fears.

By this time the reporters came; and I called them into the parlor, and then let them pump me. I detailed the accident in full, but declined to tell anything about Miles or



"The reporters came, and I called them into the parlor, and then let them pump me."

his history. "The fact is," said I, "that you people won't give an engineer his just dues. Now, if Miles Diston had been a fireman and had climbed down a ladder with a child, you would have his picture in the paper and call him a hero and all that sort of thing; but here is a man crushed, bleeding, with broken bones, and a crippled engine, who stands on one foot, lashed to his reverse lever, for eighty miles, and making the fastest time ever made over the road, because he knew that others were suffering for the relief he brought."

"That's nerve," said one of the young men.

"Nerve!" said I, "nerve! Why, that man knows no more about fear than a lion; and think of the sand of the man! This afternoon he sat up and watched the doctor perform that amputation without a quiver; he wouldn't take chloroform; he wouldn't even lie down."

"Was the amputation above or below the knee?" asked the reporter.

"Below" (I didn't state how far).

"Which foot?"

"Left."

"He is in no great danger?"

"Yes, the doctor says he will be a very sick man for some time—if he recovers at all. Boys," I added, "there's one thing you might mention—and I think you ought to—and that is that it is such heroes as this that give a road its reputation; people feel as though they were safe behind such men."

If Miles Diston had read the papers the next morning he would have died of flattery; the reporters did themselves proud, and they made a whole column of the "iron will and nerves of steel" shown in that "amputation without ether."

Marie Venot was full of sympathy for Miles; she wanted to see him, but Mrs. Bailey referred her to me, and she finally went home, still inquiring every day about him. I don't think she had much other feeling for him than pity. She was down again a week later, and I talked freely of going to pick out a wooden foot for Miles, who was improving right along.

Meanwhile, the papers far and near copied the articles about the "Hero of the Throttle," and the item about the road's interest in heroes attracted the attention of our general passenger agent—he liked the free advertising and wanted more of it—so he called me in one day, and asked if I knew of a choice run they could give Miles as a reward of merit.

I told him, if he wanted to make a show of gratitude from the road, and get a big free advertisement in the papers, to have Miles appointed superintendent of the Spring Creek branch, where a practical man was needed, and then give it out "cold" that Miles had been rewarded by being made superintendent of the road. This was afterwards done, with a great hurrah (in the papers).

The second Sunday after Miles was hurt, Marie was down, and I thought I'd have a little fun with her, and see how she regarded Miles.

"There's quite a romance connected with Diston's affair," said I at the dinner table, rather carelessly. "There is a young lady visiting here in town—I hear she is very wealthy—who saw Miles when we took him off his engine. She sends flowers every day, calls him her hero, and is just crazy for him to get well so she can see him."

"Who is she, did you say?" asked my wife.

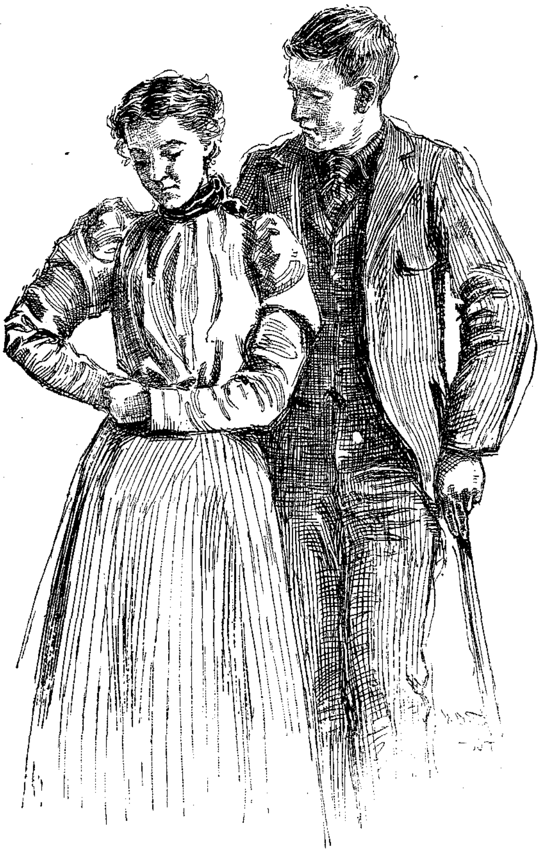
"I forget her name," said I, "but I am here to tell you that she will get Miles if there is any chance in the world. Her father is an army officer, but she says that Miles Diston is a greater hero than the army ever produced."

"She's a hussy," said Marie.

I don't know whether you would call that a bull or a bear movement on the Diston stock, but it went up—I could see that.

A week later Miles was able to come down to our house for dinner, and my wife asked Marie to come also. I met her at the depot, and after she was safe in the buggy, I told her that Miles was up at the house. She nearly jumped out; but I quieted her, and told her she mustn't notice or say a word about Miles's game leg, as he was extremely sensitive about it.

My wife was in the kitchen, and I went to the barn to put out the horse. Marie went to the sitting-room to avoid the parlor and Miles, but he was there, I guess, and Marie found her hero, for when they came out to dinner he had his arm around her. They were married a month later, and went to Washington, stopping to see us on the way back.



"But he was there, . . . and Marie found her hero."

As I came home that night with my patent dinner pail, and with two rows of wrinkles and a load of responsibility on my brow, Marie shook her fist in my face and called me "an old story-teller."

"Story-teller," said I; "what story?"

"Oh, what story? That *leg* story, of course, you old cheat."

"What leg story?"

"Old innocence; that amputation below the knee—you know."

"Wa'n't it below the knee?"

"Yes, but it was the little toe."

"John," said Miles, "she cried when she looked for that wooden foot and only found a slightly flat wheel."

"That's just like 'em," said I. "Here Marie only expected a part of a hero, and we give her a whole man, and she kicks—that's gratitude for you."

"I got my hero all right, though," said Marie; "you told me a big fib just the same, but I could kiss you for it."

"Don't you do that," said I; "but if the Lord should send you many blessings, and any of 'em are boys, you might name one after me."

She said she'd do it—and she did.

MARY TODD LINCOLN.

REMINISCENCES AND LETTERS OF THE WIFE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

By Emily Todd Helm.

COMPARATIVELY little is known concerning the family history of Mary Todd Lincoln, although the press of the country has recorded much that has not been agreeable for her friends and relatives to read, often giving totally erroneous ideas of her; and thus the public has insensibly been prejudiced against her. Her ancestry can be traced to a long line of men distinguished in the early history of Pennsylvania and other States. She was related to the families of Parker, Bodley, Owens, McFarland, Findlay, Major, and Porter, of Pennsylvania. Her great grandfather, General Andrew Porter, was the close friend of Washington. The Porters furnished Pennsylvania with a governor, and two of them filled cabinet positions.

What is known of the Todd family is honorable. Of the covenanters captured at Bothwell Bridge, two hundred and fifty were sentenced to be transported to America. Two hundred of these were drowned in a shipwreck off the Orkneys; fifty escaped, and afterward took part in the defense of Londonderry. Among those drowned were Robert Todd of Fenwick and James Todd of Dunbar. In 1679, the same year in which these two were drowned, John Todd, their brother, fled from the persecutions of Claverhouse in Scotland, and sought refuge in Downs County, Ireland. In 1720 his son Robert Todd (born in 1697) came with his family from Ireland to Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, where he died in 1775. His first wife died before he left Ireland, but he married Isabella Hamilton in America. The mother of Robert Todd was Isabella Parker. Many families of note in Pennsylvania were related to her.

John Todd, son of the above Robert Todd, graduated at Princeton in 1749, located in Louisa County, Virginia, and became so distinguished as a Presbyterian minister, scholar, and educator, that it has been said, that no history of the Presbyterian Church in Virginia could be written without honorable mention of him. The brother of this John Todd, David Todd (the great grandfather of Mrs. Lincoln), was born April 8, 1723. He was a farmer, and in 1760 bought lands of the proprietors of Pennsylvania on the south side of the Phœnixville and Peckowen Bridge road, near a corner where his brother Robert Todd kept a store. In 1783 he sold his farm, receiving $12,000 for it, and the next year removed to Kentucky, to join his sons Robert and Levi Todd. An older son, Colonel John, had been killed in a fight with the Indians at the Blue Licks, Kentucky, two years before; and it is said that it was because the mother grieved so at his loss and was so anxious to be with the sons who were left, that the removal from Pennsylvania was made. David Todd died in 1785, the year after he went to Kentucky.

His wife was Hannah Owens of Pennsylvania, daughter of Owen Owens. They had four sons, of whom one, Owen, settled in Ohio; and he, as well as the others, bore a brave part in the early Indian wars. The other three, John, Robert, and Levi Todd, were educated in Virginia, in a classical school taught by their uncle, the Rev. John Todd. The eldest, Colonel John Todd, studied law, and was the first civil governor and lieutenant-commander of what is now the great State of Illinois. His record or minute book is in the possession of the Chicago Historical Society, and forms an interesting chapter in the history of our country. England was forced to cede this rich country to the United States, as a fruit of the Revolutionary War, won by the valor of General George Rogers Clarke in 1778, and his valiant soldiers, who numbered among them the three Todd brothers. Upon Patrick Henry, the first Governor of Virginia, devolved the duty of appointing a lieutenant-commander of Illinois, and the man chosen for this responsible position (on the 12th of December, 1778) was Colonel John Todd. He had removed from Virginia to the County of Kentucky in 1775, and had become prominent in its house of delegates or representatives. In 1777 he was chosen to represent Kentucky in the General Assembly of Virginia, and in 1778 he and his brothers formed a part of the expedition to Illinois County.

For three years Colonel John Todd held his position as lieutenant-commander, devoting most of the time to its interest. In 1780 he was again chosen a delegate to the Virginia legislature. In this year Kentucky (county) was divided into three counties—Lincoln, Jefferson, and Fayette; and Thomas Jefferson, then Governor of Virginia, appointed Colonel John Todd Colonel of Fayette County; Daniel Boone, Lieutenant-Colonel; and Thomas Marshall, Surveyor. During the summer of 1782, an Indian invasion aroused the county, and the militia was summoned to repel it. Colonel Todd, as senior colonel, took command of the little army sent in pursuit of the retreating savages. This force included Daniel Boone and many illustrious Kentuckians. On the 18th August, 1782, they came up with the Indians at the Blue Licks, and one of the most disastrous battles to the whites ever fought on Kentucky soil followed. Colonel John Todd fell at the head of his men, shot through the body. Nearly one-half of the little army was killed or wounded. Among the wounded were his brothers, General Levi and General Robert Todd. General Robert Todd was wounded also in the defense of McClellan's Fort (now Georgetown, Kentucky), in 1776. He continued an active soldier all through the troubles with the Indians.

General Levi Todd, the third brother, was the grandfather of Mrs. Lincoln. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1756, studied law and surveying, and was one of the defenders of Harrod's Fort in Kentucky, and also assisted General Ben Logan to hold St. Asaph's at Stanford, Kentucky. He was lieutenant in George Rogers Clarke's campaign for the conquest of Illinois; was appointed Major, Colonel, Brigadier, and Major-General of the Kentucky forces. He died in 1807 at Lexington, Kentucky. His wife was Jean Briggs, a daughter of Captain Samuel Briggs, who was a brother-in-law of General Ben Logan and one of his fifty picked men.

A son of General Levi Todd, Robert Smith Todd, was the father of Mary Todd Lincoln. He was a merchant of considerable wealth, and was for many years president of a bank at Lexington, Kentucky. He served in both branches of the Kentucky legislature, and was a man of generous and refined nature, belonging to the old Virginia school and known throughout the State for his hospitality. He served as captain in the War of 1812. His first wife was a daughter of Major Robert Parker of Lexington, Kentucky. His second wife was a daughter of Dr. Alexander Humphreys of Staunton, Virginia. Mary Todd Lincoln was but a child when this second marriage was made. Four of the brothers of Mrs. Lincoln entered the service of the Confederate States. One, Samuel Todd, was killed at the battle of Corinth; another, Alexander Todd, aged twenty-three years, was killed at the battle of Baton Rouge; and a third, David Todd, received a bullet wound that, after a long illness, caused his death in 1866. The fourth brother was a surgeon, and is still living, at Barnwell, South Carolina. Three of Mrs. Lincoln's sisters are living: Mrs. Frances Wallace of Springfield, Illinois; Mrs. Margaret Kellogg of Cincinnati, Ohio; and Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm (widow of General Ben Hardin Helm, who was killed at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863) of Elizabethtown, Kentucky.

An interesting account of Mrs. Lincoln in her girlhood is given in the following passage from a letter written to me by Mrs. Elizabeth L. Norris, of Garden City, Kansas, September 28, 1895:

> My first recollection of your sister Mary runs back to the time when your father lived on Short Street (Lexington, Ky.), before your sister Elizabeth married Ninian W. Edwards,* of Springfield, Ill. Mary Todd was then ten years old. I was in age between her and Frances (now Mrs. Dr. Wallace, of Springfield, Ill.), and while Frances and I were in harmony, I entered more into Mary's life. Mary was bright and talkative and warm-hearted. She was far advanced over girls of her age in education. She was a pupil of the celebrated Mr. Ward. He was a splendid educator; his requirements and rules were very strict, and woe to her who did not conform to the letter. Mary accepted the condition of things, and never came under his censure. We occupied the same room, and I can see her now as she sat on one side of a table, poring over her books, and I on the other, with a candle between. She was very studious, with a retentive memory and a mind that enabled her to grasp and thoroughly understand the lessons she was required to learn. Mr. Ward required his pupils to recite some of their lessons before breakfast. On a pleasant summer morning nature would hardly rebel; but what an ordeal to rise in winter by candle light and make the needful preparations to encounter the furious blasts! I have nothing but the most pleasant memories of her at that time. I never saw any display of temper or heard her reprimanded during the months I was an inmate of your father's home. Sixty-six years

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* Ninian W. Edwards was the son of Governor Ninian Edwards, of Illinois. He was born April 15, 1809, near Frankfort, Kentucky. His father was at that time Chief Justice of Kentucky, but removed to Illinois the same year the son was born. Ninian Edwards was educated at Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, where he met Elizabeth Todd, the eldest sister of Mrs. Lincoln, and she became his wife. His home was one of great hospitality. He served his State in a number of positions of honor. Mrs. Edwards was an exceedingly attractive woman. Her winning sweetness and gentleness of character have never been excelled, and have left an impression which is not likely to be forgotten.

ago children had few privileges. We had no amusements, no parties, nor books with charming little stories to stimulate us to acts of courtesy and kindness. Our standard library was the Bible and the Shorter Catechism, which we always carried to Sunday-school.

On one occasion Mary was with some young friends on a visit at Walnut Hills, near Lexington, Kentucky. They were startled by the report that Indians were approaching the house, and attempted to hide, each according to her impulse, under beds, in closets, anywhere, and Mary sought a refuge behind an old-fashioned screen that stood before an open fire-place. But feeling no safety there, she looked for a place of greater security, and not finding any to suit her, she stood in the center of the room and cried in a frantic tone: "Hide me, oh my Saviour, hide." It turned out that the Indians were only a friendly party and that there was no danger whatever.

Mrs. Norris writes further:

Mary and I each had a white dress, but Mary was not satisfied—they were too long and narrow. She liked pretty things, and wanted to be in the fashion. Hoops were worn at this time by women: not the steel ones—they came in later; but home-made affairs with small reeds, basted on the inside of the skirt, such as milliners used in drawn-silk bonnets. Properly worn, the effect of them was quite pretty. Mary admired them above all things, and was frantic for one; but it would have been an unheard of request to ask for it. After much worry and thought, she at last said, "Lizzie, I am going over to Mrs. Hostetter's and ask her for some of her weeping willows. We can make hoop-skirts and wear them to Sunday-school to-morrow." I agreed to it, and she put on her sunbonnet, and with a basket started on her errand. It was a long time before she returned, but she was abundantly supplied with the material, and deposited her basket with its precious burden in a closet in our room.

After tea we began our preparations. We seated ourselves upon the floor, and lost no time, but worked diligently. We were startled to find how late it was when my aunt (Mrs. Todd), on her way to her room, tapped on the door, telling us it was time to be in our beds. We did put out the light, and waited until we thought everybody was asleep; then we relighted our candle and worked until late in the night, when we hung up the finished garments with a thrill of delight. Our sleep was too short to be satisfactory, but we managed to get to breakfast in time. As soon as it was over, we rushed to our room. Mary was always quick in her movements, but now she made uncommon haste, and was dressed and out upon the street as I reached the front hall door. One moment and we would have been safe. But as fate would have it, Aunt caught a glimpse of me. One glance was enough to show her what we had been striving for. She reached the door in a second, and called Mary back. There we stood, a burlesque on vanity, as grotesque figures as eye need ever fall upon—in hoops that bulged in front and at the back, while they fell in at the sides, and with our narrow white dresses stretched over them to their utmost extent. We had basted the willows in just as they came off the tree, one end being very large and the other very small. Aunt looked us over from head to foot, and said, "What frights you are! Take those things off, and then go to Sunday-school."

We went to our room chagrined and angry. Mary burst into tears, and gave the first exhibition of temper I had ever known her to make. She thought we were badly treated. I was angry, but did not express myself quite so freely. It is well our display was confined to our own premises. If we had gone to the McCord Church, as we were so anxious to do, the congregation would have been convulsed with laughter and aunt too much mortified to lift up her head.

From Mr. Ward's school Mary went to a select French school kept by Mrs. Montell. Here she remained for four years, going to the school each Monday morning and not returning to her father's house until Friday evening. Nothing but French was spoken in this school, and Mary acquired a thorough knowledge of the language. She never gave it up, and always read the best French authors in the original. It was here also that she learned to dance.

While in Lexington as a young lady, Mary Todd never seemed interested in or manifested any desire for attention, although she mingled freely with the best society. Her special friends were Miss Margaret Wickliffe, afterwards Mrs. General William Preston, and Miss Bodley, afterwards Mrs. E. B. Owsley of Louisville, Kentucky. In a home pervaded by every refinement, her life flowed on quietly, free from sorrow or bereavement. She had a plump, round figure, and was rather short in stature. Her features were not regularly beautiful, but she was certainly very pretty, with her lovely complexion, soft brown hair, and clear blue eyes, and intelligent bright face that, having once seen, you would not easily forget. She was singularly sensitive. She was also impulsive, and made no attempt to conceal her feelings; indeed it would have been an impossibility had she desired to do so, for her face was an index to every passing emotion. Without desiring to wound, she occasionally indulged in sarcastic, witty remarks, that cut like a damascus blade; but there was no malice behind them. She was full of humor, but never unrefined. Perfectly frank and extremely spirited, her candor of speech and independence of thought often gave offense where none was meant, for a more affectionate heart never beat.

In 1837 Mary paid a visit to her sister Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards at Springfield, Illinois. She remained there three months before returning to her father's home at Lexington. She was then just nineteen years of age. In 1839 she again visited Springfield. Her wit and affability, not less than her varied accomplishments, impressed both old and young. In 1842 she was married to Abraham Lincoln.

There has been so much written and printed upon the subject of Mrs. Lincoln's marriage, that I will only say that Mrs. Lincoln's family had no knowledge of any want of faith or honor on Mr. Lincoln's part. Mrs. Dr. Wallace, Mrs. Lincoln's sister, who is still living in Springfield, positively asserts that there was never but one wedding arranged between Mary Todd and Mr. Lincoln, and that was the one that occurred. Mr. Herndon says that it was a large wedding, and that Mrs. Lincoln was married in a white silk dress. This is an error, and he must have confused Mrs. Lincoln's wedding with that of her sister, Mrs. Wallace, who was married a little before. Mrs. Lincoln, by preference, had a quiet marriage. Mrs. Wallace says that on a Sunday morning Mr. Lincoln and Mary Todd called Mrs. Edwards to where they were sitting, and told her they had decided to be married that evening. Mrs. Wallace was sent for, and she says that she never worked harder in her life than on that day. Only a few people were present —Mr. Dresser, the minister, held a short service in his church, and afterward went up to Mr. Edwards's house, where the marriage took place. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Edwards, Major and Mrs. John Todd Stuart, Dr. John Todd and family, Dr. and Mrs. Wallace, and Mr. and Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards. And the bride was clad in a simple white muslin dress.

As to the love affairs that Mr. Lincoln may have had or the offers he made of himself to others, Mrs. Wallace says that she does not know in regard to them. He may have had a misunderstanding with Mary Todd, but as the latter went to Springfield in 1839 and was married in 1842, there certainly could not have been so many love affairs as Mr. Lincoln's biographers enjoy giving him. Abraham Lincoln was a visitor at the house of Mr. Edwards before Mary Todd arrived at Springfield, and his well-known intimacy with her cousin, the accomplished John Todd Stuart,* and Mr. Joshua Speed at that time, speaks volumes in his favor as a promising man. Unless Mary Todd and Mr. Lincoln mutually desired it, there would have been no reason for the marriage.

It has also been said that Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were not happy. Mrs. Wallace denies this emphatically, and the present writer's knowledge bears out Mrs. Wallace's assertion. They understood each other thoroughly, and Mr. Lincoln looked beyond the impulsive words and manner, and knew that his wife was devoted to him and to his interests. They lived in a quiet, unostentatious manner. She was very fond of reading, and interested herself greatly in her husband's political views and aspirations. She was fond of home, and made nearly all her own and her children's clothes. She was a cheerful woman, a delightful conversationalist, and well-informed on all the subjects of the day. The present writer saw Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln together some part of every day for six months at one time, but saw nothing of the unhappiness which is so often referred to. Many of Mr. Lincoln's ways, such as going to answer his own doorbell, annoyed her, and upon one occasion a member of her family said, "Mary, if I had a husband with a mind such as yours has, I wouldn't care what he did." This pleased her very much, and she replied, "It is very foolish—it is a small thing to complain of."

Here are extracts from some letters written by Mrs. Lincoln to the writer of the present sketch:

PASSAGES FROM LETTERS OF MRS. LINCOLN.

Springfield, February 3, 1856.—"Mr. Lincoln has just entered and announced that a Speaker has at last been elected at Washington; that Mr. Banks is the happy man. They have had great trouble in their political world."

Springfield, November 23, 1856.—"Your husband, like some of the rest of ours, has a great taste for politics and has taken much interest in the late contest, which has resulted very much as I expected, not hoped. Although Mr. Lincoln is, or was, a Frémont man, you must not include him with so many of those who belong to that party, an abolitionist. In principle he is far from it. All he desires is that slavery shall not be extended, let it remain where it is. My weak woman's heart was too Southern in feeling to sympathize with any but Fillmore. I have always been a great admirer of his—he made so good a President, and is so good a man, and feels the necessity of keeping foreigners within bounds. If some of you Kentuckians had to deal with the *Wild Irish* as we housekeepers are sometimes called upon to do, the South would certainly elect Fillmore next time. The Democrats have been defeated in our State in their governor; so there is a crumb of comfort for each and all. What day is so dark that there is no ray of sunshine to penetrate the gloom? . . . Now sit down, and write one of your agreeable missives, and do not wait for a return of each from a staid matron, and, moreover, the mother of three noisy boys."

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* John Todd Stuart, one of the leading lawyers of Illinois, was a native of Kentucky. He graduated at Center College, Danville, studied law, and in 1828 located at Springfield. He was afterward a law partner of Abraham Lincoln and was major of a battalion in the Black Hawk War, where Abraham Lincoln commanded a company in the same battalion. He served in the Illinois legislature from 1832 to 1838, when he defeated Stephen A. Douglas for Congress. He served in Congress two terms, and then declined a reëlection; but he was reëlected in 1862 and served one term. He died November 30, 1885, aged 78 years.

Springfield, September 20, 1857.—"The summer has strangely and rapidly passed away. Some portion of it was spent most pleasantly in traveling East. We visited Niagara, Canada, New York, and other points of interest. When I saw the large steamers at the New York landing, ready for their European voyage, I felt in my heart inclined to sigh that poverty was my portion. I often laugh and tell Mr. Lincoln that I am determined my next husband shall be rich."

Springfield, February 16, 1857.—"Within the last three weeks there has been a party almost every night, and some two or three grand fêtes are coming off this week. I may surprise you when I mention that I am recovering from the slight fatigue of a very large and, I really believe, a very handsome and agreeable entertainment, at least our friends flatter us by saying so. About 500 were invited; yet owing to an unlucky rain, three hundred only favored us by their presence. And the same evening, in Jacksonville, Colonel Warren gave a bridal party to his son, which occasion robbed us of some of our friends. You will think we have enlarged our borders since you were here."

Mrs. Lincoln was devoted to her children, and their loss was a distracting grief to her. Willie's death at Washington was a sorrow too deep for the President or Mrs. Lincoln to refer to. Mrs. Lincoln regularly attended the Presbyterian Church, and it was her request to be buried from the church where she had professed her faith. Her wedding-ring had engraved within it, "Love is eternal." The last words President Lincoln ever said to his wife were, "There is no city I desire so much to see as Jerusalem." With these words half-spoken, the fatal bullet entered his brain and struck him down by her side.

What wonder that such a shock was followed by great nervous prostration! Mrs. Lincoln went abroad to divert her mind. Mr. Paul Shipman, of Edgewater Park, New Jersey, who saw much of her during her sojourn in London and on the Continent, says: "Her residence was in sight of Bedford Square, and her life subservient to the welfare of Tad (her son), who was pursuing his studies under a tutor. She shunned, rather than courted attention, and desired peace and retirement above all things. I found her sympathetic, cordial, sensible, with that bonhomie so fascinating, with no trace of eccentricity in conduct or manner. She was simply a bright, wholesome, attractive woman, and I could not for the life of me recognize the Mrs. Lincoln of the newspapers in the Mrs. Lincoln I saw." A letter written by Mrs. Lincoln to Mrs. Shipman says: "I hope we will meet whilst we are abroad—you with your life so filled with love and happiness, whilst I, alas, am a weary exile. Without my beloved husband's presence the world is filled with gloom and dreariness for me."

In 1871 Mrs. Lincoln's son Tad died in Chicago, at the age of eighteen. "Ah, my dear friend," she said to one who knew her well, "you will rejoice when you know that I have gone to my husband and children." She was done with life. After years of failing health, in quiet seclusion from the world, shrinking from any publicity, and sensitive to every misrepresentation, sustaining the dignity of widowhood by perfectly appropriate behavior, she awaited the release from her sufferings. She died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, July 16, 1882. Three days later she was laid to rest by the side of her illustrious husband. The Rev. John A. Reid of Springfield expressed the feeling of many when he said, "The taller and the stronger one died, and the weaker is now dead. Growing and struggling together, one could not live without the other. Years ago Abraham Lincoln placed upon the finger of Mary Todd a ring bearing the inscription 'Love is eternal.' Side by side they walked until the demon of tragedy separated them. When the nation was shocked at the sad and dire event, how much more must she have been shocked who had years before become a part of his life. It cannot be any disrespect to her memory to say, that the bullet that sped its way and took her husband from earth took her too."

THE COMMERCIAL PROMISE OF CUBA, PORTO RICO, AND THE PHILIPPINES.

By George B. Waldron.

THE two Connecticut brothers who swapped possessions with each other until both became rich, are fairly entitled to stand for Yankee thrift and shrewdness. These qualities in a century have enabled the United States to grow in wealth four times as rapidly as in population; so that to-day this nation of 75,000,000 people possesses $90,000,000,000 of wealth. Yet so intent have Americans been on conquering the problems at home, that they have hardly turned their attention to the world fields.

Now, however, a new era has dawned, and the United States are to take their place among the first nations of the world, not alone in bigness and in wealth, but in the competitive sale of the products of their hands and brains. Whatever else this war with Spain may do for us, it is bound to open new avenues of trade in her colonies of the East and West Indies. The islands of Cuba and Porto Rico on our eastern coast, and the Philippines, with the Carolines, the Ladrones, and other Spanish islands, on the west, together with our newly acquired Hawaiian possessions, furnish fields of unique trade opportunities. All these islands lie in the tropics, whither heretofore not an acre of our country has extended.

The natural avenues of trade are not with the sun, along parallels of longitude, but north and south, between zones of differing climate. Hence these island groups are most favorably located. They can send us the fruits of the tropics which our temperate climate produces too sparingly or not at all, and receive in return our grain and manufactures —an exchange mutually desirable and useful. Given these sources of trade, and there is scarcely a product in the world that could not be raised within our enlarged borders.

A NEW TERRITORY EQUAL TO NINE GOOD STATES.

These islands have peculiar advantages of location for us. Just off our South Atlantic coast lies Cuba. Nearly 800 miles long and from thirty to 125 miles wide, the island has an area of 42,000 square miles, or about that of the State of Ohio. Easily reached from the great harbors of the Atlantic is Porto Rico, equal to Long Island in length, but twice as broad. In the Pacific, in line with our rapidly expanding trade with Japan, China, and Australia, are the Philippines and other Spanish islands. Extending over a sea area of some 1,200 miles north and south, and double the distance along the equator, these islands number about 2,000. Many are too barren and insignificant, perhaps, ever to be of practical value. But the Philippine group itself is peculiarly fertile and surprisingly extensive. Luzon alone, upon which stands the city of Manila, has 47,000 square miles—equal in size to the State of New York. With Mindanao, scarcely inferior in size, the other islands would equal the six New Enlgand States, and bring the total up to 114,000 square miles.

Here, then, are Cuba and Porto Rico in the Atlantic, and the Hawaiian and Philippine groups in the Pacific, whose destiny has become intertwined with our own. Their combined area is 168,000 square miles, equaling New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. Their population is about 10,000,000, or perhaps one-half that of these nine home States. The Philippines, with three-quarters of the entire population, and Porto Rico, with 800,000 people, alone approach our own Eastern States in density. Cuba, prior to the war, was about as well populated as Virginia, and the Hawaiian group is as well peopled as Kansas. What, then, can these islands do for us ?

SUGAR AND COFFEE FOR NEARLY ALL THE WORLD.

Americans use more sugar in proportion to population than any other nation of the world. The total consumption last year was not less than 2,500,000 tons. This is enough to make a pyramid that would overtop the tallest pyramid of Egyptian fame. Of this total, 2,200,000 tons came from foreign countries, the Spanish possessions and Hawaii sending about twenty-five per cent. Five years earlier, when our imports were less by half a million tons, these islands supplied double this quantity, or nearly two-thirds of the nation's entire sugar import. But that was before Cuba had been devastated by war and when she was exporting 1,100,000 tons of sugar to other countries. Restore Cuba to her former fertility, and the total sugar crop of these islands will reach 1,500,000 tons, or two-thirds our present foreign demand.

But no one supposes that these islands have reached the limit of their production. Hawaii has doubled her sugar export within the past few years. Cuba, in the height of her former prosperity, had but a fraction of her sugar land under cultivation. Were all the land in use on that island that is suited to raising sugar, it is estimated that Cuba alone could supply the demand of the entire Western Hemisphere. Add to this the possibilities in the other islands, now only at the beginning of their development, and no American need fear a lack of material to supply his sweet tooth.

With sugar, Americans rank their coffee. The annual consumption of this berry reaches 700,000,000 pounds. Yet, until Hawaii became ours, not a pound could be grown for commerce within our borders. Of the coffee imported, scarcely a half million pounds comes from these islands east and west. Still the coffee product of Porto Rico reaches 50,000,000 pounds a year. Once Cuba far outstripped her sister island in this crop, raising in a single year 90,000,000 pounds. But that was early in the century, before the island had been devastated by frequent wars. To-day almost her last coffee plantation is destroyed. But what Cuba has done she can do again, and in richer abundance, under the stimulus of American energy and skill.

The Philippines produce a coffee not equal to the best Mocha to be sure, but with a flavor peculiarly its own, and so well appreciated by the Spaniards that most of the 600,000 pounds annually raised go to that country. The Hawaiian Islands are but at the beginning of their coffee raising. Within five years their exports have increased nearly forty fold. It may be many years before these island groups will be able to produce coffee enough for the entire nation, but in five years they will be sending us a quarter of our imports of this favorite berry, and in a decade that total can easily be doubled.

TOBACCO—HAVANAS CHEAP ENOUGH FOR ANY SMOKER.

An important product of these islands which finds its way to the United States is tobacco. Our own tobacco crop averages 500,000,000 pounds, and of this, from 250,000,000 to 300,000,000 pounds goes to other countries. But the tobacco lover has a fondness for certain flavors that our own soil will not produce. The result is that no less than 25,000,000 pounds of leaf tobacco is imported, of which until recently Cuba supplied three-fourths. That island, in addition, sends out 200,000,000 cigars and 50,000,000 packages of cigarettes a year, of which forty per cent. enter the United States.

The Philippines also come in for a large place in tobacco cultivation. About 250,000,000 pounds of leaf tobacco and 150,000,000 cigars are exported. Little of this is sent directly to the United States. The Spaniard, however, is credited with a shrewdness truly Yankee in quality, since much of the "pure Havana" is said to be supplied to the Cuban factories from these East Indian islands. Under the fostering care of American enterprise and capital, this industry should develop into many fold its present value, and the time easily come when the laboring man, as well as the millionaire, enjoys his after-dinner "Havana" or "Philippine."

MANILA HEMP—TROPICAL FRUITS.

Famous the world over is the manila hemp of the Philippines. The United States import about 100,000,000 pounds a year, and of this, ninety per cent. comes directly from those islands. About twice this quantity is produced there, and hemp forms one of the chief sources of wealth to the islanders. With the demand for hemp ever increasing, and the opportunities for its culture meagerly used, there is no reason why this product may not be largely multiplied to the profit of all alike.

With the cocoa tree, the banana, the pineapple, the mango, and other tropical fruits, the islands offer an appetizing variety. But, rich as are the present Philippines, the country is scarcely at the beginning of its possibilities. Only one acre in fifteen of the soil is cultivated, and that in the wasteful and slovenly way characteristic of the native and Spanish races. Under American skill and thrift the products may be easily multiplied ten fold their present volume, and be vastly improved in quality.

Very similar opportunities await the Americans in Cuba. Of the 26,000,000 acres, only 2,000,000 have ever been under the plow. Yet the fertile land is easily four fold the present cultivated area. There are besides some 15,000,000 acres of virgin forest, containing such valuable timber as mahogany, cedar, logwood, redwood, ebony, and lignum vitæ. So rich is the soil that fertilizers are seldom used except for tobacco, though the same crops have been grown for a hundred years.

UNTOLD RICHES IN IRON AND GOLD.

Cuba is rich in iron also—how rich no one can tell. About 140 mines have been located. Near Santiago are two mines worked by American capital, and producing from 30,000 to 50,000 tons of ore a month. This iron grades in quality with the richest in the world. Taken to our Bethlehem mills, some of it has been forged into Harveyized steel armor for the protection of American battleships in aid of "Cuba libre." On the south coast are numerous deposits of manganese, and an American company has facilities for supplying 200 tons a day. Nearly all the manganese used in this country comes from the Black Sea regions and from the northern part of South America. With the copper, coal, asphalt, and other minerals known to be in that country, Cuba has resources which are bound to be of inestimable value when her industries are dominated by men of American brains and push.

Minerals are known to be in the other islands, notably the Philippine group. Copper is abundant in Luzon particularly. Lead is found in Cebu, while iron ore underlies wide sections of Luzon and Mindanao. Undoubtedly there are extensive coal measures also, but these are little explored. Most interesting of all to the American are the gold deposits. These extend over a wide area, though their value as yet is little known. Should they prove rich, the Philippines may become another California or Klondike for rapidity of settlement and increase in wealth.

THE NEED OF THE ISLANDS FOR AMERICAN BREADSTUFFS.

Not less important are the opportunities these islands of the Atlantic and Pacific offer to our own export trade. If they can give us an abundance of the things we cannot raise at home at all, or only with difficulty, they can also take from us products that we can most easily supply. None of these islands are natural grain countries. Some of them raise a little corn, but that only with difficulty. For bread they must look to other countries, and particularly to the broad prairies of our own United States.

This is peculiarly true of Cuba. Yet so cunningly has the tariff been regulated at Madrid that it was cheaper to send our flour to Spain and thence transship it to Cuba than to send it to that island directly from our own ports. Of course the Cubans paid the freight both ways, as well as the tolls and the pilferings to which the grain was subjected by Spanish officers on the way. This abuse was no small factor in bringing about the revolt against the mother country. Up to the opening of the war, American exports to Cuba ran from $20,000,000 to $25,000,000 a year, or only about one-third as much as the imports from Cuba to this country.

The Philippines as a field for American exports are practically a new country. These islands have been taking about $20,000,000 from foreign countries, but of this scarcely $100,000 was from the United States. It is a question of only a few months when England, Germany, and Spain will be forced to share this rich field with us.

Our annual demand upon tropical products reaches $225,000,000, which is a third of our entire imports. Of this, these island groups five years ago were supplying $100,000,000. To-day, because of Spanish wars, the aggregate has dropped below $40,000,000. When peace again prevails they can easily return to their former standard, and under American protection perhaps more than double this trade. But in the best years they have taken from us barely $30,000,000, and now their imports from us are but half that value. They took $5,000,000 in breadstuffs, $3,000,000 of our meat, and $7,000,000 of iron and steel manufactures. Not less than 65,000,000 pounds of pork and beef have found their way to these islands in a single year. No wonder that the Spanish can understand the significance of American pigs.

Thus much does our foreign trade mean with thinly populated islands under a government that uses every effort to discourage intercourse with Americans. When the population is multiplied two fold in number and ten fold in ability to produce and to consume, what then will be our mutual trade? Fewer than 5,000,000 British colonists in Australasia exchange goods with the world to the value of $650,000,000 annually, and of this more than a third is with the mother country. When our own new colonies of the Atlantic and the Pacific reach the measure of their American development, not less than this should be their standard of trade with their mother, America, and with the world.

THE PASSING OF McIVOR.

By Cy Warman,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer," "The Express Messenger," "The Story of the Railroad," etc.

MANY of my readers will remember McIvor, who as he oiled the notorious 107 said to the paymaster, whose train he was to take out, "It's all poppycock—there's no such thing as an unlucky engine. This Friday talk is child's talk." And then, glancing up at the new moon, he made a wish. Later, when he hung the reprobate's boiler on a big rock in the black cañon, he came from the cab more than ever of the opinion that he was never to be killed on an engine. When he took desperate chances, it was not to save himself, but other people and his engine.

McIvor was a Virginian. Before the beard broke through his boyish face, he entered the army. He went in at one end of the war and came out at the other end, with whiskers and scars, but still proud of Virginia.

After the war, young McIvor became a locomotive engineer on one of the Southern railways. One day a lot of negroes, feeling their freedom, said they would ride on the engine, and McIvor was unable to put them off. Finally one of them, being especially frisky, said he would run the engine, and McIvor said he would not. After that there was confusion in the cab, and when it was all over, the engineer stood looking at a smoking six-shooter, letting the engine jog along to the end of the run. Along the track three negroes lay dead or dying, and a half dozen other negroes, some limping and all scared, were humping it across a meadow toward the wood. The engineer's left hand had been cooked while he was struggling to keep out of the fire-box, for the negroes had playfully attempted to poke him through the furnace door. I have heard it hinted that McIvor succeeded in locating four more of his torturers, making seven altogether; and then he went North.

I have always respected McIvor.

Taking account of the war, the negroes, and his after experience on a new railroad in the then new West, McIvor had many narrow escapes. Like most men who have lived long at the front of an express train, he was quick to act in the face of danger. One night, when the road was new and unfenced, he was falling along the Tomeche, forty minutes late, with No. 7 full of hungry people anxious to reach La Veta Hotel at Gunnison, famous as an eating-station in the days when the main line lay over Marshall Pass. The first snow was falling in the hills, and a band of half wild horses were hurrying down in the autumn twilight to a lonely ranch at the mouth of a cañon. McIvor saw them coming towards him in a deep cut. He was on a down grade, and he knew it would be impossible to stop. As he reached for the whistle he pulled the throttle wide open, for to slow down at such a time was to increase the danger. Instinctively he shouted to the fireman, who was down by the furnace door, to "look out;" and taking alarm from the cry of the engine and McIvor's voice, the fireman went up against the sloping side of the dirt cut, and rolled unconscious, but almost unhurt, along with the wind of the train. The little rockaway engine, with her wheels on sand, tumbled into the herd at a frightful rate. McIvor said he could feel the horses slamming up against his front end. They crashed over the pilot, tearing away the signal lamp, the headlight, and the stack. As soon as it was over, McIvor stopped, backed up, and found his fireman.

"You told me to jump," the fireman stammered.

"I did nothin' of the sort," said McIvor; "I merely said 'look out.'"

When the company settled with the ranchman for that night's work, they paid him for thirteen horses. McIvor had made a record that has never yet been broken; but a man with less "sand" might have made it thirteen human beings.

A few years ago a young man employed as a watchman at one of the division stations on that same railway, in a fit of anger, struck a conductor with a piece of plank, and killed him. The conductor was very popular in the town. His friends, assembling quickly, called it murder, and went at once to the jail where the young man had been locked up and murdered the murderer.

When it was all over and the men saw what had been done, they were alarmed. The good people of the town were shocked, and the whole community was sorely grieved over the tragic death of two respected citizens. Naturally, the grand jury inquired into the matter, and McIvor was one of the first men arrested. Two or three witnesses swore positively that they had heard McIvor's Virginia voice shouting at the head of the mob. Other men, equally reputable, offered to swear that McIvor was elsewhere at the moment of the hanging; but McIvor refused to let them testify in his behalf.

When, some time later, McIvor was brought from the jail to be tried, he said he was not guilty. He had a friend high in the Masonic order, as he was himself, and this man came and testified that McIvor was not in the mob, and proved it beyond the shadow of a doubt, and McIvor went free. Then some people accused him of "playing horse" with the State; but that was not true. McIvor had gone to jail to give another man, who had the same Southern accent, time to get out of the country, and he "got."

McIvor was an interesting combination of strength and weakness. As shown here, he was loyal to a friend and would suffer for him; but I don't think he ever wholly forgave an enemy. On his engine he would face death with a smile. On the ground he was as weak and erring as a village belle who has inherited her mother's beauty and a deep longing for the stage. He railroaded at all times and in all places, and used his engine or the time-card to illustrate what he had to say. Once his fireman fell in love with an interesting widow who kept a boarding-house, and he asked McIvor's consent.

"Well," said the engineer, thoughtfully, "she's sho' onto heh job; but it seems to me, Johnny, that it wud be bettah to get one just out o' the shop, an' break heh in to suit you. In that case, ye'd know all heh weak points."

Sitting the other day with Mr. John A. Hill, in his luxurious office on the fifteenth level of a big Broadway building, facing the little park just opposite the small-paned window at which Mr. Dana used to sit, we fell to talking of McIvor and his quaint sayings. Before he became known as the author of "John Alexander's Philosophy" and as the chief owner of the "American Machinist," Hill used to double-head with McIvor over the hills of Colorado.

"I sent him a story the other day," I said, "that he will recall when he reads it."

Swinging his swivel chair until he faced me squarely, Hill asked, with some surprise: "Why, don't you know that McIvor's dead?"

And now, coming back to my work after a few day's dissipation in the second city in the world, I find a letter from the little town where, for the past fifteen years, McIvor had stabled his iron horse. It was written by one of the foremen in the shops, I fancy, and was meant only to carry the news of the engineer's death and to say that his brother, who had come up from the South to settle the dead man's affairs, had expressed the wish that some acknowledgment might be made of the receipt of my story. The brother, as he read the story, had smiled through his tears, the letter said, for he had often heard McIvor himself tell the story. The two men had parted many years ago, and now the brother, coming to the little town where McIvor had lived, found four or five thousand dollars, some real estate, a few shares of mining stock—and a grave. The steady hand that had held in it hundreds of lives almost every day for the past twelve years is resting there. Perhaps of the men and women who read this recital not a few have at some time slept down the steep mountain and through the dark cañon while McIvor kept watch in the engine cab. McIvor is dead; and, as he always said it would be, he died in bed, "with his boots off."

I have no right to print the foreman's letter, but I can give the story in my own way, which, however, can never impress you as this letter has impressed me:

McIvor had been ill for three or four years—some trouble with the spine, a thing common enough among enginemen. He would lay off for a while, go up and down the country, experimenting with the many hot springs of the West and fooling with widely advertised Chinese doctors—who are usually brought in from the nearest laundry, hung about with baggage checks, and propped up on a sort of throne under a big umbrella. Finally, a few months ago, his engine went into the "back shops" to be rebuilt, and McIvor's friends persuaded him to go to the hospital, get well, and be ready for her when she should come out. This hospital is maintained by the employees and the company, and McIvor, who had been one of the directors, knew that it was not a bad place—much better, in fact, than the average hotel; and so, after fighting down a natural dread of such institutions, he finally went to live at the hospital. For a while he was reasonably well contented, but his health did not improve; indeed he seemed to grow worse from week to week.

At first he kept quiet—racing, as it were, with his engine, to see which would get out first. Then when the newly turned wheels had been replaced beneath the boiler, the old engineer used to cross the teetering foot-bridge that hung over the Arkansas and sit for hours watching the workmen putting the engine in shape for the road. "Towards the last," writes his friend, the foreman, "the doctor used to try to keep him away, for he would not go back to the hospital at noon to eat. All day, from the first to the last whistle, he would sit by, getting up now and then to help adjust the different parts of the machine."

Every new device in the store McIvor would have. The old-fashioned oil-cups had to be removed and glass ones put on instead. The latest patent lubricators and a spring seat in the cab he asked for, and the master mechanic, knowing that these things were not for McIvor, said, "All right—give it to him," and then went into his office to think. Day by day, as the engine assumed her normal shape, growing bright and beautiful under the painter's touch, the engineer wasted away.

In the course of time he began to realize this fact, for now he urged them to get her out as soon as possible, so that he might break her in for the road. By the time the last touches were being put on the new engine, it was necessary for some one to walk over the swinging bridge with the engineer when the six o'clock whistle blew. Finally she was finished and fixed up, but that night they had to carry McIvor over the river to the hospital, and the next day he was unable to leave his bed.

Nobody spoke now of the engine to him, and he never spoke of it himself. One day, a week or two after his last trip over the bridge, the master mechanic went in to see him. McIvor was lying apparently asleep, with his face to the wall. Presently a whistle sounded, and, turning quickly on his back, he looked steadily into the face of the master mechanic. The master mechanic knew what was in his mind, and, pitying him, waited for him to speak.

"That's the Hund'ed-an'-sixty-eight," said McIvor.

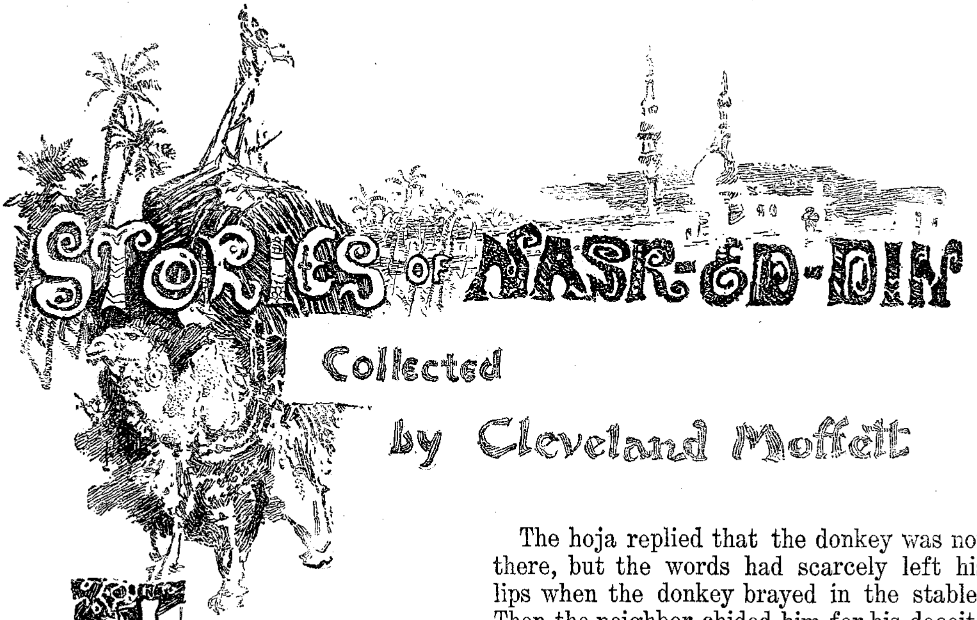
"It's Blodget," said the master mechanic, evasively, "coming in with Mr. Jeffrey's special."

"It makes no difference who's handlin' heh, or what she's haulin', that's th' Hund'ed-an'-sixty-eight," said McIvor, and he turned his face once more to the wall.

That evening some friends came in to see him, and McIvor said abruptly: "Look aheah! When I leave the rail, I want you-all to plant me whuh I go down, an' don't let my people go haulin' me about; I'm tia'd, an' I want a rest."

"Say," he called as his friends were leaving, "ast Mistah Jones's padon for th' way I spoke to him to-day. Come to think, I guess I don't own the engine anyway, only it seems they might a kep' heh whistle closed till I was out o' hea'in."

But that was the last time the whistle came to trouble him, for before the Hundred-and-sixty-eight came in on her next trip McIvor was dead.



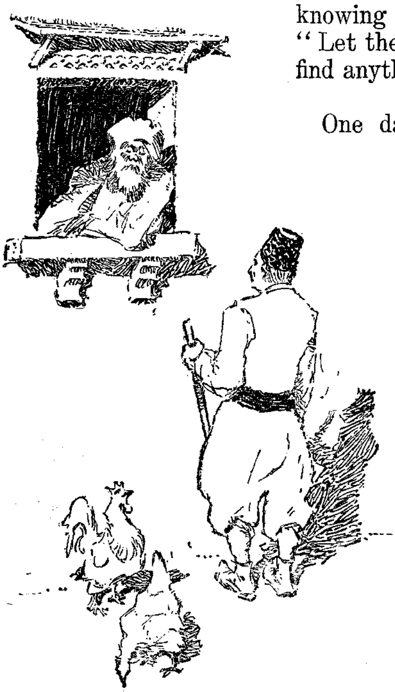
STORIES OF NASR-ED-DIN

Collected by Cleveland Moffett

It is impossible to be in Turkey very long without hearing of Nasr-ed-din, the famous hoja, or teacher, of whose remarkable sayings and doings the people are always talking. Who he was nobody knows; when he lived no one can say: perhaps he never lived; but he is to-day the most interesting character in the Sultan's wide empire. He is at once the clown and philosopher, the hero and buffoon, of a nation. He is loved and laughed at; and the wisdom embodied in his homely experiences has perhaps settled more quarrels than the Koran, for there is no argument that will convince a Turk so quickly as an aptly quoted story.

Here are a few Nasr-ed-din tales that I have put down in English as they have come to my notice:

One day a neighbor came to Nasr-ed-din and said: "Hoja Effendi, will you lend me your donkey to ride on to-day?"



"One day a neighbor came to Nasr-ed-din. . . ."

The hoja replied that the donkey was not there, but the words had scarcely left his lips when the donkey brayed in the stable. Then the neighbor chided him for his deceit; but Nasr-ed-din, unabashed, said: "What kind of a man are you, to take a donkey's word rather than mine?"

It happened once that Nasr-ed-din was awakened in the middle of the night by his wife, who whispered to him in fright that there were robbers in the house. "Get up," she urged, "and drive them away."

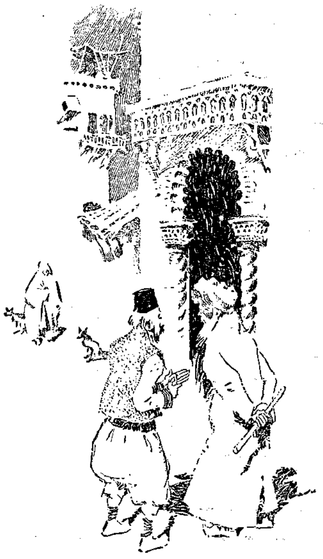
"Hush, woman," said the hoja, knowing that the house was bare. "Let them search well, and if they find anything we will go shares."

One day Nasr-ed-din went to a feast in poor clothes, and saw that no man paid him respect. So he went home and put on his fine fur coat, and came to the feast once more. Then all the guests crowded about him, and bade him dine with them. Whereupon the hoja took off his fur coat, and laying it by the table, said: "Eat, Mr. Coat, the invitation is for you."

A man came to Nasr-ed-din one day to borrow a piece of string. The hoja went into the house for a few minutes, and coming out, said that all his string was being used to spread flour on.

"How is it possible to spread flour on string?" asked the man, wondering.

"That is nothing," said Nasr-ed-din; "if I was bound not to lend my string, I would even spread water on it."



"A man came to the hoja . . . and asked what he would charge to teach his son to read."

One of the kinsmen of Nasr-ed-din was very ill, and neighbors called to ask after his health. "He died yesterday," said the hoja, "but to-day he is a little better."

A man came to the hoja on one occasion and asked what he would charge to teach his son to read.

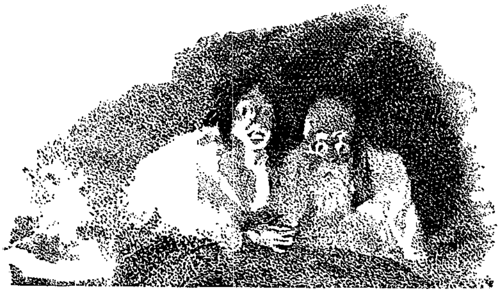
"Three hundred piasters," said Nasr-ed-din.

"That is a high price," said the man; "for that I could buy six donkeys."

"Buy them," said Nasr-ed-din, "and your son will make the seventh."

Nasr-ed-din had a dream one night, and he dreamed that a man offered him nine piasters in a bargain.

"It is not enough," said the hoja, "you must give me ten." Just then he woke up, and finding no money in his hand, closed his eyes in haste and cried, "Give them quick; I'll take nine."



"Nasr-ed-din was awakened . . . by his wife."

One day Nasr-ed-din being tempted to take some melons from a field, brought a ladder and put it against the wall to help him over. Just then the owner of the melons drew near; so he lifted the ladder upon his shoulders and pretended that he was trying to sell it.

"What are you doing?" asked the man.

"Are you blind?" said Nasr-ed-din. "Don't you see that I am selling this ladder?"

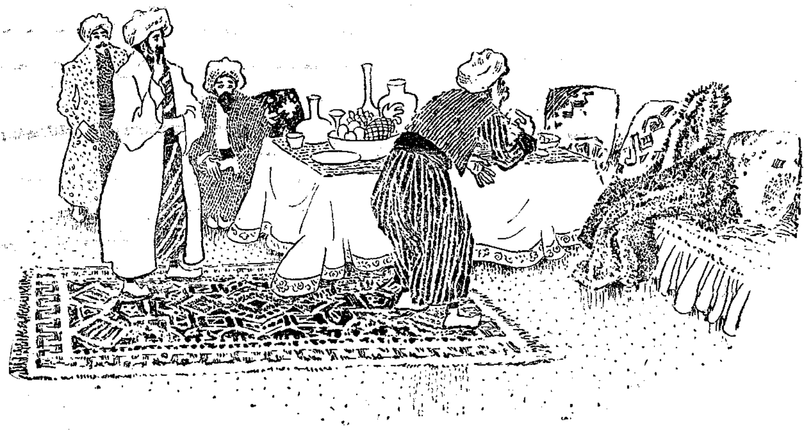
"It is impossible to sell a ladder here where there are none to buy."

"Foolish fellow," said the hoja. "Know that fear will make men do stranger things than that."

One night there were sounds of quarreling before the hoja's house; so he said to his wife: "Rise up, woman, light a candle, that I may understand the cause of this trouble."

"Lie still," said his wife. "This quarrel is no business of yours."

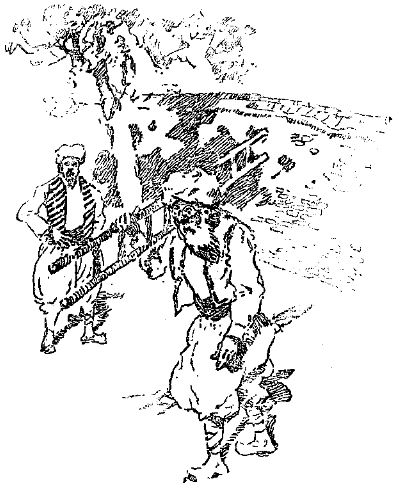
But Nasr-ed-din would not heed her, and covering himself with a blanket from the bed, went out into the street. Thereupon the men seized his blanket and made off with it, leaving the hoja shivering. When



"The hoja took off his fur coat, and laying it by the table, said: 'Eat, Mr. Coat, . . .'"

he went back into the house, his wife asked him what the trouble was.

"It's all right," he said; "they were quarreling about our blanket. As soon as they got it the quarrel ended."



"He lifted the ladder upon his shoulders. . . ."

One day Nasr-ed-din went up the mountain to cut wood, and being in a happy state of mind, he sat on the limb which he was cutting. Just then a shepherd warned him of his danger, but even as he spoke the limb broke, and the hoja got a fall. Nasr-ed-din lay there for some time reflecting on this happening, and the shepherd went his way. But presently the hoja sprang up and ran after the shepherd, calling, "Stop, man, I have things to say to you." And when he had come up to the shepherd, he said: "My friend, you are wiser than I: you knew when the limb was going to break; therefore tell me now the day when I shall die."

To pacify Nasr-ed-din, the shepherd said: "When it happens that your donkey brays once carrying a load up-hill, then you may know that you are half dead. And if the donkey brays again, then you will be entirely dead."

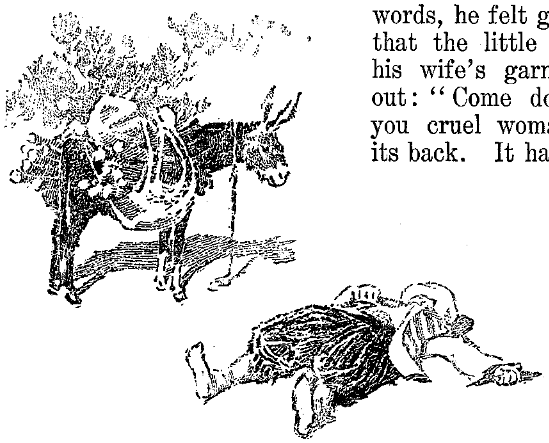
Some time after this, as Nasr-ed-din was driving his donkey up-hill with a load of wood, it happened that the donkey brayed. Then the hoja remembered the shepherd's words, and waited in terror for another bray to come. After several minutes the donkey brayed again, whereupon the hoja exclaimed, "Now I am dead," and laid himself down on the road.

Soon the people gathered about him, and some brought a bier and began to bear him to his house. And as they went they came to a bad place full of mud and water, and paused a moment, hesitating which way to take. Then the hoja lifted himself and said: "When I was alive, I used to go on that side."

At one time Nasr-ed-din went to Diarbekir in search of work, and there he saw very large water-melons, and asked a man what they were. The man, taking Nasr-ed-din for a foolish fellow, told him they were the eggs of donkeys.

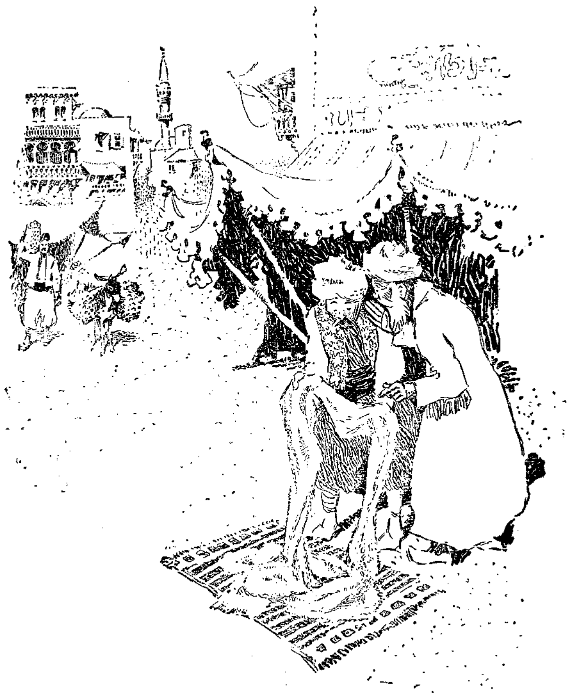
Nasr-ed-din believed this, and when he had finished his work in Diarbekir, he bought one of the melons and started home with it. When he reached the top of the hill near his house, he took the melon out of his bag to look at it. But the melon slipped from his hands and rolled down the hill, landing in a rabbit's hutch. At this the rabbit, being frightened, darted from the hutch. "Behold," cried the hoja, "the colt has come out from the egg," and ran after it. The rabbit took refuge in a vineyard which, by chance, belonged to Nasr-ed-din. And when the hoja came up breathless from the chase, he asked his wife, whom he met, if she had seen the new colt. His wife, thinking that he had really bought a colt, replied, "Blessings on you, man; I am going to ride the colt to the bath-house."

When Nasr-ed-din heard these words, he felt great alarm, thinking that the little colt was hidden by his wife's garments; so he called out: "Come down from the colt, you cruel woman; you will break its back. It has only just come out of the egg."



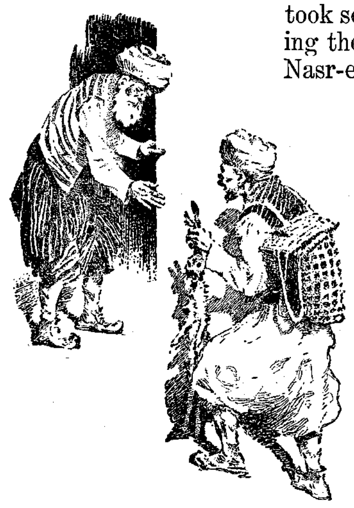
"The hoja exclaimed, 'Now I am dead,' and laid himself down on the road."

While walking in the fields one day, Nasr-ed-din saw horsemen in the distance, and taking them to be robbers, undressed himself hastily and hid his



". . . Nasr-ed-din would . . . whisper in his ear: 'Take care, my brother, . . .'"

garments in a hollow rock. Then he sat down beside a tomb. When the robbers came up (for they really were robbers), they said to him: "Poor old man, why do you sit on a cold stone this cold day?" The hoja was at a loss to reply, but beginning to speak, he said: "Yesterday I died, and they buried me here; but when I entered the cave, I found a great multitude there, and we were choked by the heat, so I came out to breathe the cool air." At this the robbers decided that Nasr-ed-din was crazy and left him unharmed.



"A countryman brought a hare to the hoja . . ."

A countryman brought a hare to the hoja for him to eat, and Nasr-ed-din paid him much honor for the present. A week later the countryman came back, and Nasr-ed-din offered him an excellent soup. After a time some other countrymen came, and said they were neighbors of the man who brought the hare. Nasr-ed-din gave them soup also. Finally still others came, and said they were friends of the neighbors of the man who brought the hare.

"Welcome, then," said the hoja, and brought them hot water in glasses.

"What is this?" asked the guests.

"This," said Nasr-ed-din, "is water, boiled in the pot where the hare was cooked."

One day a beggar knocked at Nasr-ed-din's door. "What is it?" asked the hoja from the roof.

"Come down, sir, I beg of you. I have something to say."

When Nasr-ed-din had come down the stairs, the beggar said, "Kind master, please give me some money."

"Come with me," said Nasr-ed-din; and when the beggar had climbed to the top of the house, Nasr-ed-din settled himself in his chair and said: "May God give to you."

"You might have told me that while I was down below," grumbled the beggar.

"Yes," said Nasr-ed-din, "and you might have told me your business while I was up here."

One night for supper the wife of Nasr-ed-din boiled the soup a long time, so that it would burn the hoja's throat; but when they sat down, she forgot the trick and took some of the soup herself. Seeing the tears come out of her eyes, Nasr-ed-din inquired what was the matter. Not wishing him to know what brought the tears, the wife replied: "My blessed mother liked soup very much, and I weep because she is dead."

At this the simple-minded hoja began to eat his soup, but at the first spoonful he burst into tears.

"Why do you weep?" asked his wife.

"I weep," said Nasr-ed-din, "that you and your blessed mother did not die together."

One day, when the Hoja was putting on his turban, he lost the end of it, and after trying in vain to catch it, he flew into a great rage, and determined to sell the turban. So he took it to the market and sought for a purchaser. But whenever a man came forward to inquire the price, Nasr-ed-din would bend over and whisper in his ear: "Take care, my brother; don't buy this turban, for it is impossible to find the end of it."

HOW THE NEWS OF THE WAR IS REPORTED.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

WAR with Spain began, so far as the newspapers were concerned, when the "Maine" was blown up in Havana harbor. The explosion occurred at 9.40 o'clock on the evening of February 15, 1898. At half-past two on the following morning the first reports, filed by the correspondents in Havana, reached New York, and at daylight newsboys in every city in America were crying the extras which gave the details of the disaster. Before noon on the 16th, a tug steamed out of the harbor at Key West with three divers on board. In the few hurried hours after the news reached New York "The World" had telegraphed its representative in Key West, and divers had been roused out of bed, had collected their paraphernalia, and had embarked on the newly chartered tug for Havana.

Early in the afternoon, "The World" correspondent in Havana received the following cabled instructions:

"Have sent divers to you from Key West to get actual truth, whether favorable or unfavorable. First investigation by divers, with authentic results, worth $1,000 extra expense to-morrow alone."

But when the divers arrived, they were not allowed to make a descent, and all that the newspaper sponsors of the enterprise derived from the expedition was a bill of expense amounting to nearly $1,000.

This was the beginning. During the next few days scores of correspondents were rushed into Havana, and half a hundred great newspapers began to fill with news and pictures of the wreck. From the very first, the hand of the Spanish censor worked havoc with the reports. A correspondent never was certain that what he wrote would reach his paper. In a week's time the transmission of messages had become so uncertain that the newspapers of New York began telegraphing to different cities along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts to secure suitable despatch-boats for carrying their messages from Havana to Key West, in order to avoid the censor. One paper chartered a boat in New York, another secured one in Charleston, several were hired in Florida ports, and there was a wild rush for Havana.

For a few weeks, messages flew back and forth across the troublous Florida Straits, and each newspaper found itself very well served by a single steamer. But with the approach of actual war and the attendant blockade, a more extended service became necessary, and several newspapers acquired a veritable fleet of vessels—three, four, and five—to patrol the waters of the West Indies.

All of these vessels were swift, ocean-going steamers, capable of making from twelve to fourteen knots an hour, and carrying crews of a dozen men or more, with several correspondents. At least two despatch-boats chartered by New York newspapers were formerly private yachts, fitted with dynamos, powerful searchlights, and a hundred and one other conveniences.

Previous to the declaration of war, the sole service of these despatch-boats was a daily trip between Havana and Key West, and the sole cargo was a little package of copy which a man might carry in the breast pocket of his coat. But it was a most expensive mission. Owing to the threatened hazards of war, ship owners exacted from $5,000 to $9,000 a month for the use of each of these boats, and the newspapers were required to bear the additional expense of fire, marine, accident, and war insurance, which the alarmed underwriters of New York had fixed at the enormous rate of eight per cent. a month—equal in a year to nearly the total value of the boat. One New York newspaper pays $2,200 a month insurance on a single tug—and it has five boats in service in different parts of the world.

In addition to these initial expenses, the newspapers must buy their own coal and supplies, at war-time prices, and pay the salaries of the correspondents who direct the boats. One managing editor showed me his salary list for a single week, including only war correspondents. It amounted to $1,463.51. A single correspondent, representing another New York paper, is said to receive $10,000 a year.

Nor is this all. Every time a despatch-boat made port in Havana harbor, a rapacious Spanish officer swooped down upon it and collected all manner of fees—health-office fees, custom-house fees, and fees for clear water to use in the boilers, to say nothing of pilotage charges—a total of from $70 to $125 a day for this purpose alone. At the Key West end of the voyage, there were still further charges, rendered necessary by the inevitable medical certificate and the pilot hire. Expenses are paid in cash, and the correspondents find it necessary to go loaded down with all the gold they can carry. Gold will lubricate a way out of almost any difficulty.

These figures will give some idea of the cost of maintaining the war-news service in Cuban waters, and yet they are only the initial expenses. During the height of the "Maine" excitement, and many times afterwards, the correspondents of single New York papers filed as high as 5,000 words a day at the cable office in Key West, often with supplementary censored despatches direct from Havana. The cable rates from Key West to New York are five cents a word for press despatches, making a charge of $250 a day for this item alone; and after a despatch is received, it is often crowded by more important news into a mere paragraph, the greater part of the high-priced message going to the newspaper limbo—"on the floor."

After the correspondents were driven out of Havana and the blockade was begun, the difficulties and hazards of getting the news were immeasurably increased. The correspondents were subjected to a constant and exhausting strain on body and mind, and they knew not at what moment they might find themselves in the thick of a great battle. The blockade off Havana was 120 miles long, and, to "cover" it properly, a newspaper had to speak every ship in the line every day. No one despatch-boat could do this successfully and get back to Key West with the news. Accordingly, several papers employed two boats on the blockade, one at each end. They patrolled the fleet and met near the middle, where they spoke across the tossing water of the straits through a megaphone; and then the steamer which was to act as messenger let down a boat and sent it across to the other. Here a package of despatches, recounting the doings of the last half day, an illustration or two drawn by a special artist, and a number of photographs and films, were taken aboard and transferred to the messenger steamer. With its cargo complete the swift little vessel then sped northward toward Key West, the correspondents who still remained aboard of her working steadily at a long desk in the cabin. If it was at night, the crew of the messenger boat never knew at what moment there might come the shrill challenge of a blockader:

"Ahoy, there! Who are you?"

In such a case, the captain came to instantly, knowing well enough that any indecision might bring a twenty-pound shot crashing through his bows. Not infrequently there were several challenges in a single trip, showing the effectiveness of the blockade.

If the news was very important the messenger boat blew a whistle signal as it entered Key West, and the correspondent on shore hurried out with a launch to bring in the precious budget of reports. A cab was ready at the wharf, and a few minutes later the news was singing over the wires to New York.

The big, rolling men-of-war were always most friendly to the sociable little despatch-boats, even if they did sometimes rouse a weary correspondent out of his bunk at night with a fierce challenge. If anything of importance had happened during the day, an officer was ready to shout the news. In return for the favor, the despatch-boats brought the precious gossip of the line, letters to the men, newspapers, and sometimes light supplies. The Associated Press and the Laffan News Bureau ("The Sun") each had a man on the flagship "New York," as well as on the "Brooklyn" of the flying squadron. They were also represented on several other ships by officers who acted as correspondents. When the despatch-boats of these organizations appeared, the men aboard had their reports all written. If it happened to be rough weather, so that the messenger boat dared not venture near the precipice of steel, the news copy was bottled up and tossed overboard, being afterwards picked up by the men of the despatch vessel—unless some prowling shark had seen fit to swallow it.

When the outworks at Matanzas were bombarded by the "New York" and her consorts, the New York "Herald" boat lay up to the wind, and its correspondent stood calmly in the prow with his watch out, counting the shots that shrieked overhead. There happened to be no other newspaper boat in sight, and the "Herald" ran to cover with a "beat." Since then neither the "New York" nor the "Brooklyn" moves anywhere without a clustering fleet of jealous despatch-boats puffing and snorting in her wake.

After all the excitement and hardship attending the gathering of this war news, the correspondent might arrive in Key West only to make the heart-breaking discovery that he could not get his message through to his paper. Only two cables run between Key West and Punta Rossa, on the mainland of Florida, and government despatches, which take precedence over all others, utilize one of them almost exclusively. Correspondents for half a hundred papers were crowding to secure the early use of the other line, and, if there was some important piece of news to be reported, the wire was soon overloaded, and the poor fellow who came late, sweating and excited, had little chance of getting his message through. To escape the possibility of such a failure, one New York paper made arrangements to have a despatch-boat run with its messages to Miami, on the mainland, but the scheme did not work successfully, owing to the time involved.

Even after the war began, newspaper readers were astonished to see almost daily despatches from Havana, often containing matter which no censor would have passed. How did they get through?

When American correspondents left Havana, many newspapers made arrangements with some friendly Spaniard or Englishman, or in one case with an American who had lived nearly all his life on Cuban soil, to stand watch and send news messages at every possible opportunity. There was little use of employing the cable, owing to the patriotic activity of the censor, although a little veiled news came through in this way. For instance, one despatch read, "General Gomez has retreated from A. to B. with a large force of men." This just suited the censor, and he let it go through. The telegraph editor in New York read between the lines. By consulting a map he found that B. was nearer Havana than A., and that this retreat was in reality an advance upon the Spanish capital. But such subterfuges were uncertain and unsatisfactory, and a far more serviceable plan was formed for entirely eluding the Spanish authorities. The correspondent in Havana quietly wrote out his despatches and sent them down by special messenger to the coast near Mariel, which is only a short distance west of Havana. One paper arranged with a country tradesman who made daily trips to Havana to act as its courier. At five o'clock on Monday, seven on Tuesday, ten on Wednesday, and so on through the week, a different hour for each day, the despatch-boat was to approach the coast, and, upon signal that the enemy was not in sight, send a swift boat ashore for the messages. It was a highly difficult and dangerous mission, but a good many Havana despatches have come by this roundabout route.

In addition to these secret resident correspondents in Havana itself, several newspaper men have ventured into the interior to join the insurgents, although they were well aware that they took their lives in their hands when they did it. All of these men made arrangements to return, at a specified hour, on one of two or three days, to a certain point on the coast, where a warship or a despatch-boat had appointed to meet them.

With the earliest intimations of a declaration of war public interest, which had been centering around the "Maine" disaster, shifted to Washington and Madrid.

The newspapers of New York made elaborate preparations for spreading the first news of the war resolution. A correspondent was on watch in Congress; a score of feet away a telegraph operator sat ready with his finger on the key; the wire was wide open, and in the composing-rooms of at least two New York papers a lineotype operator, who was also a telegraph operator, sat at his machine ready to tick the words into type the moment they sprung from the wire. Three minutes after the declaration of war was passed, the newsboys were struggling up out of the "Journal" delivery-room crying an extra announcing the news. In three minutes the correspondent had gathered and written the news—just a line or two of it—the despatch had been sent from Washington to New York, had been set up in type, printed, and delivered on the street, ready for sale at a penny. This remarkable time record was rendered possible by a process known as "fudging." The type lines set by the lineotype-telegraph operator are wider at the top than at the base, so that when placed together they form the section of a small cylinder. They are firmly clamped in an ingenious little supplemental machine consisting of a cylinder and an inking roll for red ink. This is attached to a revolving shaft at the top of one of the huge printing presses, and so arranged that when the paper comes rushing through from the regular type cylinders below, the "fudge" prints a big red "WAR" and a few lines of extra news in spaces left for that purpose in the right hand columns of the edition. This is the genesis of the "Red Extra," and it is a typical development of modern journalism.

While the correspondents in Washington were busy with the liveliest kind of news, the activities of a great nation stripping for war, the newspapers were experiencing untold trouble in getting news from Spanish points. Distinctly American correspondents found little comfort in Madrid after the departure of General Woodford, but there yet remained Englishmen, Frenchmen, and friendly Spaniards who could send despatches. However, it was impossible for them to cable any news of importance, even to London and Paris papers, owing to the strict Spanish censorship. The correspondents repeatedly filed despatches addressed to English papers with the necessary peseta's worth of stamps attached, only to find that their work had been unceremoniously thrown into the censor's waste-basket.

"If you don't send our messages," they expostulated, "you should return the cable tolls."

But the piratical Spanish authorities, one bureau after another, shrugged their shoulders in the expressive Spanish way and returned nothing. More than one New York paper lost thousands of dollars in this manner.

Finally, Madrid correspondents devised a scheme for sending their despatches by special couriers, a six hours' run by rail, across the Spanish border to Bayonne or Biarritz, in France, where they can cable without molestation. In every case the couriers are required to pay the cable tolls in advance, and, in the present feverish condition of the Spanish people, they must be most circumspect in their demeanor if they expect to escape with their lives, to say nothing of the money which they carry. The total expense for the Spanish news service, including couriers, tolls, and correspondence, sometimes reaches $2,000 a week for a single New York paper.

In addition to its regular correspondence from Madrid, one newspaper engaged, by cable, British residents of Cadiz, Barcelona, and Carthagena to report the movements of Spanish war-vessels. They were instructed to send their messages in French to an alleged commercial house in Paris, in reality the Paris representative of the paper, there to be translated and forwarded to New York. By this means the Spanish censors were thrown off their guard, and for a time the doings of Spanish ships were known in New York almost as promptly as the movements of vessels in the Narrows.

Anticipating trouble at Porto Rico, with the probability of a great naval battle not far distant, several American newspapers, together with the Associated Press, made an attempt to locate correspondents at the Spanish port of San Juan. The "World" sent Mr. George Bronson Rea, who speaks Spanish fluently and who hoped to pass as an Englishman that had long been a resident of Spain. He had made arrangements to send messages by code to a fictitious business office in London. But he met with trouble from the start. He found not only an obdurate censor, but highly suspicious officials. Upon the receipt of a cablegram containing the word "fortifications," he was immediately placed under police surveillance and threatened with instant imprisonment if he attempted to escape. A few days later, Mr. Rea, with an eye to cable tolls, sent from St. Thomas this laconic, but graphic, narrative of his adventures:

"Arrived Porto Rico. Hot. Impossible cable truth. Since your fortification message, police surveillance. Eluded vigilance. Midnight. Bicycle. Coach. Horse. Schooner. Smuggler's boat. Here. Hope satisfactory."

Since Mr. Rea's adventures, St. Thomas, in the Danish West Indies, has been made the news base for American correspondence. Here despatches may be sent to New York by way of the Haiti cable, at the rate of seventy-three cents a word, or they may go from Kingston, Jamaica, to the Bermuda Islands and around by Halifax, Nova Scotia, to New York, at the same rate.

At all points where correspondents are sending despatches a newspaper must establish a credit in gold, identify its representative, and prepay the charges on cablegrams. Although this may seem a mere detail of the work, it often involves much exasperating delay and expense.

Wherever there is a censor, no despatches in cipher are allowed. Messages may be "briefed" by the omission of unimportant words, but they must always be in "plain language," whether English, French, or Spanish. These restrictions have given rise to a number of exceedingly clever codes, whereby messages may seem to say one thing when they mean quite another. The American newspaper has learned that a Spanish censor will allow a demand for money to go through when he will blue-pencil everything else. Accordingly the codes are made to center around the transmission of money. For instance, a correspondent cables the editor of his paper:

"Send $500 quickly. Wire instructions."

To the Spanish censor this looks like the most innocent of requests, and he is deeply interested in having money come into the country. So he lets it go. At New York it reads in quite a different way—"Battle. 'Vizcaya' sunk. American fleet now off Porto Rico." If the despatch had read, "Send $600" or "send $700," it would have meant "'Almerante Oquendo' sunk," or "'Cristobal Colon' sunk;" and if it had been "Cable directions," instead of "Wire instructions," it would have meant "American fleet disabled and retreating." And so on through infinite variations.

One New York paper arranged to protect itself still further by having its code despatches sent by a commercial man in the Spanish port to a supposed banking house in London.

Not to be deterred from the hope of sending the first news of the anticipated naval conflict off Porto Rico, one correspondent used his Yankee wit and chartered the Danish steamer "Tyr," at Baltimore, and went with her at once to St. Thomas. She sailed under the Danish flag, and her captain had his Danish papers. Consequently, if she crossed the track of the Spanish fleet she could not be molested. If she was hailed she could report that she was a Danish steamer bound down from Copenhagen, by way of Baltimore, to St. Thomas, with a cargo of cheese, and the correspondent could lie quietly below and take snap-shots of the Spaniards through a port-hole. If the "Tyr" blundered into a naval conflict, as she could be depended upon to do, she would be as safe from molestation as an English vessel. And yet, even with the protection of a foreign flag, the correspondent takes many desperate chances —but it is a business of chances, and its success is measured in chances.

While these things were happening at the seat of war in Cuban waters, Admiral Dewey was advancing upon Manila, more than 10,000 miles away, and a great naval battle was impending. It was impossible even for a New York newspaper to place a staff correspondent either in Hong Kong or in the Philippine Islands before the action was over, and yet three of the inevitable American reporters were actually being carried with the fleet into the battle in Manila Bay. These were Mr. John T. McCutcheon, an artist and correspondent for the "Chicago Record," and Mr. E. W. Harden of the "Chicago Post," who were fortunate enough to be on board the "McCulloch;" and Mr. Joseph L. Stickney of the New York "Herald," who accompanied Admiral Dewey on the "Olympia." Several unrepresented papers succeeded in securing the services of correspondents of London papers at Manila and Hong Kong. Others cabled the United States Consul at Hong Kong, requesting him to engage a suitable person to cable early news of the movements of Dewey's fleet. After the cable was cut, a New York paper, in its eagerness to be the first to tell the tale of victory, chartered a despatch-boat at Hong Kong and ordered it to sail at once for Manila. Some idea of the expense involved in all of these inquiries and instructions, with the resultant despatches, may be formed when it is known that for every message received by cable from Hong Kong the newspapers pay $1.60 a word.

At the Cape Verde Islands, the Canary Islands, Martinique, in the West Indies, Rio Janeiro, and other points from which war despatches have been received, the newspapers of America may have had no regular correspondents, but so well organized is the news service of the world that there is always some man, be his nationality what it may, who is the authorized correspondent of some paper or news association. If he reports to any city in the world, his news finds its way within a few hours to the newspapers of the United States. This was strikingly illustrated by the prompt and definite news which American papers received from the far away Cape Verde Islands the moment the Spanish fleet touched port, the messages coming by way of the Madeira Islands, Lisbon; and Penzance, England, and so to New York, at a cable toll of eighty-six cents a word.

The organization of the news service for reporting the great events at Santiago, and the ingenuity and bravery of the correspondents who attended the land and naval forces through their historic achievements there, call for separate treatment, and cannot be gone into here. It must suffice to say that they form one of the most interesting chapters in all newspaper history.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

McCLURE'S AND THE WAR.

THE war with Spain raised new and difficult problems for the editors of all periodicals. It was obviously an opportunity to suffer a large loss or secure a large gain in circulation, and the hard question was how to deal with it so as to have the gain rather than the loss. We have good reason to believe that the course followed by the editors of McCLURE'S was not an unwise one. In the last four months—May, June, July, and August—the circulation of the Magazine has increased 428,357 copies over that for the corresponding months of last year, an average increase per month of 107,089 copies.

It is not our design, in dealing with the war, either to compete with the newspapers in gathering and publishing the current news of the war, or to anticipate the labors of the historian by presenting a history of it. Our design is, however, as shown in this and previous numbers of the magazine, to publish carefully written articles by actual participants in the most notable and important events. Thus, in the present number, we give accounts of the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet from two exceptionally well-qualified observers who were on the flagships of Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley throughout the engagement. In the August number, we published Colonel Rowan's account of his own hazardous journey across Cuba on a secret mission from the government. In the October number, we shall have a participant's dramatic account of the life and movements of the army in the investment and capture of Santiago.

A COMBINATION WITH THE "LADIES' HOME JOURNAL."

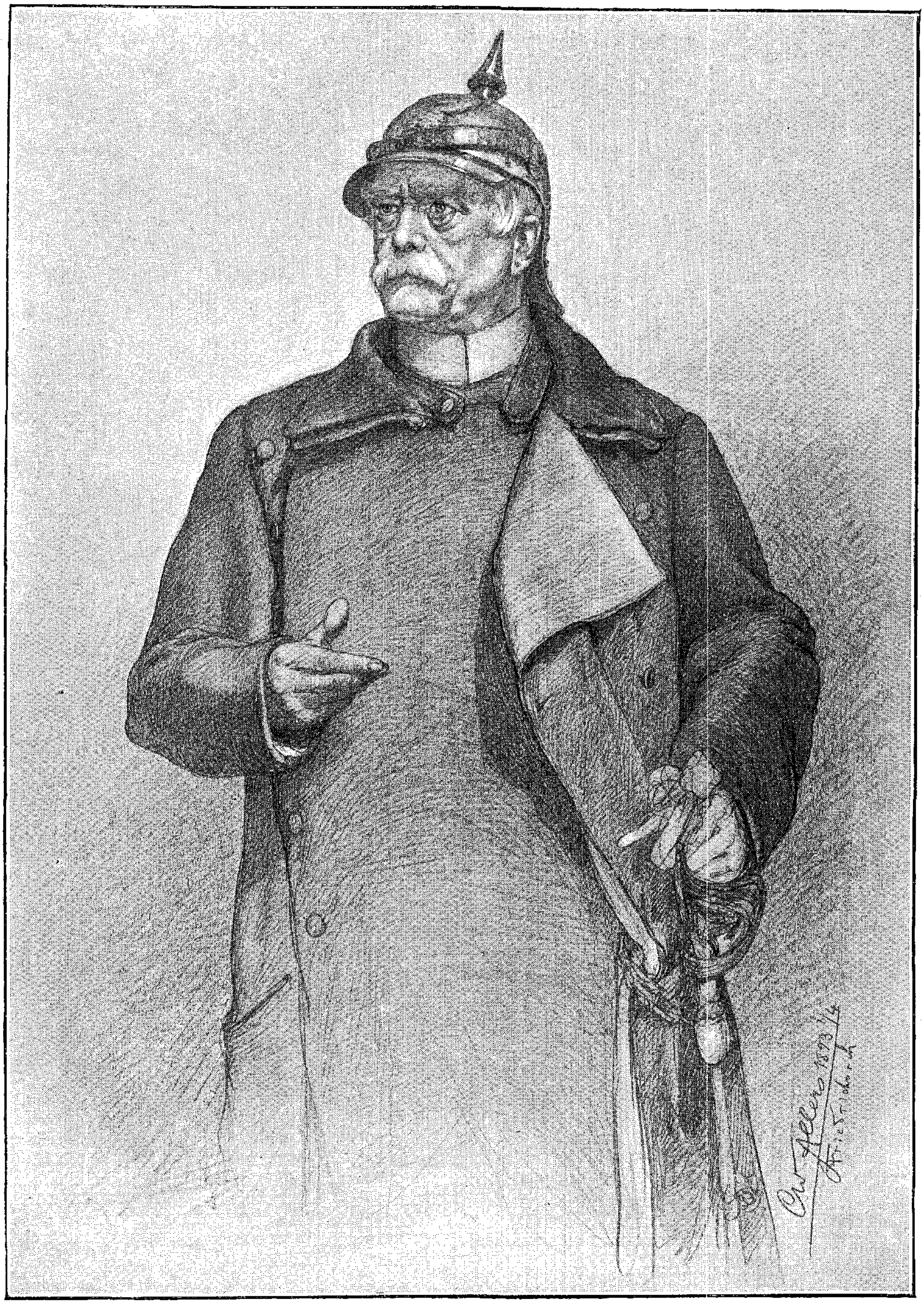
A combination has been formed by the Doubleday and McClure Company and the "Ladies' Home Journal" for the publication of a series of dainty novelettes and also of a number of books of special practical value. The combined circulation of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE and the "Ladies' Home Journal" is more than 1,250,000 copies a month, which means some 6,000,000 readers, certainly the largest list of book-buyers ever reached directly. The editions of these books will be about ten times as large as the usual first printing of new books, and the readers of both periodicals will be supplied at proportionately low prices.

MISS TARBELL'S LATER LIFE OF LINCOLN.

In the November number will begin the second part of Miss Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln." The period covered in this work is that of Lincoln's Presidential career, beginning with the campaign of 1860, when he was first elected, and ending with his assassination in 1865. The point of view of the work is entirely different from that of other lives of the great Civil War President. It will not be a history of the times. It will not attempt to trace the campaigns and describe the battles of the war. It will be, rather, a study of the man Lincoln, depicting his personal relations to all the leading men in public life and in the army and navy, as well as his relations to the common soldier and to the plain people. It will show him in his daily life at the White House and in his summer cottage at the Soldier's Home, and describe his visits to battlefields, hospitals, camps, and forts.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S NEW STORIES.

We are sure that our readers are interested in Rudyard Kipling's works, and we are glad to announce that our Book Department will soon publish a new volume by Mr. Kipling, entitled "The Day's Work." It will contain nearly all the short stories he has written during the last five years, revealing him in his most mature and strongest work. Other early publications by the Book Department will be "The Lady of Castell March," by Owen Rhoscomyl, which is the first of an interesting series of Dollar Novels; General Nelson A. Miles's "Military Europe;" and several important books on nature study, with colored plates, including one by the author of "Bird Neighbors," entitled "Birds that Hunt and are Hunted," with nearly fifty colored plates; a "Butterfly Book," by Dr. W. J. Holland, superbly illustrated in colors; and "Flashlights on Nature," by Grant Allen.



PRINCE OTTO EDUARD LEOPOLD VON BISMARCK-SCHÖNHAUSEN, 1815–1898.

From a drawing by C. W. Allers, made at Friedrichsruh April 1, 1893, on Prince Bismarck's seventy-eighth birthday, showing him in the uniform of a General of Cuirassiers. It was in the cuirassier uniform that the great Chancellor was buried. The drawing is reproduced by the courtesy of the Union Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft, Stuttgart.